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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Poor.

BY HELEN J. T. BRIGHAM.

How my heart goes out for the suffering poor
When the bleak winds blowing from over the moor,
Come mingled with rain and a frozen sleet—
How I pity the poor little bare red feet
And shivering shoulders with garments thin.
The cold pinched faces with purple skin.

When I sit by my warm fire's cheerful glow,
Thinking they have none or else burning low,
Or when resting on my downy pillows
I list to the winds sighing through the willows,
I draw up my blankets, so cozy and clean,
Shivering to think of theirs, threadbare and mean.

Then my heart throbs forth a great sigh of pain,
And I wish I could all the poor maintain,
Not with food and clothing, and idle ease,
For this would be curse far worse than disease;
But work would I give for all willing hands,
And pay that would meet all needful demands.

Oh! they must be brave to battle with want,
When the rich sit by with a snore and a fount,
If they grow not bitter, and think of crime,
When they see no way to earn even a dime.
Affliction more dire one can not conceive
Than beggary and want which no one will give,
Whilst children are starving and freezing with cold,
Which they with despair are forced to behold.

Give work to the poor, their sorrows assuage,
In your book of life 'twill make a bright page.
Look not to India, China, Japan,
But help the poor at your doors as ye can;
Don't starve them and grind them to the dust,
But do as ye would be done by—be just!

Or your wealth abused when life is done,
With all melt away like snow in the sun,
And you be left starving and shivering with cold,
Where food and clothing are not bought with gold;
But let your good deeds be like balls of snow,
The more you roll them the larger they grow.

With millions of acres of arable land,
Why should there be one poor in our land?
Why huddled in garrets and cellars of crime,
When beneath the broad sun there is no fairer clime
Where the millions may till the rich teeming soil,
And gather its wealth like the victors the spoil?

Send them out from your cities in great working bands,
To build the waste places of these fruitful lands;
Like the Incas of old, let each own a share,
That their interest may centre, a home to prepare.
Send them out with tents, with teams and tools,
And forget not the need they will have for schools.
Thus empty your prisons and crime will decrease,
And our land will enjoy its blessings in peace.

A DISCOURSE

By Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, at Republic Hall, New York City, Sunday Morning, Oct. 26th, 1884.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by J. F. Snipes.)

INVOCATION.

O thou who art the light of day, the day of eternal life, the soul of the universe, our God, we pray to thee. As the vine that has laid upon the earth is lifted by a kindly hand and trained to climb upward, so our souls climb by prayer, finding it never fruitless, but always bringing an answer in some way. Some do not see clearly, but their prayer is like the lifting of a curtain, that hangs between them and thee. It benefits them in the expression of a feeling which relieves their pain and need, the hunger and thirst of their spiritual natures. Thou seest all things; nothing is veiled or hidden from thee, for thy sight is clear beyond all shadows and mists, and every where is the lifted curtain between the praying soul and thee. It is our aspiration that bids us see thee clearly. Oh! thou who art forever with us, knowing all our pains and needs, we thank thee for thy loving care and providence which are unfailing; that nothing can destroy the truth; that while error, like chaff, is soon blown away, good endures forever; that evil is only like the mists that must roll away in the advancing day, and that good is quenchedless.

God of good, God of truth and wisdom, God of everlasting love, let us feel that thou dost reign on the earth so that our doubts and fears shall pass away. Let us feel the spirit of growth that rules the whole earth, and moves all human souls toward thee, and so, O Father, may we come to thee and find comfort, strength and consolation. May we hunger after thy bread of life, and lift up our souls to thee for light.

QUESTIONS.—An earnest inquirer after truth is most anxious to hear you upon the evidences of the immor-

talities of the soul as proved by communication with the spirits of departed friends. Is it true that such communication is bad?

ANSWER.—We are always glad to find an earnest inquirer after truth. Some who call themselves such, remind us of swallows in their flight, which going across a river, stoop and just touch their light wings in the water and fly away; so some idlers touch this great crystal river of truth with the wings of their investigation or inquiry, then leave it as though they thoroughly understood it and were satisfied; but the "earnest inquirer" is willing to consider the subject on every side. He has never been unappreciative. Some self-styled truth-seekers, investigators and free thinkers are as narrow in their prejudice as were any of the old-time bigots, and are only willing to accept what comes to them in a certain way or bearing certain credentials. The best inquirer after truth knows that it is a diamond, the most precious of all gems, crystal-pure, and without a flaw. He knows he may turn it in any direction and it is still beautiful, perfect in its cutting and reflection. This truth which you are seeking, which gives light through the shadow of death and reveals the blessed life beyond the grave, is a diamond whose shining prisms reflect the light of God.

Some tell us the world does not need Spiritualism to prove immortality; that it is something the "Christians always believed in; that it has dwelt as an inherent principle in the human understanding and belongs to man in his divine intelligence. We find, however, that the ideas of the uneducated in regard to immortality are fragmentary and incomplete; they do not match, we might say, when they are brought together, that they are often involved in mysteries and superstition. Belief and knowledge are not the same. The believers in immortality are "legion," but those who know it is true, are comparatively few. Many who are called Christians, claim to be satisfied, but when asked upon what they base their hope and belief, you are told that "life and immortality were brought to light through Jesus; that he died as we shall all die; that as he rose so we shall all rise some day—at the resurrection"—and they say as he was the model and type of that which is to be for man, because of his resurrection, and because he broke the bars of the tomb, they are satisfied with this blessed consciousness. But there is a flaw in their argument, an absence of perfect logic in their teachings, for they claim Jesus was God and not a man; and if we are simply human, and if he, being God, died and rose again, shall man, being only man, die and rise again also because he did? The cases are not parallel, and we can not say, therefore, that which happens to the one is also true of the other; and in our poor humanity, with its frailty, weakness and lack of hope, where shall we find the foundation on which to stand without doubt and trembling? Where shall we stand to be outside of "Doubting Castle."

There is nothing aside from Spiritualism that proves immortality. Many things suggest it, your intuitions and aspirations suggest it. The common belief in some forms of immortality has been held by the different races as far back as we can read and understand, but these are only suggestions or indications; there is nothing palpable about them. There is a beautiful optimism in human hope that points toward the future life, but aside from Spiritualism of the past or present, there is no substance of fact to stand upon; there is nothing reliable and positive to convince the doubting. But what is there in Spiritualism to prove immortality by communion with departed friends? Is it true that such communications have come? If we say to you "Yes," that "yes" is like a bubble, very beautiful to look upon, bright with its many hues of light, but it is a bubble nevertheless. If this unsupported affirmation is all we can give, what better is it than the old oracles—the statements of the priests, that the "The human soul is immortal!"

In the proofs which have been given in modern Spiritualism, if we commence with the first phenomenal features, the physical manifestations, we find that the raps, although ridiculed and misrepresented, have brought the sublime truth of spirit presence home to one of the senses. There is enough in this one phase to demonstrate the power of the unseen to comprehend your inquiry and to respond to your questions. In the early manifestations of the spiritual knockings, there was great opposition, and many in every possible way attempted to explain them, but when in private families, mediums were developed from among the fathers, mothers and little children, when their powers rose and expanded, the doubters ceased their doubting and began to wonder and at last to believe.

Now, if you patiently and earnestly inquire into this one phase of spiritual manifestations, you will learn that something which you cannot see, can demonstrate its presence by sounds, and that each spirit purporting to communicate, still possesses its own individuality. When you hear persons in another room, you can distinguish them by their voices, even when you do not see them, and if you are sensitive to sounds you know the difference in the foot falls of men and women. Something of the distinct qualities of the individual enters into the voice and step. It is just as true, that when your spirit friends come back to you, manifesting their presence by raps, you learn to know them by the peculiarities in the signals they employ. Now suppose you heard these sounds and investigate earnestly and honestly, you know they are not produced by the mediums, nor are

they the result of trickery. If they come in a distant part of the room, from that occupied by the medium, if produced upon the paper you hold in your hand or upon a door on which your hand is resting, causing the very substance itself to vibrate with the force, the question arises, What is it? One says: "Oh! electricity!" That is the explanation of an imbecile and, therefore, you will not think of it. We all know electricity has no brain and can not think. It is only a force like heat, and manifests in certain ways. It can be defused by an intelligence, but it is not intelligence itself. If these spiritual knockings, as you call them, come to you and you question them, and they are silent while you speak, and then give you the answer—one rap for no, and three for yes, what is proven? By repeated experiments you receive the first proof of immortality. Whatever it is that rapped, it heard your question and not only understood it but possessed the power and intelligence to answer you. Now what is there in this wide universe that can think, ask or answer a question that is not mental, that does not possess the power and individuality of a mind?

It is sometimes said that the answers given by the invisible are often untruthful, and that their statements are sometimes frivolous. Well, suppose they are, does that fact prove they are not from a spirit? Are hot men and women sometimes untruthful, and have they not been known in the course of human existence to be frivolous? There are thousands that come back to you from the other world, but does any one among Spiritualists believe they are anything but men and women? Shall they not still manifest their own identity? Does it follow because they have died, as you say, or because we say they have been born into a broader life as buds of human mind and immortality, that they suddenly become perfect in wisdom in a moment? If such were the case you would need an introduction to your nearest neighbor, and something to explain the mystery of yourself. Those who come to you are unseen, yet they are themselves.

"Unseen," you say; "would that we could see them." We ask you can you see each other? You see the bodies of your friends, but do you see their minds? Do they not veil themselves from your sight spiritually, mentally and morally, and sometimes when they most long to have you understand them, do you not most sadly misunderstand them?

In this "Valley and shadow of death," if the morning could come and hill tops could be climbed by you, if the mists could roll away and you could see each other truly, no longer in part, then, indeed, it would be a glad and blessed day; but this comes with the change which you call death, which is a birth of the spirit instead.

By these little sounds which you call spiritual knockings, by this beautiful round of the great ladder of manifestations of life, love and law, you will learn your friends can and do come back to you; that you cannot bury them—only their bodies which they will never need again. Thus you receive the proof of the continuance of life, memory and love, and when you are comforted you will think of others who are hungering and thirsting after knowledge, and will bear the glad tidings to others earnest inquirers after the truth. When Spiritualism first manifested in this way, and the hearts of those who had been convinced were filled with joy and gladness, they said: "There can be nothing better than this; there can be nothing that can give us more evidence while we live on earth than those we love and called dead are with us yet."

Then the spirits sent back this message through the sounds: "We have only just begun. It is the first hour of the dawning; the sun has not risen yet. The time will come when men will no longer doubt; they will know there is no such thing as death." Then commenced another phase of manifestation. The majority in this audience can tell you, if called upon, that they have seen heavy pieces of furniture lifted without human contact, pianos played upon by invisible hands, flowers carried from one room to another, and some have even seen levitation, although this is not very common; and when you have testimony of reliable, substantial matter-of-fact men and women, not enthusiasts and dreamers, but those whose word would be taken on any other subject, is there not evidence in this of something which, although itself unseen, can yet move that which is visible and ponderous? Yet if spirits returned only to perform wonders in this way and excite astonishment at the force used, it would be a very small thing to do, and we should certainly not stand here to tell of its great glory. The wind uprooting the oak of a century is a sublime manifestation of force, but the smallest movement indicating reason and intelligence impresses us much more deeply. When the unseen, addressing itself by signals to the sense of sight, proves its presence, comprehends and answers questions, conviction takes the place of mere astonishment.

The mass of evidence in Spiritualism is so great that when we commence to sum it up we feel it like endeavoring to number the stars of heaven, or to count the flowers of the field; but these things which we have mentioned lie at the very root of the question of modern manifestations, and they have been proved so many thousands of times that there is no doubt about the matter. Seeking for further evidence, you will find it coming from every quarter. Take, for instance, independent slate-writing, when between two slates, securely fastened together and watched all the time, there is a message written, and you

hear the writing, the dotting of each and the crossing of each t, the underscoring of certain words, and when at last the message is finished, you open the slates, there in the old familiar handwriting you know so well is a message bearing the name of your friend whom you call dead! What will you say of this? How is it done? You know it is done, or if you do not, you have friends who know it, and it lies with you, if you are an earnest, honest investigator, to see these things for yourself, and so find the evidence that the unseen is present, giving its own name and also incidents from its past life, leaving you no room for further doubt. This independent slate-writing is one of the most valuable and beautiful of manifestations, because it is given you so clearly and unmistakably. If you seek to be guarded against delusion, it will raise this Doubting Castle to the earth, and in its wreck and ruin you will find no room for sadness and fear. An understanding of this will lead you to better appreciate the manifestation which, we believe, was given in like manner to Moses when, on the "tables of stone," the ten commandments were presented, which are so valued by the Jewish and Christian world, but which to us only seem like a blossom of one phase of Spiritualism of ancient times.

There are other evidences to all the senses, each bringing its own peculiar testimony, each one convincing: It is not just giving the name of some dead friend, nor even the appearance of that which you believe to be true materialization. It is not one point of evidence brought home to you, which furnishes sufficient foundation on which to build your knowledge, but it is the accumulative evidence that scatters all doubt and leaves you strong and earnest at last, as one who knows the truth of Spiritualism and yet is eternally "an inquirer." If in your investigation of Spiritualism you find that which shakes your faith, and are disgusted by frauds and delusion, remember you are not to say: "Here is a beautiful rose, but see what I have found! Its outer leaves are dried at the edges and worm-eaten, therefore let us reject all roses." No! Let us take into consideration that these things must be. We know how grandly ships travel on the wide ocean, as in a highway marked out for them, yet there are barnacles adhering to them that must be scraped off. If Spiritualism only had power to bring its grand white-winged ship into the dry dock, and scrape off its barnacles, what happiness would be ours and what multitudes would be borne swiftly over the sea of doubt to the certain shore where we learn of life that knows no fading.

You ask: "Why should we have fraud or deception? Do you think Spiritualism is something so divinely perfect that there could be no mixture of delusion in it? Can we hope to be more fortunate than the little circle of laborers, twelve of whom long ago followed 'the Master,' and one of them was named Judas Iscariot? We cannot hope to escape all that is wrong or false, and we are compelled to use our own reason and judgment. Do not imagine it is the province of Spiritualism to correct answer all human questions, giving correct advice on matters of business and other things upon which you so often vainly seek for light. If it could be done you think you would be most fortunate; but you are not placed in this world to be a mere automaton, a piece of mechanism to be run by some unseen engineer. No! You are something better than that; you are a creature who, like a little child, learns to walk through stumbling, and who will rise therefrom full of bruises and pains, stronger and better educated than before. 'He maketh his angels ministers of spirits,' but they are only helpers of those who toil and wait. While in the advancement of this grand subject there must be many things to regret, because of the selfishness and misunderstanding of the people, yet these conditions always lie along the path of human progress, and their lesson teaches us to be discriminating, and repeats the words of long ago: 'Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try them and see whether they are of God.'

QUESTIONS.—How do Spiritualists reconcile their belief with the Darwinian theory?

ANSWER.—We find no difficulty whatever in reconciling them in a spiritual sense. Certainly man has risen from a degraded condition. There was a time when man was so low in the scale of being that he had not yet learned the use of fire. The story of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, although a growth of mythology, had its root far back in the time of humanity when man began to rise above the level of the brute creation, and when, delighted with the use of fire, he believed it was stolen from heaven. It was reserved for the bigot and sectarian to make men believe that the original and eternal fire was not in heaven but in hell. Think of the power of progress, which has given man "home, sweet home," instead of caves or holes in the earth, which were once his only shelter, and which has advanced the idea of greatness from mere muscular force or brute cunning, to that of goodness and the grander conceptions of heroism. We know that man has risen from the degradation of the brute. You have been told of the Garden of Eden and of the time when God gave man dominion over the beasts of the field. It is true there are elements in human nature that can be typified by the fox, the tiger, the serpent and the lion, or by any of the beasts you see roaring on the face of the earth, yet dominion over them has been given to human reason and conscience, and when you come to understand that human nature gradually rises, and the angelhood within you is awakened and slowly developed, and then comes the dawning of a better day. It cannot come in

a moment, and we should feel no discouragement in its slow attainments. There are men to-day who scorn the Darwinian theory of human origin, who from their daily lives give sufficient evidence that they are not far enough above their four-footed relatives to enable them to feel that they are strangers. Humanity has a long life of growth, therefore there is hope for all.

A man who is not an artist sees a block of the whitest marble; it seems common and coarse as it was taken from the quarry and lies before him, and as he gazes he thinks, "I know all about it; it is only a stone—hard, cold, white and rough—and I know its length breadth and thickness." He knows this and he is satisfied. Another man gazes upon it, he sees more beyond the surface than meets the eye. He says to the other: "You see only the material in it; let me tell you what I see. In that block of marble lies an angel of most exquisite beauty." The other says: "Why, you are insane; there is nothing of the kind there," but the artist replies: "Wait; give me time and I will show you what I see now." So he commences, chisels and cuts patiently, day after day, until the other says: "How strange! I see the outline of a figure. I am certain I can see the limbs, the head and the shadowy outline of a human face." And the sculptor says: "Yes, you are beginning to see what I have seen all the time. Wait and I will show it all to you." He labors on day after day, cutting and chiseling, toiling and polishing, until at last there it stands on its fair pedestal, the angel with uplifted brow! Any man can see it then; but the beauty and glory were seen by the sculptor when it lay only as a block of marble on the earth untouched. Thus God sees in our cold, rough, common humanity, not only its length breadth and thickness, but the angel also, and day by day in every discovery we make, in all mental contact that gives education and development, in all struggle and unfoldment, in pains, trials and victory, the angel begins to show. In humanity to-day we see it being outwrought. We do not behold it perfected with serene, pure brow, the wonders of heaven shining in its face, but we see it veiled, and not what it is to be. Therefore we bid you watch, wait and toil, and you shall see at last as plainly as those who hope and believe and know the most.

QUESTIONS.—If a man is living in the middle existence of life, does it hold good that he shall require as much time to arrive at the state of angelhood as he has occupied in traversing from the brute creation?

ANSWER.—Yes; it seems to us that it will require as much time for the development of angelhood in man as it has required for him to climb from the darkness and dust of his ignorant and debased condition. Let us remember in this grand work of human progress, humanity seems like an army in motion. Its leaders, generals and heroes are in their places, but at the far end of the moving mass come the stragglers. No one judges the solid center by these. When you think of humanity and of Spiritualism, keep it in mind. We have our heroes, our soldiers with hearts of steel, and we have our stragglers also, but all are surely marching on.

Prof. Buchanan and His New Philosophy.

Under the above heading the Boston Transcript of December 6th, has a long communication. We make the following brief extract therefrom:

"In every session of the college he gave not only the rationale of the American eclectic system of practice, but special instruction in original researches, showing how much of truth and how much of error existed in the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, Bell, Carpenter and other physiologists; how incomplete was the physiology of the schools, and how vast a territory of unexplored science still remained unknown and almost unsuspected, as America was unknown and unthought of before Columbus.

As a physiologist he claims to reveal the action of the brain on the body as its controlling physiological organ. This was not attempted by Gall and Spurzheim, nor has it been attempted by any physiologist except in a very limited and fragmentary manner. Dr. Ferriar's demonstration of the location of the sense of feeling was more than thirty years subsequent to its discovery by Dr. Buchanan. As the author of a new science, a complete Cerebral Physiology, he must command attention as either the greatest physiological discoverer, or the victim of the greatest delusion in the whole history of science. That he is a real discoverer has been attested to not only by the faculty of the Institute for many years, and by numerous classes of students, as well as by the faculty of the Indiana State University, but was attested by a committee of physicians in Boston forty years ago, before whom he made numerous demonstrations, and controlled or changed the pulse of one of the committee by operations of the brain, according to the principles of cerebral physiology. A similar demonstration as to the brain and pulse was publicly made by Dr. B. in a lecture with experiments in the medical department of the Louisville University several years later, and these demonstrations have been repeated during every course of his collegiate lectures.

Fortunately science has not made him an agnostic, as it has some who are eminent as scientists. Sympathizing with the most advanced and spiritual Christianity, he is earnestly interested in the progress of a rational, practical Christianity, and has shown in his luminous work on "Moral Education" how its speedy triumph may be achieved.

LET US BE JOYFUL.

A Class Oration Delivered by Solon Lower at the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory, Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

The great holiday season of the year has come again, when men make merry and forget their woes; when children laugh in glee and hug the gifts of Santa Claus; when homes are filled with joy and smiling faces beam on every side, when the coal fire glows within the grate and birds defiance to the blasts without; when Christmas trees are bending with the bounteous gifts of love, and poverty's children are made glad for once; when the merry chimes of bells peal out upon the frosty air and sing their notes of joy to cheer the world; when the snow flakes float from out the leaden sky and chase each other through the air in merry sport; when all the world seems glad and every heart beats high with new-born hopes. If we take a glance back over the history of the world, and compare the past with the present time, we shall see that we have abundant cause for joy. The world is better than it was two thousand years ago, and the sun of the new day has but just peeped above the horizon.

Night's dark shadows, that brooded over the face of earth so long, are now dispelled by the glorious beams of the sun of science. For ages the world has been filled with the smoke of war and the smell of blood. Man has grasped his brother by the throat and in the name of religion has filled the earth with the cries of fatherless children and the moans of widows. The world flames of myriad martyrs, whose leaped toward heaven, and their red tongues have sung praises to a god of wrath and vengeance. For opinion's sake men have been thrown into dark and noisome dungeons, where the clank of chains was the only sound that fell upon their ears; where hunger gnawed their vitals and was appeased only by food not fit for beasts; where silt and noxious odors made existence a horrid nightmare filled with leering fiends and all frightful shapes of hell.

For cherishing the light of reason, men have been tortured until sweat-drops of agony fell to the ground in place of the tears which could not be wrung from their manly eyes. Homes have been made desolate, fair fields have been devastated, men have been torn limb from limb, women have been outraged, infants have been dashed upon the rocks, all in the name of Religion, sweet daughter of the skies.

In defense of the gates of heaven man has become a fiend of hell. For love of God he has hated his fellows. To bring about the age of peace, he has conducted bloody and relentless wars. To save from the sulphurous fires of hell, he has kindled about the martyr's limbs the consuming flames of religious hate. For centuries men lived in fear and trembling beneath the despotic rule of tyrants, and were cowed into meek submission by the force of arms. Red-handed murder sat upon the thrones of earth, and wrote his laws in the blood of men. Injustice stalked throughout the land. Gaunt famine sat in many a door, and pale forms of pestilence glided among the people taking their quota from every home. Sweet Charity hovered in the distant horizon with veiled face and tearful eyes, looking in sorrow upon the crimes of men. Stern Justice sheathed her sword and cast her scales aside, until the lapse of time should crown her queen of earth. Fair-faced Hope with sunny smile made frequent visits to the noble souls who were laboring to save the world; but dark Despair came oftener, and flapped her sable wings over the habitations of men, and pointed with her skinny hand to the black and yawning gulfs of hell. Phantom forms peered on the winds and cast their shadows on the face of earth. Black demons from the realms of night held carnival in halls of state, and danced in horrid glee. Proud Wrath stripped the cloak from the back of Poverty, and left him shivering in the wintry blasts. Bloat Gluttony snatched from the hand of Hunger the crust that had kept the lamp of life from flickering out. Might trampled beneath his ruthless feet, all the unfortunate oppressed who cried for justice. The world was filled with woe and pain, and men cried out in piteous tones for death to cut the cord that bound them to so many ills.

All noble souls who raised their voices against oppression and injustice were tortured and put to cruel death. Heroes were murdered for defending justice, and persecution filled the world with cries of pain. If every cry and every groan wrung from the pallid lips of martyrs by the bloody hand of persecution could be united into one chorus to-day, such a mighty wail would roll to the dome of heaven as would drown the very music of the spheres.

But at last came fair-eyed Science to dwell with the sons of men. She pointed the way to truth and wisdom. Heroic souls devoted their life to her, and often lost it in her service. Years rolled on, and the evil forms of darkness began to glide away, as the light of the coming day glided the horizon in the east. In a few centuries she has revolutionized the world. Science, a grander savior of the human race than ever descended from the distant skies, has made the earth almost a heaven, and quenched the sulphurous fires of hell. She has driven from out the minds of men all the foul shapes of dread and horror that superstition fathered in an ignorant age. She has filled the heart once more with hope, and banished the demons of despair. She has made the world worth living in, and shown us heaven here below. She has brought smiles to the faces of mothers, and united families in the ties of love; she has declared to the world that all men are brothers, and taught them how to dwell together in unity and peace. After a long and trying conflict Science has wrested from the hand of Hate the bloody sword of persecution, and the clank of chains is no longer heard in damp and gloomy vaults. The pen and the printing press have banished the thumbscrew and the rack, and the light of science now shines, where once brooded the thick darkness of ignorance and superstition.

Science, like a fair enchantress, has turned the arms of the gods into instruments of peace. She robbed great Jove of his gleaming bolt and made it a messenger of love and joy. She took water from the stream and coal from the bosom of the earth, and behold! a fiery steed rushes over the wondering globe. The silence of primeval forests is broken by his puffing breath, and his shrill voice invades the home of solitude. The eternal ocean has been covered with the ships of nations driven by this wonderful demon steam. Science has filled the world with light. She banished the credulous weakling Faith, and gave us instead the mighty giant Knowledge. For the cell of the monk, she has given us the laboratory of the student; for the hearth she has given the telescope; for the cross she has planned the telegraph pole; for the ham-die's chain she has given us the telegraph wire, to bind together all the nations of the earth.

The martyr's stake has been replaced by

the liberty pole, from which floats the starry flag of freedom. The altar is being replaced by the desk of the scientist, and superstitious prayer is giving place to the voice of Reason. Acts of providence have become operations of nature, and the will of God is called the reign of law. It has been learned that sickness yields more quickly to practice than to prayer, and that as a preventive of disease, sanitary measures are more efficient than the supplications of priests. The earth is covered with happy homes, and in one country, at least, the power of tyranny has been broken. Food and clothing are produced in plenty, and a few more years will see the gaunt form of famine vanishing from the sight of men. Pestilence is in her dying throes, and is making her last frantic efforts to regain her power on earth. The new day has dawned, and the shades of night are fading fast away. The mists are rising from the face of earth, and the bright beams of the new sun are filling the world with life. Men are beginning to love one another, and war is almost a thing of the past. Injustice is slowly but surely retreating from the land, and soon Justice will be queen of earth. Superstition is dying and her scepter has passed into the hand of God-like Reason. Once more Charity walks unveiled, and casts her tender glances on Offense's face. Hope dwells on earth, and never again will leave the sons of men. The demon of Despair has winged his heavy flight to realms of night, and never more shall show his face on earth. The martyrs of the past are crowned with the laurel wreath, and their memory is enshrined in the lasting page of history. The Christs of earth have come into their glory, and in the merry Christmas time we celebrate their names with joy. Not one Christ alone does this day and season commemorate, but all the Christs who have lived and died to save their fellow-men. Their deeds live in the blessings of the present age, and their victories fill our hearts with gratitude and joy. Let us then be merry, and sing songs of gladness for victories past and to come. Let bells ring out their notes of joy! Let happy children laugh in glee, let all our faces show the joy within, as we celebrate the merry Christmas time, in memory of the victories won by all the Christs of earth.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Our Home-Angels.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Mediumship may often bring with it trouble and cares, but there is a true Christmas side to the ghost story of to-day, which can brighten a home as it was never brightened by the blood-curdling tales of our grandfather, told whilst the Yule log snapped, and its flame flickered into the weird light specially adapted to the occasion.

My most intimate friends are a loving couple, whose home life has been spared for many a year by a household spirit calling herself Ninnette. She was a fairy child of but three years of age when she first came to her medium, and the grave spirit who brought her, had often to check her childish exuberance of fun. She had to be taught our language, and has practically grown up as a child with her mother, taking all the liberties of a somewhat spoiled daughter, and demanding her share of everything that was counted as enjoyment.

One of her first lessons was to learn that she could not indulge all her desires without injury to the medium. Her medium cannot eat oranges as they make her throat sore, but Ninnette made many a trial before she would accept the situation, and it was only after burning her medium's fingers on one or two fourths of July, that she learned that mediums have rights that spirits are bound to respect.

It was deeply interesting to watch the "child-angel" trying to behave like a little woman whilst giving us one by one words she could not understand, though they were messages from spirit friends of some one present. She soon announced her determination to learn how to keep house, and her needle and thread has given her medium many a job of picking out stitches, and repairing damages before the little witch got handy at her work; and even to-day I notice that the medium's nose points heavenward. If anybody suggests that Ninnette should come and help finish the sewing.

Ninnette has two distinct phases of manifestation, which she calls "inside" and "outside" control. In both, her medium is unconscious; but when "outside," Ninnette is practically a denizen of our work-a-day world, and with wonderful shrewdness she takes her full share in whatever may be going on. She has a name for everybody, always speaking of her medium as "Snowbird," and calling her medium's husband "that boy." She has promised him a "nice" name if he will give up using tobacco. The writer of this article she long ago christened with the somewhat slanderous title of "Thistle," which is about the only serious mistake he has known her to make.

In this "outside" control Ninnette is a busy body, and takes a remarkably practical view of matters in general. If her medium has lost anything, it is probable that Ninnette can find it, even if it is something that has laid forgotten in a trunk for a year or two, and you would enjoy watching the fussiness of her ladyship when she is busy packing the "Saratoga" of her medium for the usual summer excursion with "that boy." But Snowbird assures me that nothing is ever forgotten, and that neatness and order reign supreme in that trunk.

Ninnette has learned to write, and delights to receive and answer letters. She composes a charming letter, often containing the wisdom of an ancient, but she is very loose on the days of the week whose names she has never mastered. There is a woman who is called in once a week for special domestic duty, and that is the event by which our celestial correspondent comes to mundane time. It is with her "Mrs. Bradley's day," or so many days before or after Mrs. Bradley's day.

She early developed a fondness for games, but until quite lately showed a marked distaste for cards. It happens that both the medium and her husband enjoy a social game of cards; "baroque," or as it is now called "pennunkle," being their favorite game. At such times Ninnette became conspicuous by her absence. Suddenly she made her appearance as a full blown accomplished player at the favorite game. She explained that one of the medium's friends just passed to spirit-life had taught her, and it was not long before we found out that she knew our cards and her own, too; and nothing but remarkably good hands could save us from being beaten every time. Making every allowance for the fact that she evidently knows our cards, we acknowledge that she insists on a fair play, and means audibly when she has lost a trick. All this is but a glimpse of our household friend who has thus continued to play the child for fifteen or sixteen years of full control.

But there is another side to these wondrous

phenomena which is only shown when she takes "inside" control, and sees, as she says, the spirit side of mortal life. This is the side she shows to all but the very few with whom her soul life seems to blend; and the work she does as a spirit has caused hundreds to count her as an angel friend.

Somewhat of the childish manner is still retained as most natural to her control, but the wisdom is that of a guardian angel; yes, of many guardian angels, for she daily voices messages for spirits unable to control; dealing both with abstruse subjects and foreign languages, of which we have every reason to believe she is as ignorant as her medium.

No oracle at Delphi ever directed the destinies of a nation more faithfully than Ninnette watches over those she loves. Nothing seems to escape her notice, and her counsels seem always to be practical and wise. When her medium has been sick and suffering, I have known Ninnette to take control for hours at a time, bearing the pain herself that her medium might go unhurt.

The limits of a Christmas article forbid my giving more of this interesting double life history, but I cannot forbear suggesting that were it not for bigotry, superstition and ignorance, thousands of families throughout our land would have a Christmas greeting from just such a loved angel friend; and it is because the JOURNAL is doing its utmost to hasten that time; and because I feel to love all its readers, that I send this true narrative as a remembrance of what Spiritualism in its simple purity may do to gladden human life.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to our worthy editor and his "completeness," and to the office friends who share in the good work, specially including the "devil." May a plum pudding blazing in (tetral) brandy, and a turkey done to a turn, be to each an outward sign of brotherly love filling every heart.

New York.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Retribution.

A spiritual friend once remarked to me: "I would rather have a dozen enemies in the flesh than one malignant or vindictive enemy in the Spirit-world."

I have reflected much at times on the truth of his remarks and have thought them worthy of consideration, and if this idea could become popularized and fairly understood, how much sooner the world would approach a common sense millenarian condition of happiness, than under the present orthodox swindle of absolutism. This doctrine of irresponsibility, of forgiveness of all crimes—murders, cruelties and injustices—by merely asserting a belief in the atoning blood of a crucified Jesus, the only son of God, is pernicious in the extreme!

Without pausing to discuss the principle of a reciprocal condition of retributive punishment between this and the spirit domain, let me relate an historical event that may become the basis of reflection—the apparent fulfillment of an anathema or malediction of a much-wronged laboring woman. Although the events took place a little short of a century ago, they have, of course, become known in the neighborhood, merely traditional, yet I had the facts directly from some of the interested parties, then living in my boyhood days.

P. W. was a rich and miserly farmer who lived at Maspeth, Long Island. He had become rich by every penurious method. By extortion and duress he would take every mean advantage of his neighbors in a trade. As the story goes a blind man's dog or a cripple's crutch stood no chance of redemption, could he tramp up a claim to their ownership. When the Society of Friends of Newton resolved to emancipate their slaves, he refused to conform, consequently he was "read out" of the Society. His house was a spacious, comfortable, two-story mansion, and its attic was stored with many distressed family relics: several paintings by the old masters; ox-chains, plow-collars, silver-mounted harness and several silver headed canes, etc., which had accumulated through distressed possession.

It happened that a hard-working widow (Irish) woman occupied one of his small tenements, a Mrs. F. m. Unfortunately, through protracted sickness she fell in arrears in the payment of her rent. No sympathy was given her; her pleadings were in vain. Espying her splashing-wheel, he attached this necessary auxiliary of profit. He carried it to his mansion and placed it in his loft among the other trophies of his unfeeling barbarity. As time moved on, Mrs. F.'s unpaid rent continued to accumulate, and he finally coolly laid claim to her cow, now the sole support of herself and children. This last act made the poor widow frantic, and as the docile animal was driven from her mansion she fell on her knees, ad clasping her hands above her head, ejaculated something like the following malediction:

"You old viperous wretch! As gold and silver is your god, may gold and silver be your portion; may you live on it as food, and may you starve in the midst of plenty."

She then instantly swooned and fell dead! This frantic curse literally came to pass. Three weeks subsequently the old miser's throat closed to the extent that he had to be fed through a silver tube; but his mental condition underwent a remarkable change before his death. Being unable to articulate, by a will written by himself he emancipated his three slaves, gave several charitable bequests, and left an appropriation for the building of the Maspeth school house, which appropriation was to be placed with the Society of Quakers of Newton, L. I.; but as the Friends do not recognize the term Quaker, they could not assume the management of the fund. However, his executors, Dr. Mott and Anthony Betts, fully appreciated the intention of the donor, therefore the old wooden building, long known as "Brook" school, was erected.

In conclusion, when it becomes popularly understood as a fixed fact, that death is but a change of existence of the individual, and that the spirit carries with it into its new abode all its earthly characteristics, love, hatred, envy, cunning, hypocrisy and vindictiveness, what a tremendous power is placed in their hands to do us either harm or good—harm by misleading us by impression into the fascinations of vice, crime and misery; good, by inclining us to the cultivation of the higher qualities of our nature, universal love for all humanity, and a kindly feeling for all animated creature.

Williamburgh, L. I.

D. BRUCE.

Charles Dickens did more for Christmas than any man that lived during the last seven centuries.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Seeing and Believing.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

There is much criticism upon the command to believe, and threatening for unbelief. We are told that belief depends on evidence; that "seeing is believing"; but is it true? Certainly belief does not depend wholly on external proof. There are many who have had all the proof possible to the senses that spirits do return and yet glory in knowing nothing of life beyond the grave; while others equally as intelligent and accurate in their methods, having had little evidence through physical phenomena, never doubt. Some thirty-two years ago a Baptist clergyman and wife visited at the house of Levi Boardman (Mrs. Howe's uncle) in the town of New Albion, N. Y., and Spiritualism was discussed. Finally a circle was proposed. Soon the center table showed signs of life. Finally all hands were withdrawn and still it moved. Mr. Boardman being a fine violinist, played a waltz, and to the amazement of the guests the table waltzed to the music while no one was near it. The minister looked at the table and then at his wife in awestruck wonder, and said: "Wife, do you see that?" She looked amazed, but replied in true agnostic spirit: "I don't believe it."

"But," added the honest clergyman, "Don't you see it?" "Yes, I see it, but I don't believe it," was the characteristic reply. Many, like Thomas of old, want the sense of touch satisfied to corroborate sight; but when that is granted, they still doubt. Let every sense be touched with proof and still they are "agnostic." Why? Because seeing is not believing; nor do phenomena ever compel us to believe. They may help us, as steps and stairs help us to climb, but the most inviting stair-way never compels us to ascend.

There is no end to the objections and demands of obstinate unbelievers, because the facts which only touch the senses fail to impart qualities and conditions to the mind; and the conditions and capacities of the mind are what determine belief or unbelief. Agnostics accept without question the conclusions of scientists without ever witnessing or asking to witness the processes of scientific demonstration, while in any spiritual things they exact experimental knowledge for each and all, and then when the senses accept the facts they ignore or deny the conclusions to which they lead, while admitting their inability to explain them on any other hypothesis. The theory of gravitation is accepted because it accounts for the manifestations of nature as no other theory ever has; but the agnostic should say: "I don't know; it may be true, but I have never had the evidence to satisfy me that there is any such spirit as gravitation." We assume that light emanates from the sun, but the agnostic should say: "I don't know; I see the phenomenon, and when the sun is in the heavens, and no clouds obscure it, there is light on the earth, but I don't know it comes from the sun, for it does not shine at all times and in all places, and it may be due to some undiscovered force in the atmosphere that is not so active when the clouds are thick and heavy and what we call the sun may be after all only a myth, and the wonderful phenomena that we witness and attribute to the sun, may be some occult force in nature that will yet be discovered not far away. I have never been to the sun, and all the manifestations we get from it are very similar to the exhibitions of matter on this world, and to convince me that sunlight (so-called) comes ninety millions of miles through space from a great ball of fire many times larger than this whole world, it must bring something entirely unlike anything ever known on earth." To convince some whose senses have little or no spirituality behind them to digest and apply facts, they ask that spirits bring something to us from another world totally unlike anything ever seen in this world! Should this be done it would be counted proof against the spiritual source of phenomenon, because it would be beyond the reach of all our senses and none but the spiritual seer could realize it.

Because spirits are natural, and come within the order of natural law, it is assumed they belong to this world only, and if they were unnatural, ignored and defied law, they would be relegated to the sphere of hallucination, disease, insanity, or diabolism. Clear, concise arrangements of facts, obtained by scientific methods that leave no chance for uncertainty, are important ground work for the eternal temple we are building; but these facts without a rational theory to explain them, and mental and spiritual growth to appreciate and use them are of no more value than a "Punch and Judy" show to amuse or disgust according to the tastes of the observer. Intense appreciation of the infinite blessing we are sharing, is indispensable to spiritual devotion and working enthusiasm. Belief is more than pretense or echo. It inspires to action, and if need be to sacrifice, and fills the soul with light and earnestness that carries conviction and delights to bless all with its prophetic aspirations and ardent feelings. Let it be rational and we cannot believe too much.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Voices.

BY MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

Among the gifts which have been mine as a medium, I know of none that has given me greater pleasure or afforded a wider field for thought than that which I call clairaudience, or the hearing of spirit voices which are inaudible to others, yet clear and distinct to me. To attempt a description of them seems almost useless. One must hear them in order to fully realize that they make a clear and distinct sound, perhaps in a distant part of the room, which arrests the attention of the medium, causing him or her to look around to see who has spoken.

I well remember that in my earlier experiences, no audible did spirit voices seem to me, that I would be startled thereby, expecting others in the room would acknowledge that they also had heard them. They are, many times, freighted with wisdom, giving counsel and instruction; sometimes they are prophetic, telling of things that will transpire in my own life; again, full of the droll humor, keen wit and even sarcasm; and always characteristic of the individual having the peculiarities of voice, intonation, accent, etc., while in earth-life.

Many bright gems of thought and useful lessons have been given me, which at the time I thought I would surely treasure up for the good of others; but when I sought to recall them I found they had been crowded from memory's tablet. Among the many which I now recall, was a lesson I gained from spirit Henry W. Longfellow. As those who have heard my inspirations know, I have the gift of improvisation. I have also in like manner received through automatic handwriting similar productions. In May last, being in Boston, I visited Mount Auburn,

and found the grave of Longfellow. I carried with me a blank book and pencil, hoping in that spot I might come in rapport with him and receive one of his beautiful poems. I therefore seated myself on the corner of the lot and waited. Perhaps some of my readers will laugh, and so they may, for the situation was a little ridiculous. I waited some time. All was silent. I had about determined to leave, when, as it seemed to me, several feet above me in the air I heard a voice speak clearly these lines, and at the same times as I looked upward, I could see the ethereal spirit-form looking down toward me as he gave these words:

"O why do you sit here waiting,
Does this bring you nearer to me?
The place where my form is mouldering,
Is not where my spirit would be."

The voice then ceased. Then I thought: "I will arise and learn a lesson from this." The living thoughts which he imparted are of great value to me. Other places would certainly draw me nearer to his soul than this.

One other experience that has always shone out beautifully in my memory, illustrating how near the Spirit-world is to this, happened about four years ago when in Brooklyn, a little girl in the house where I was boarding, died of diphtheria. All in the house loved little Lella. They were all sitting in the parlor, waiting for the moment when her spirit would finally leave us. When she breathed her last the friends who had surrounded the bed left, and were weeping in other parts of the room. I then went up to the bed, and seeing the little head had fallen (as it relaxed) off the soft pillow, I took it between my hands to place it back again. Our spirit friends tell us that the brain is the place wherein the last connection of the spirit to the body is broken. Although we called her dead, it seemed that as I touched her head, the contact brought me into her spiritual presence at the same time that the wondrous beauties of the new life burst upon her vision. I was so close to her that my spirit or clairaudient sense caught the first exclamation of surprise. Her first sentence was: "Oh! what beautiful things I see! and then: 'Why, they say I am dead! Oh! Mrs. Lillie is here, too.' Her voice, natural and child-like, expressed all the astonishment and sweet surprise (increasing with each sentence) as only a child's voice can. Then I heard a chorus of voices singing: I could clearly distinguish the different parts, and also the male and female voices. With her spirit attendants she seemed to be borne away, and I caught a glimpse of the subtle bonds by which the material and spiritual worlds, as we call them, are united, and how distance and space are almost annihilated.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Is Religion Solemn or Cheerful?

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

The universal stereotyped conception of religion associates it with a stern and solemn countenance, ready to frown upon any levity in the universe ruled by a "jealous God" before whom all should stand in terror of his awful power and boundless malignity. The jovial boy that whistles on Sunday is warned of his alarming peril, and the graceful maiden who pleases and enlivens all by her spirituelle dancing is warned by her minister: "Dance on, young woman—yes—dance down to hell!" Such was the warning actually given by a celebrated Methodist divine.

Yet if the divine being is a God of love, and if, as defined by Jesus, love is the essence of all religion, then there is nothing in the world more serenely bright and joyful than the soul that is filled with true religion. The inner brightness, the external charm of manner, and "the peace that passeth understanding," are the unerring tests of a religious life, as the cold, morose and stern countenance is the unerring evidence of the absence of true religion. And yet so poorly is the world instructed on this subject that the countenance of a Shylock would often be more acceptable in the church than that of a bright and joyous nature. The most repulsive countenance and manners that I have ever seen in any public character was in the case of a fashionable clergyman of a wealthy New York congregation who was called upon to officiate at one of our college exercises. But why not? If the chief purpose of the ruler of the universe is to torture forever the vast majority of his offspring, why should not his ministers assume an equal severity of manner and action?

On the other hand the intelligence which comes to us from ten thousand mediums and inspired teachers assures us of a boundless world of life, love and joy above, and all who come into harmony with it find their cares lightened, their burdens lifted and their serene joy expressing itself in smiles and cheering thoughts. And yet as the lovers of humanity look out upon the crime, the ignorance and the misery of this world, they feel it weighing upon their spirits with gloomy power. The Jesus described in the New Testament felt sadly indeed the gloom of his surroundings and many a noble soul has sunk in gloom overpowered by the oppressions and miseries of this life. But is it the wisest and best thing to yield to the gloomy influences which more or less surround every life? Is not the hopefulness of the beloved disciple St. John more attractive than the solemnity of his leader?

"To err is human," and it is the error of human weakness to give way under any circumstances to gloom or despondency. The truly divine element knows no surrender to evil. The perfect hero is not only firm and vigorous under all trials, but buoyant and cheerful when the clouds are darkest, and by his cheerfulness rouses all good and happy sentiments, and restores the flagging energies of all around him. "Toujours gai," is one of the highest compliments the French bestow upon a hero. Let us then cultivate gaiety as one of the soul-lifting and health-giving virtues, and think not lightly of the sports of Christmas, the ringing laughter and the joyous dance which animate all the powers of life and refresh our weary virtues as the evening dews refresh the flowers. Sport belongs to the whole animal kingdom, and laughter is its culmination in man alone which he should cherish as a part of his superiority. The overtaxed scholar and the wearied toiler are in danger of losing the brightest portion of their nature in the weariness and gloom of exhaustion. Let them go among the merry and cheerful, and be happy again as they were in the unburdened days of childhood.

Learn, oh! solemn thinker and anxious planner, that when you cannot smile your barque is nearly wrecked. Go then among the cheerful and do your part to make life joyful around you. Then with renewed energy you shall go on triumphant to the borders of the "beautiful river" beyond which more thrilling joys await you.

The works of both Longfellow and Emerson are read in the French schools.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
(28 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.)

NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that live and die,
In want and hunger and cold;
That one may revel in luxury,
And be lapped in its silken fold,
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
And one in a palace with riches rare.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,
And the forest before them falls;
Their labor has built the humble homes;
And cities with lofty halls;
And the one, owns cities and homes and lands,
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night, so dreary, and dark and long,
At last shall the morning bring;
And over the land the victor's song,
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar from zone to zone,
"Rejoice! for labor shall have its own."
—Anon.

OF HOME.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chicago Training School of Cookery, and lecturer on Domestic Science in the Iowa Agricultural College and at the Chautauqua Summer School, gave an address before the Literary Circle at the latter place in July last. To the writer's mind, Mrs. Ewing has failed to make due allowance for the disabilities under which woman has always suffered. It is an impatience which is frequently manifested by those who, having great natural ability or opportunity for climbing heights rapidly, cannot see why others cannot get over the same ground in an equal length of time. They fail to remember that many have undeveloped intellectual as well as physical muscles, and that others are content to dwell in the lowland and never climb until plain truths in a forcible way. Her address from which we extract is called

A PLEA FOR HOME.

"Woman has been in all ages and climes what the dominant mind of man required her to be; and as the mind of man enlarges and expands the sphere of woman widens and her power for good or evil increases correspondingly. It is so hard, however, to break away from the old time traditions that very few women realize this fact; and a majority of mothers are still so firmly imbued with the moss-covered belief that they can not train their daughters to be useful, self-supporting, womanly women without depriving them of their feminine graces and attractions, that the mischievous education of girls is begun almost in the cradle. At a very early age it is impressed upon their minds that the chief mission in life of woman is to be ornamental! They are taught to make themselves agreeable in society, to cultivate 'the sterile nothingnesses called female accomplishments,' to study the art of dressing, and other things as they have time and strength.

"But, unfortunately, many of them are so frail and weak, physically, that they never get beyond the art of dressing—that alone requiring all their time and energies. And although it may not be a very high ambition to attempt to keep up with the fashion in dress, the women who 'make the effort' are the most terribly overworked class in the community; and are, perhaps, deserving of pity rather than reproach.

What reasonable hope can be entertained for any very marked moral or social advance until the average home is reformed and becomes what it should be? During the last few years I have been in a great many houses where families lived in apparent contentment and where they called it home. But the number of them wherein genuine comfort and cheerful happiness dwelt peacefully together, was comparatively small. You inquire the reason? A glance over the houses to which you have free access, and in the slack, almost slovenly manner in which most of them are ordered, you can scarcely fail to discover it. Comfort with most people is essential to happiness. The peace of a whole family is often destroyed for the day by such a seemingly trivial matter as having burnt toast or muddy coffee for breakfast. And in a neglect of what are called minor household duties, lies the secret of much domestic discord.

"It may be deemed a very little thing to trim a lamp, to make a bed, or to prepare a meal. But human happiness is seriously affected by little things. Life is largely made up of them. And the wife, or mother, or sister, who sees that each lamp is carefully trimmed, each bed properly made, and each meal skillfully prepared, in the house under her supervision, makes every word within that household brighter for her care, and exerts an influence for good that widens and expands limitlessly.

"The air is full of cheap talk about 'a sacred home life,' 'pleasant home memories,' etc., but in spite of all this poetic glamour, the woman who cares to keep herself properly acquainted with the details of her house and home duties, is in the estimation of a majority of her sex a 'household drudge'—and 'drudgery' is the reproachful epithet in which their intimates in regard to domestic labor are voiced. But in labor of any kind is honorable, why is it not as dignified, as elevating, and as well fitted every way to make beds, sweep rooms, cook dinners, and perform other household duties, as it is to plow fields, build houses, construct railroads, administer medicine, or buy and sell merchandise? And when a woman's duty lies in the line of the former occupations, why should it be distasteful to her to acquaint herself thoroughly with all the details of housekeeping? Or why should she consider it 'drudgery' to devote some of her time to learning the best methods of preparing food? Or to spend a portion of it in doing in the most perfect manner those various household labors that add so much to the comfort and happiness of home? Why should the ordinary work of the farmer, artisan, merchant, doctor, journalist or lawyer, be any more pleasant, interesting or refining to them than ordinary housework is to the wife, mother or daughter? Is there not as wide a field for the use of brains in the home department as in any other department of industry? Is there not as broad a scope for chemical experiment in the kitchen as in the laboratory? Is there not material for the most valuable scientific research included within the economy of the household?

It seems to me why the ordinary work of the artisan or merchant is more pleasant than ordinary housework is, that the woman has too many kinds of work at once to do them well. In the complexity of modern life, her brain is over-crowded with a variety of details which no one human being can attend to skillfully. The baker bakes his whole energies and attention to the making of bread and similar food. The housewife does this as only a very small part of her bi-weekly work. She has one thousand things to think of every seven days of her life, and no ner-

vous system can long stand the strain of all the supervision of modern family life, among cultivated people, and have it perfectly done. Such a woman soon loses elasticity, freshness and interest in anything outside of her own house. She becomes a mere machine, a housekeeper and fades out into a bonnet. We all know such women, nervous, overstrained, eager creatures, who go down to their graves the victims of good housekeeping according to modern methods. A division of labor, such as shall take a portion of it out into co-operative neighborhood bakeries and laundries, and, above all, a return to simpler methods of life—these are the only way out of the trouble, as it seems to me. What would be thought of the farmer who ground his corn and wheat and cut and made his own clothing? Yet this goes only a little way parallel with woman's work.

These following sentences of Mrs. Ewing are as noble as they are true. Every young person in the land should be taught such truths from babyhood. We may style this extract:

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

"That certain kinds of labor are genteel and ennobling, and certain other kinds menial, is one of the most pernicious ideas that ever entered the mind of a human being; and whoever teaches, directly or indirectly, that young women should avoid what is absurdly called the 'drudgery' of housework, and aspires to be teachers, and dress makers, and clerks in stores and offices, is placing a stumbling block in the path of thousands, and doing incalculable damage to the cause of human progress. It is the heart we put into labor of any kind, the motive underlying it, that makes its performance either elevating or degrading in its effect.

"Mothers who spend their lives in hotels and boarding houses, for the purpose of escaping domestic duties, and thus encourage their daughters to grow up in ignorance of the various branches of domestic economy, are among the worst foes of society. Girls whose training in household duties has been neglected, are apt to flee, after marriage, to these places of refuge to escape the penalties of such neglect; thus hotels and boarding houses perpetuate the system of which they are the legitimate result—that wretched system under which women are reared without a knowledge of housework, and are encouraged to shirk the cares and responsibilities—thereby losing all the joys and comforts of a home. And the revolt against 'domestic drudgery'—as the phrase goes—is simply a revolt, against the home, and against the duties and responsibilities that attach to and are inseparable therefrom. It may be an outgrowth as the fallacious teachings of the past—transitory and temporary in character—but until it is succeeded by a truer and healthier belief, reformatory movements for the improvement of society must be attended with comparatively trifling success. The social reform must begin in the home and work outward; and society will never be reformed until the home is made as pleasant and fascinating as the club-room, the restaurant and the saloon.

"For most women a thorough knowledge of housekeeping is a much more desirable boon than an entire exemption therefrom; and if the time wasted in devising ways to evade what is termed 'drudgery,' and 'menial work,' were spent in learning to do properly the things that make home pleasant, healthful and attractive, we would have more well-ordered homes and fewer saloons, less licentiousness and more domestic felicity. Home ties are strengthened and home attachments rendered more binding with each added home comfort. The inducements for leaving home to seek enjoyment elsewhere diminish in exact proportion as home attractions increase. And where the home surroundings are always pleasant and cheerful, and the home table always spread with healthful, well-prepared food, the barriers of rectitude are well high-impregnable.

ANOTHER STERLING TRUTH.

"The stomach is one of the most important and one of the most delicate organs in a human being. It is not merely a receptacle for luxuries that have tickled the palate; for substantialities that will sustain life; it is the workshop in which are prepared all the materials essential to the building up of perfect men and women, and its needs and demands should be treated with thoughtful consideration. The cultivated stomach appreciates contrasts and harmonies in taste as keenly as does the cultivated eye or ear in color or sound; and it is as much jarred and disarranged by inharmonious tastes as either eye or ear by inharmonious sights and sounds. Food is an important factor in the solution of the problem of human destiny. The manner of men and women we are depends greatly upon the nature of our diet. Our thoughts and acts are emanations of the things we eat and drink. The food we consume contains the principles of comeliness or deformity—health or disease, life or death; and has a positive quality for good or evil, in shaping our character, habits and disposition. Personal purity, physical stamina and mental vigor are the perfect products of a rich home life. But to yield such results its formations must be embedded upon both aesthetic and hygienic laws. Neither alone is sufficient. They must supplement and aid each other. No department of the home must be considered inferior or subservient to any other department. Each must harmonize with the other, and the kitchen rank with the parlor in neatness and dignity, if not in attractiveness and splendor. . . . And if the girls who are to be the future wives and mothers of our country will qualify themselves to conduct and govern in a successful manner, the house holds over which they are destined to preside, the reign of slovenly, domestic ignorance under which we now groan and suffer, will be superseded by one of orderly intelligence; and then there will be no brighter, pleasanter or more attractive place on earth than the average American home."

Magazines for January Received.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Portrait of Edward Everett Hale; Recent Architecture in America; Edward Everett Hale; The Knight of the Black Forest; The Making of a Museum; Mariana; The Rise of Silas Lapham; Christianity and Popular Amusements; How Quincy Coyote brought Fire to the Cahroes; To a Face at a Concert; Orpiment; and Gamboge; Unlooked-for Return; The Freedman's Case in Equity; Longing; Recollections of Foote and the Gunboats; Operations of the Western Flotilla; The Kalispell County; Retrospect; Jim's Inventions and King Solomon; An Autumn Meditation; Topics of the Month; Open Letters; Brice-a-Brac.

CHOICE LITERATURE. (John B. Alden, New York.) Contents: Warburg and Vienna; Goethe; Greek Cities under Roman Rule; Honey Dew; The Progress of Social Science; Mr. Gladstone; Thunderbolts; and other good reading matter.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (New York City.) The January number of the North American Review is an excellent one. It presents a wide variety of unusually readable articles. We are now over the crisis of the presidential election and men of all parties can consider calmly Bishop Huntington's essay on "Vitiuperation in Politics." Under the title, "The Reunited South," Henry Waterson presents with great clearness the Southern and Democratic view of the political situation as it now stands. Another question of universal concern is that of labor and its compensation; Col. Hinton, in "American Labor Organizations," shows with what equipment it will take the field. The literary reader will first turn to Frederic Harrison's brilliant and incisive discussion of "Froude's Life of Carlyle;" the religious or philosophical reader to Courtney's "Socrates, Buddha, and Christ." For the scientific reader, Mr. Proctor discusses learnedly "Herschel's Star Surveys," and Prof. Le Conte presents and explains some curious facts in relation to "The Evidence of the Senses." Mr. Mulhall's paper on "The Increase of Wealth" is a successful endeavor to render large masses of figures popularly intelligible.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: A Glance at the Jury System, by C. H. Stephens; Agnostic Metaphysics, by Frederic Harrison; Last Words about Agnosticism, by Herbert Spencer; Influences Determining Sex, by Professor W. K. Brooks; My Schools and Schoolmasters, by Professor John Tyndall; Gladiators of the Sea, by Frederic A. Fernald; Studying in Germany, by Professor Horace M. Kennedy; State Usurpation of Parental Functions, by Sir Auberon Herbert; Bloody Sweat, by J. H. Pooley, M. D.; Protective Mimicry in Marine Life, by Dr. W. Breitenbach; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; Advantages of Limited Museums, by Oscar W. Collet; The Architecture of Town-Houses, by Robert W. Edis, F. S. A.; Mountain Observatories; Sketch of Sir Henry Roscoe; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Contents: The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains; A Canadian Folk-Song; Childhood in Greek and Roman Literature; The H. Malady in England; A Marsh Island; The Christ of the Snows; A-Sale; Dame School; A Story of Assisted Fate; Madame Mohl, Her Salon and Her Friends; Winter Days; A Country Gentleman; The Star in the East; The New Portfolio; Vedder's Drawings for Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; Culture of the Old School; Recent American Fiction; Studies of the Renaissance; The Contributors' Club; Books of the Month.

THE AMERICAN ART-MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) Contents: "Farewell, Farewell! One Kiss and I'll Descend," The New Forest; Poems and Pictures; The Color-Sense of Poets; Some Oriental Brass-Work; Pavis de Chavennes; "Parting"; The Romance of Art; Hatfield House; Early Sculptured Stones in England; The New "Romeo and Juliet"; Profiles from the French Renaissance; A Dead March; The Chronicle of Art; Current Exhibitions; American Art Notes.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The judgment of the publishers in bringing out an American edition of The Quiver has been sustained by the public. The contents of this number is up to the first issue and no one, we think, will deny that with its bright pictures and words of cheer, it will be a welcome visitor in every household.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: A Christmas Greeting; Old and New; Christmas Church Decorations; Called Back on Christmas; Happy New Year; Snow Flakes; The New Year and the Old; Editorial Marginals, etc.



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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 3, 1885.

TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until February 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to those who have never been subscribers. This is a propitious time for continuous readers to extend a knowledge of the JOURNAL among their liberal-minded acquaintances. Try it. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

The New Year.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL enters upon the new year with a stronger faith in the final success of all it has battled for than ever before. The past year has as a whole been fraught with good for spiritual truth, and the new year is full of promise for still greater progress. Spiritualism as a distinctive public movement in the sectarian sense has made little or no growth in the twelve months past, but this does not trouble the JOURNAL, for it is in no sense a sectarian paper. That spiritual facts are commanding more general attention; that the wide field of mysterious phenomena, covering spirit return and manifestation, is attracting more painstaking workers, and that the near future promises tremendous strides in spiritual knowledge furnishes ground for congratulation sufficient for the JOURNAL.

Regardless of misrepresentation and caviling the JOURNAL has steadily labored in the interests of the scientific, philosophical and ethical in Spiritualism. The JOURNAL holds that Spiritualism is not the property of a particular sect or party, but is the common possession of all the world; that its advent on earth was synchronous with that of man, and no body of people can arrogate to itself exclusive property rights therein. The JOURNAL sharply draws the line between a spiritist and a Spiritualist. Thousands who call themselves Spiritualists give no sign of ever having had a real spiritual aspiration. The mere belief in spirit return and manifestation does not make a Spiritualist, but only a spiritist. The JOURNAL is not for spiritists, and does not expect to please them; but for those earnestly seeking after spiritual truths and a better knowledge of spirit, as helps to their own advancement and the betterment of themselves and their fellows here and hereafter, it offers every facility "within the length of its cable-tow."

The JOURNAL enters the new year with greatly increased facilities for the performance of its mission; with a corps of contributors equalled by no other Spiritualist paper in the world; and to the force already enlisted powerful accessions will be added during the year, through the completion of arrangements now already past the point of doubt.

To all who hold loyalty to truth paramount to partisan considerations, to all willing to say: "Let justice be done though the heavens fall"—believing that justice covers and embraces broadest charity and greatest mercy to humanity as a whole—to all such, of whatever religious belief or of no belief, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL extends its cordial invitation for co-operation, and of-

fers its columns for the expression of their best thought. To its friends the JOURNAL extends the compliments of the season; and to its enemies it offers a truce long enough for them to respond to the sentiment: May the fittest survive!

Personalities—Is Harmony at the Expense of Truth Desirable?

Many object to the outspoken manner with which the JOURNAL treats fraud and rascality, and to what they style its personalities. With those who honestly differ from us, we have full sympathy; for, occupying different standpoints and viewing things differently, conclusions often are wide apart. Yet what is the public journalist to do, whose province is to record facts and state the truth? He must call things by their right names, and not for the sake of peace and harmony cover up with sweet sounding phrases, or pass in silence great and crying wrongs.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has from the beginning been the staunch and unchanging friend and supporter of true mediums, and its pages have ever been open to record the results of their mediumship. So consistent has been its course in this respect, that it would seem impossible for any one to misunderstand its position or its purpose when it attempts to shield the Spiritualist public from those who endeavor to prey upon it. When mediums are proven fraudulent, it is for the welfare of the cause that the facts be published; and to say that such publication is a "war on mediums," is unwarrantable and untruthful. When a professed Spiritualist uses the garb of his belief to go over the country, a dead-beat and fraud, eluding from every one who listens to him, it is the duty of the Spiritualist papers to show him in his true light, and the accusation of "unjust personality" is uncalled for.

An inspirational lecturer of high standing writes that as a matter of policy the JOURNAL should be less severe, even though every word it has published was true. He says:

"I do not think that many who are prejudiced against the JOURNAL, really desire to countenance fraud or rascality, but they are not critical judges of the intricate problem that lies between psychic facts and selfish frauds, and when they think they have tested a medium, and know, they cannot be persuaded they have been deceived and their sacred confidence abused, especially when scores of witnesses arise and testify to having witnessed all these things under test conditions, and that the JOURNAL and all Bundayes are secret Jesuitical enemies of Spiritualism."

This good brother thinks that if the JOURNAL had pursued a less decided course it would have been better for the cause. Singularly in narrating his own experience he furnishes the most conclusive evidence of the correctness of the JOURNAL's position. He writes:

"Where I am well known, nobody would have the hardihood to accuse me of being an enemy to mediums or in any way opposed to all the genuine in Spiritualism, nor of being unkind or uncharitable to anybody. When I moderately in a kindly spirit related some facts of fraud—that had come under my own eye where there was no chance for mistake, at the same time vigorously advocating phenomena and commending many genuine mediums that I know and could touch for, I was informed that if the spiritual societies of New England should hear me say that, I could not get an engagement to speak among them. But I replied: 'I have abused no one; I have said no unkind word against those even who I know have been guilty of deception. I have only stated facts that I can prove by an hundred witnesses, and I have said no word against any medium or any phase of mediumship.'"

"Yes, I know you mean all right and it is doubtless as you say, but the people of New England are determined not to countenance, tolerate or employ any speaker or medium who speaks against any medium, and your words would condemn you if they heard them, and if you want to work in New England, you must be careful what you say about mediums even if it is true," was the frank reply.

This brought out the spark from the keen, clean soul of our worthy brother, and he replied:

"Well, sir, I shall tell the truth when I think it expression needed if I never deliver another lecture. No man or society shall awe me into silence when a great principle is at stake, by threats of ostracism and refusal of support or patronage. If New England does not want my services I can go elsewhere, and if all the spiritist societies in it refuse to reject me because I dare to tell the truth in charity and kindness, I shall not be fettered nor frightened. I can peddle peanuts or dig ditches, but I will not be forced to advocate or defend a lie, or propagate and sustain a known fraud."

Our brother does not believe this estimate of the Spiritualists of New England, nor do we, yet that there exists not only in that section but everywhere an element such as represented, is too patent to admit of denial. It appears that this brother has met the same treatment for his kind and charitable methods which he urges on the JOURNAL, that the latter has done by its fearless incisiveness.

It is evident, from this illustration and from numerous others of a similar character that have come to our knowledge, that it is not the manner, but the matter that produces the disturbed feeling. It is because this element knows its cause is weak and untenable, because it knows it is wrong, that it writhes under the exhibition of the truth.

The JOURNAL would be glad to welcome all the phenomena purporting to be of spirit origin as true, but it has not yet reached the sublime heights of an Eastern contemporary—that fraud as long as it convinces and makes converts is as good as the genuine!

It is not because the JOURNAL is personal or outspoken that this cry of Jesuitism and war on mediums is raised, but because every word it has ever published editorially, personal or otherwise, has been true, and backed by positive evidence held in reserve. The cry of persecution is raised for the sole purpose of breaking the force of its position.

The secular press, quick to detect a change in the current of thought, both in this country and in Europe, has acknowledged the correctness of the JOURNAL's views, and more, has granted it a commanding position in the ranks of journalism. The leading papers have widely copied from its columns, with generous endorsements such as have never been given before. Its manner as well as matter shows to the world that it believes that the cause it advocates can bear the blaz-

ing light of truth. There is every indication that the tide of thought has strongly set in favor of the principles advocated by the JOURNAL, and that Spiritualism will soon free itself from the incubus, designing selfishness and credulity have fastened upon it.

A Word with "Unity."

Our neighbor on Wabash Avenue, the Unitarian *Unity*, in an editorial in its issue of Dec. 1st, speaks in general approval of a Society for Psychical Research, but objects to the society being under the direction of Spiritualists. It says:

"Looking at it from the standpoint of the Spiritualist, it will be better for him to submit his facts to the test which non-committed experts would devise than to still endure the suspicion that he had succeeded in persuading those who already believed."

We assure *Unity* that it has never been our purpose to seek investigators only among believers in Spiritualism. We thought we had made this clear as the noon-day sun from the first. It is our desire that the most able and obscure opponents of Spiritualism shall investigate the phenomena. If the Society for Psychical Research is ever organized, it will at once endeavor to have the phenomena tested by the best-trained scientific men in America and in other countries. It will endeavor to offer such inducements to these men that they will no longer ignore this subject, or pass it by with a sneer.

In regard to the society being under the direction of Spiritualists, we are very confident that so to have it is the only way to secure efficient and long-continued work. Spiritualists have for many years studied these phenomena, and have tested them in numberless ways, and are convinced that a percentage of them emanate from disembodied spirits. They are convinced moreover of their great value to all men as irrefutable proof of continuity of life. All rational and moral Spiritualists will rejoice, too, in having their errors pointed out, if they are in error. Spiritualists, then, are directly and profoundly interested in this matter of investigation. They will see to it that investigation is abundant and thorough; that the most complete facilities of all kinds are afforded to investigators; that the conclusions, whatever they may be, are published. There is, at present, no other body of men who have sufficient interest in the phenomena thus to do the work which will be necessary.

Furthermore the work will need large funds, which must be wisely managed and secured from perversion. In the Society which we propose we hope to see a large endowment. In time, and we desire that such endowment shall be administered by men and women who will have no wish to pervert it.

Unity further thinks that the best results would not come from a large national organization, but that small companies of truth-lovers can do most service. Well, it has never been our thought that a large national organization should, as an organization, engage in testing the phenomena, nor that such tests were to be necessarily conducted in large public meetings. We agreed with *Unity* that the best work can be done by small companies of able men. It will be the special work of the Research Society to foster such small companies, to interest them in the work, to provide them every facility, to pay their expenses, in every way to give them the best opportunity for investigation. The greater the number of such companies, and the more thorough their work, the better shall we be satisfied.

But we by no means suppose that the Research Society that we propose, is the only one that will come into life. Others will be organized by individuals and companies, some of whom will probably, at first, not believe in the spiritual origin of any of the phenomena. The different societies will all work in the same general direction, and will serve as aids and checks to each other.

Unity closes its editorial by saying: "Blessed be those who believe because they have seen. None the less blessed be those who believe though they have not seen. Aye, blessed are those who can neither see nor believe, but who live as worthy of immortality." To all which we say amen, and merely note in passing that our brother of *Unity* puts the emphasis in his blessing on "those who can neither see nor believe."

The Edison Electric Light Company.

The exhibit of the Edison Electric Light Company of New York City, at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, is represented as having been of great magnitude and of surpassing brilliancy. The New York *Graphic* devotes two of its large pages in illustrating the various devices brought into existence through the inventive genius of Edison. The illustrations comprehend a portrait of the inventor, his home and laboratory, at Menlo Park; the birthplace of this and many other wonderful inventions, together with numerous sketches of the present lodgment of the various corporate and manufacturing enterprises connected therewith. The inventor is too well known to need any other introductory than the mere mention of his name.

A late report of the Board of Trustees to the stockholders, shows the progress the company has made during the past year. The experimental expenses of the great inventor since 1878, have reached the large sum of \$258,414. The cost of his patents alone in the United States and Canada has been \$426,335; South America and Mexico, \$33,556. The first Edison dynamo ever manufactured for other than experimental use was placed at the disposal of the officers of the ill-fated Arctic steamer, the *Jeannette*, and with that vessel now lies at the bottom of the Arctic

Sea. The exhibition at Philadelphia showed the most colossal dynamo ever completed and practically operated.

It is a pleasant fact to contemplate that the President of the Edison Electric Light Company is that prominent Spiritualist, Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose books have proved so valuable in advancing the cause of Spiritualism, and we have reason to believe that the company will owe a large share of its future success to his sagacity and excellent business qualifications.

Unitarianism to Episcopacy—Why?

Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, a Unitarian preacher of some note in the East, has joined the Episcopal Church. He seems to have gone around by the way of a liberal theism, and thence to have turned his course toward the pleasant fold of Episcopacy. In New York, after preaching in Unity Church, where Robert Collier now is, he started an independent and undenominational society supposed to be more "advanced" than Unitarianism. In Newport, R. I., he raised funds to build the beautiful Channing Memorial Church—a memento to the spiritual minded apostle in the town of his birth, and seems to have been full of activity and zeal.

The Boston *Herald* has a letter of his "to a dear friend in Newport," in which he says: "I have seriously contemplated it for nearly two years now, and finally have decided. This is no new change on my part, as you will understand when I repeat to you the outlines of my history. I was brought up in a strict Presbyterian home from early boyhood, and was an active member of the church; was educated at Williams College, at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and at the seminary of Yale College. I was ordained a Presbyterian minister, but found myself rebelling against the Calvinistic doctrines of that church so seriously that I decided to seek the ministry of a more liberal church."

Doubts about the trinity and an unexpected call to a large Unitarian Church in Boston, led him among them, but their views and career have been "a constant disappointment" to him, and the Unitarian cause is "steadily declining," churches decreasing and all his hope of its "permanent growth" lost. He bears them no ill will but only kind remembrances.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, of the Channing Memorial Church, denies this Unitarian decline, and he is right so far as the West is concerned, we think. He holds the new Episcopal convert to have been somewhat impulsive and egotistical, and concludes by saying:

"We are not sorry meanwhile that this somewhat erratic meteor, who for a dozen years past has graced in our denominational horizon, has now passed into another and more congenial atmosphere, whose stricter order and discipline will, we trust, transform him into a fixed if lesser light, shining with more steadfast ray into the darkness of the unconverted and sceptical world."

In these days it is not very strange for clergymen to change their denomination, and the Unitarians both gain and lose in this way, with others. Bishop Huntington went from them to the Episcopal Church, as Mr. Schermerhorn has now done. This last gentleman is doubtless a man of some ability, and is also, it would seem, a man of some spiritual life and insight.

The change he has made may be, of itself, of no special interest to many of our readers, but an underlying cause and reason for this, and like changes may be.

May not that cause lie in the cool air of Unitarianism? Do they not yield too much to the inductive and agnostic spirit of the day? Do they trust the soul, and uplift the power and authority of the inner life as did Channing? Do they not need the light and warmth of a spiritual philosophy? If they do not turn toward that light, will not the shadows grow more dense and the chill more depressing?

The improvement wrought in country papers within the past fifteen years is the most agreeable feature in the American newspaper field. Formerly the typographical appearance of a country sheet was enough to exasperate a saint, and the skim milk on which the impecunious editor sustained a miserable existence, gave all the character his editorials had. In ethics, religion and all the grave questions affecting the public welfare, the country paper, individually and collectively, was inconsequential. In local and national politics it was the pliant tool of the aspiring office-seeker with the largest purse. To the seedy, needy country editor, everything was grist that came to his mill, from the pumpkins and potatoes of some would-be road commissioner to the dollars of the patriotic candidate for Legislature or Congress. Servility, imbecility and impecuniosity were the prominent characteristics, with of course many honorable exceptions.

How great the change is and how able the country press has grown, cannot be appreciated by any one unless he has access to a considerable number of these papers, representing all sections of the country. The country press has steadily risen in ability and morals, and now enjoys fair prosperity. It wields a wholesome, legitimate influence, immeasurably more potent than formerly, because it is conducted with more courage, more honesty, more independence, and has come into abler hands.

Among the country weeklies that come under the JOURNAL's notice, the *Champaign County Herald*, published at Urbana, Illinois, stands unsurpassed. Hon. M. W. Mathews, its editor and proprietor, outdid himself in his Christmas number. It contained twenty-four large pages with 6 columns to the page. Eighty of these columns are filled with advertisements and the remainder with able editorials, original and selected articles. Such a paper as the *Herald's* every issue is a credit to any county and is a potent factor in the growth of permanent prosperity, which should be duly appreciated. We are proud to note many other country exchanges of great merit on our list, some of which we shall speak of by name and more particularly hereafter.

"The Georgia Wonder."

Lulu Hurst, of whom the JOURNAL's subscribers have read, is in Chicago this week. She is confounding the skeptical and silencing those who cried "humbug" before seeing an exhibition of the tremendous and mysterious power manifested through her while she is in a totally passive state. On Saturday last we made one of a large representation of the Chicago press, especially, invited to witness a private display of Miss Hurst's powers at the Tremont House. A more critical, harder-headed company could not have been selected in the city. A number did not hesitate to avow in advance of sight, their ability to demonstrate that the show was merely an exhibition of extraordinary physical strength combined with dexterous manipulations; these observers had nothing to say of their ability after they had tested the matter. The only evidence they offered was very red faces and complete exhaustion, the result of futile attempts to cope with the force manifested through Miss Hurst, while her muscles were relaxed and she in a seemingly passive condition. No cursory study of the matter will enable even the most expert to formulate a satisfactory theory; and we shall certainly not offer one with our limited observation. The theory put forth by certain would-be scientific men that the exhibition is all a delusion and that the girl is aided by the unconscious action of those who attempt to resist the supposititious "force," is an amusing display of ignorant assumption. There may be some by-play and stage "business," but when we see seven strong, determined men get red in the face and short-winded in an effort to hold a chair on which Miss Hurst's hand passively rests, or a trained athlete make a ludicrous spectacle of himself in his confident and determined but finally vain attempt to hold an open umbrella against this "force," we cannot hesitate to say there is something in it no one has as yet fully fathomed. Central Music Hall is where Miss Hurst's exhibition may be seen for the evenings of this week.

"Spiritualistische Blaetter."

We presume there are many German Spiritualists in this country who have not been made aware that there is a weekly spiritualist paper in the Fatherland. Some three or four years ago, Dr. B. Cyriax, formerly a practicing physician, at the command of his spirit guides, went back to Germany from Cleveland, O., to do some of the much needed pioneer work there. He is now editing the above-named paper at Leipzig, and we can recommend it to German readers as a wide awake and able exponent of a healthy, rational Spiritualism. Dr. C. has passed through varied phases of mediumship, an interesting description of which is given in a well written little book of his, entitled: "How I became a Spiritualist." With much hard work as a speaker and writer, and in the face of considerable chicanery from the authorities the Doctor has stood his ground manfully. As near as we can judge, he is laboring successfully toward winning a respectable hearing for Spiritualism, and bringing it into public view. His paper is now entering upon its third year, and is spreading much needed information toward an intelligent appreciation of a cause so much misunderstood among a people where blind dogmatism on one side and rank materialism on the other, have long been the ruling factors. Dr. G. Blode of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the JOURNAL's old contributors, frequently appears in the *Blaetter*, detailing some of his varied experiences and elucidating, with a trenchant pen, ideas and principles therefrom. We would like to see a large addition to the list of American subscribers. Address: Dr. B. Cyriax, 29 Promenaden-Strasse, Leipzig. We refer to the advertisement in another column.

The Evening Journal on Henry Slade.

On Tuesday of last week, one of the editors of the Chicago *Evening Journal*, one of the fairest and most conservative of dailies; accompanied by a reporter, visited Henry Slade. Their report published on the same day fills a half column of the paper. As the manifestations were of the usual sort and familiar to our readers, we only quote as follows:

"Both of these reporters were unprejudiced persons, but if they had any bias at all, it was against Spiritualism. They left with the unalterable conviction that, whatever interpretation or estimate was to be placed on Spiritualism, the manifestations which they had witnessed were real and true, without the slightest admixture of fraud or chicanery."

The *Investigator* having reported that Geo. Chasney "stated that he had been told repeatedly by Col. Ingersoll that he (the Colonel) was sick of lecturing on Liberalism, and that he would not give another lecture if it were not that he wanted money," the *London Secular Review* makes a point to adorn a quite lengthy article. To all which the shrewd *Index* says: "We must with the *Investigator* strongly doubt whether he (Ingersoll) made the remark. Mr. Chasney's statement is more likely to be the result of a misunderstanding on his part." The JOURNAL fails to see how Chasney could have "misunderstood" a remark repeatedly made. The JOURNAL will waver something that Ingersoll will not publicly and squarely deny Chasney's assertion.

Those who failed to pay their arrearsages and renewal to the JOURNAL before New Year's Day, should do so at once. Don't "sin away the day of grace."

The excellent series of articles by Giles B. Stebbins will be resumed again in our next issue.

Voices from the People,
AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Advent of Woman—Silver-Wedding Song.

You ask a song—what shall it be?
What theme shall we sing to-day?
Which marks a quarter century
Of true, old-fashioned married bliss?
As such a blessing gathering
Where friends and family meet,
Sure 'tis a fitting time to sing
The bells should chime, the drums should beat,
Violins lead on with music sweet
Till happy hearts and bounding feet,
When wedded lovers freely bring
To Cupid's shrine their offering,
And with the blessed past in view,
Their welcome marriage bond renew.
Hence 'tis a wedding song you claim,
Woman should surely be the theme:
Woman! in every age the name,
Our earliest, fondest, latest dream!
Many conflicting views prevail
Of woman's rank in being's scale,
They're gauged her skill, they've weighed her brain
For real sphere to ascertain.
Let good St. Paul then say, he may,
Forbidden in church to preach or pray,
Let rusty R. I. have their say,
Learned M. D. measure cut and weigh,
We spurn their upstart, sneering noes,
Their egotistical supposes.
Our view on firmer ground repose,
We build on science, fact and Moses,
Science and true theology
In this creative creed agree,
That nature, though exceeding slow,
Works upward with untiring flow,
Evolving high things from the low.
This all-wise record shows,
As was well proved by Miller's wit,
Who by "Lullaby" and "Happy Hymn"
Making six days to agree,
Confirmed the science Moses writ.
By every "geologic" test
We find the last creations best.
'Tis proved earth first was melted dust,
But nature with progressive hand
Covered Gehenna with a crust,
And made it good warm farming land.
Of plants the first born was the fern,
Fit only for the coal we burn.
Next came in rising grade (they teach)
The gushing grape, the melting peach.
So sentient life low down began,
But up the scale of being ran
Through dust and monkeys up to man.
Upon that lovely Friday morn,
When Adam from the dust was born,
How glorious must the world have been!
Uncured by toil! Unsolved by sin!
Flushed with new life and wild glee
Flesh sported in the sunlit sea.
From every honied flower and tree
The song bird and the humming bee
Chanted their morning jubilee.
The "heavens were finished," moon and sun
Shed on the enchanting scene their light,
But yet to the "All-seeing One"
'Twas still imperfect in his sight:
He saw his world, so well begun,
Yet lacked its crowning, topmost stone.
The "sons of God," with eager gaze,
Peered through the heaven's gate of pearl
Wondering in mute and wild amazement
That Heaven forgot to make a girl!
The wedded nightingale and thrush
In rapture uttered their tuneful throats,
But from beneath the apple bush
Where Adam slept, and waiting notes
That would pierce a heart of stone,
Accorded to the pining, yearning soul
In sad response to sigh and groan,
Echoed the burden of his moan,
Alone! alone! alone! alone!!!!
Heaven saw his need; once more he spoke!
The "morning stars" began to whirl!
Shouting with Adam as he woke,
The world is done! A girl! A girl!
Where placed by God the crown of man,
Creation's climax, manhood's crown,
And palmed by the tongue of hand,
That tears her regal banner down,
Hail! Woman—Hail! Come every son,
Of sinners who fought with Washington,
And for themselves the battle won,
Fledge "sacred honor," fortune, life
To march with mother, wife, and child,
With beaming eyes, and streaming locks
Through sneers and jeers or battle shocks
To freedom and the ballot box!

S. L. THRELL.

The Christmas Holiday—Progress.

The annual return of the Christmas holiday has always been anticipated by the young folks with the greatest pleasure and delight. It was the case also with the slaves at the South previous to their emancipation. The expected gifts, with a week's holiday from study, toil and labor, with a general good time of pleasurable enjoyment, free from care, made all happy.

The day is celebrated as the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth, but named in honor of Christ, the controlling spirit of the medim Jesus. It is substantially a Christian institution, and matured Christians observe the holiday event in honor of the birth of their Savior, while Spiritualists generally recognize the humble Nazarene in the light of a grand reformer and exemplar, and purely a spiritual teacher, whose kingdom was not of this world of material things. So long as the world is full of material things, who took an active part in his master's election to the Legislature. The master being elected, on starting for the meeting of the Legislature he inquired of his faithful slave what service he could render him. The slave's reply was: "All I am, is master, make Christmas come twice a year."

I enjoy the day of going back in memory to those youthful halcyon days, rendered pleasant by a Christmas holiday; it brings back mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness. The word "change" is written across the dome of heaven, and on all things in this sublunary sphere. Whole families have since been broken up or become extinct. In every department of life within the last half century, vast changes have taken place, and more progress has been made in the arts, sciences and civilization, more tolerance allowed, and liberalism prevails to a greater extent than at any period during a thousand years previous. All peoples and things, whether in heaven or on the earth, have come under the refining, divine and immutable law of progression. While virtue brings its own reward, the law of compensation has leveled as people by the plummet of justice, whether a millionaire or a pauper, no one is exempted. Notwithstanding the large amount of crime prevalent, the changes now going on are for the better.

The day is coming when the inventive genius and perseverance of man will have conquered the world; when neither brutes, thistles or venomous reptiles will be a curse. The day is coming when there will be no more death. The gates that now stand ajar between the two worlds, will be thrown wide open. Fifty years ago people wondered what fate would be made of when fur-animals were exterminated. Now the question is propounded: What will we do to produce motor power when coal shall have been exhausted? That can be answered when the sunlight is extinguished.

A few years ago, Professor Morse petitioned Congress for a small appropriation to make an experiment with his proposed telegraph. A wise member moved to refer the petition to the man in the moon. The motion carried. Senator N. P. Talnage, a short time afterwards, introduced a bill to make a scientific investigation into the alleged spiritual phenomena occurring; it was rejected with derision. The phenomena, however, has continued to expand throughout the world, and to-day is embraced by thousands of the leading minds of all nations. Then followed a request to certain scientists of a university to investigate the phenomena; that request was declined, and these wise men took up for investigation that grave subject, the philosophy of a "Tumble bug," and still the world moves.

Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

Prohibitionists have begun a campaign in Tennessee for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Petitions urging this course are in circulation, and will be presented to the next session of the Legislature.

Notes from Brooklyn.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Among the many activities of the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, none has been so effective as the "Ladies Aid Society," whose aim has been to assist the deserving poor to tide over the unforeseen misfortune, by kindness, sympathy and material aid. Among the earnest workers have been Mrs. D. M. Cole, Mrs. A. H. Dalley, Mrs. S. H. Nichols, Mrs. Kipp, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Hye, Mrs. Bumgardner, Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Claggett, Mrs. Davis, and many others. This organization has under its new president, Mrs. Bumgardner, begun its winter work, meeting in the parlor of the church every Thursday P. M., and in the evening giving a substantial supper of cold meats, tea and coffee, etc., for the nominal sum of fifteen cents. There was a large gathering on the evening of Dec. 11th, and the time was passed very sociably. There is a lower hall in the building, where supper is served, and where the young people can have musical and literary entertainments and occasionally skip the light fantastic. Among others present were Hon. A. H. Dalley and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Conns and daughter, Mrs. J. T. Lillie and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Rawson, Mr. John Jeffers, Mr. Joseph Kinsey, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dr. V. P. Stocum and wife, and many others. A young physician and medium of Cincinnati, Mr. Charles Nelson, a test medium from Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. The supper was served promptly at 6:30 P. M., and the hearty appreciation by those present caused beaming smiles to overspread the faces of the ladies in charge. Many others came in later in the evening, and a happy and fraternal feeling prevailed. Dr. N. P. Stocum tendered an invitation to the society in behalf of the Ladies Spiritualist Society of New York City, to meet with them on the evening of Dec. 13th at Mr. H. J. Newton's. Dr. S. who has recently moved to Brooklyn, said he was much pleased with the friendly and cordial welcome that he and his wife and others were receiving from the church, and it was in marked contrast with Spiritualist societies generally.

Mrs. J. T. Lillie by request gave several typical readings of character, the control being the child spirit "Lore," who has appeared here to many people all over the land. Mrs. Dr. Jackson gave for the benefit of the Ladies Aid, clairvoyant examinations, and was kept busy all the evening, giving excellent satisfaction. Mrs. W. was also controlled by an Indian maiden who talked to several present. Mr. Nelson gave quite a number of tests in an informal manner to several who pronounced them satisfactory. Mrs. Bumgardner and her daughter, Mrs. Smith, were unwearied in their efforts to make all feel at home and happy.

Heavy, leaden skies did not prevent an unusual large audience attending the medium's reading on Friday P. M., Dec. 11th. The exercises were opened by an invocation by Mrs. A. C. Henderson of New York City. The chairman read the poem, "My Spirit Home," given through the inspiration of Miss Lillie Doteb.

After the meeting was over a lady came to him who said she was a medium from Boston, on a visit to our city; that Miss Sprague often controlled her, and that while the chairman was reading the poem she saw clairvoyantly the spirit of Miss Sprague on the platform beside him. On his shoulder there appeared a stanza of poetry which she could not clearly read from the place she occupied in the hall.

We were favored with the presence of Mrs. Goodwin of New York City, who in a graphic manner told of her conversion to Spiritualism from the Baptist faith, and at the first circle held in a friend's house her arm was controlled to write, and she was entranced there, and for thirty-three days she ate no food. She told how during the last four years the Spirit-world had educated her; that her whole heart was in the work; that she had a large practice as a clairvoyant physician in New York City; that many physical manifestations were the result of her spiritual path—she found among the intelligent classes a very deep interest in the subject. She also told of the sudden death of her only son whose transition to the Spirit-world made her almost heart-broken, and that he was able in two hours after his entrance to the world of spirits to control and speak through her organism. She gave a few messages to the audience in the manner of the spirit world, and although this was something that had never been attempted before through her mediumship.

Mrs. A. C. Henderson also gave some of her experiences. She sat for one year and ten months without any visible signs of the presence of interfering angels. She told of the trials and persecutions experienced from her church and old friends. She gave many sad and true to people in the audience who were strangers to her.

A lady in the audience under control, clothed in the habiliments of woe, then came to the platform and told how thirty-three years before the gift of mediumship was given to her, and how she was not willing to be thus controlled. She related how all of her family had passed to the other world, the last of her family being a child of ten years of age, who died August last. She urged upon those present to cultivate the gifts of the spirit, and told how through sorrow and suffering the soul attained peace and joy. She read a beautiful poem given through her hand at the time of her daughter's death. The writer requested a copy of the poem and her name and address, but it was refused. The lady was dignified and intelligent, and she was speaking a plain common sense which was a relief to the audience.

Mrs. Lillie addressed a good audience in the evening from the words: "Life, Liberty and Liberty,"—the controlling spirit taking the birth of the butterfly from its cocoon as typical of the bursting of the shell of mortal life and death. An earnest appeal was also made for the elevation of woman to all the rights and privileges of manhood, that she could thus become the mother of the race. The exercises were closed with an improvised poem on the subject "Mercy."

NOTES FROM BROOKLYN CONTINUED—ONE WEEK LATER.

Mr. W. C. Bowen addressed the Conference at its last meeting, filling a vacancy occasioned by the illness of the speaker, Mr. R. Bowen took for his subject "The General Outlook." He spoke at length of the efforts now being made to establish Societies of Psychical Research, with which he was in hearty accord, and which should receive the hearty endorsement of Spiritualists and mediums. All honest mediums should have joy such efforts to bring a class of tricksters who dissonor mediumship, bring disgrace upon the name, and repel investigation on the part of those who would be glad to receive the same evidences we had. To him, any phenomenon that could be explained in two ways, was of no value. He cited a case of a medium in Brooklyn who had been endorsed by some Spiritualists as a medium for independent writing by placing blank paper in a box and locking it up. The medium would not allow any of the papers to be marked, and where, in several instances, persons had marked them in a private way, they found that the supposed communication was written upon another piece of paper. The speaker said that such pretended phenomena could not satisfy any one, even the most credulous. We had heard much from defenders of doubtful phenomena and fraudulent mediums, that we must not destroy our "denks." Any conditions that aid in the perpetration of fraud should be destroyed. Psychical Research Societies would aid honest mediums, and he hoped to see them organized. When we could examine mediums with the same care that Prof. Hare, Prof. Crookes and Prof. Zollner did, a step would be made in the right direction. He closed with an eloquent peroration, giving the "beneficent results to humanity of the practical demonstration of the control of life, and the power of disembodied spirits to prove their presence and identity."

Mr. Wm. R. Tice was invited to give an account of a séance held at Judge Dalley's, in which Dr. J. D. Hagaman was the medium. He said that he was not entirely satisfied as to that séance, and before fully expressing himself he would like to have an other trial. In this case it was claimed that independent writing was produced after the box had been locked in the presence of members of the circle. Mr. Tice gave an account of some mediums whom he had in his home several years ago, and who imposed upon him by giving bogus manifestations. He asked a woman if she would be willing to give a dark circle under such test conditions as he might name, and she consented. He held the hands of her husband, and his wife, and those of the woman, and the musical instruments were played upon, and he satisfied him that mediums could give séances under such test conditions as would prove their honesty. Mr. Thomas S. Tice expressed his doubts in regard to the séance with Dr. Hagaman. Col. John D. Graham, who was at the Hagaman circle, expressed himself in the belief of the honesty of the medium

and the genuineness of the phenomena on that evening.

Mr. Larned, recently from Cincinnati, after years of investigation had been convinced of the facts of Spiritualism through the mediumship of Mrs. Maud E. Lord, E. O. Matthews and others. He related his experience with a materializing medium, Mrs. Caswell, who was giving public exhibitions in our city. He said Prof. Dean had told him such conflicting stories about this medium that he had a friend to go with him to one of her séances last Thursday evening. The circle was a small one and the stranger, present was compelled to take back seats. When a form came, he tried to get a glimpse of the features, but the only lamp in the room was turned down so low that this was impossible. In front of him at a very large man from Astoria, who, every time he tried to look, would move his body in front of his, obscuring his vision completely. This man had charge of the circle. When a form appeared, it held a lot of lace illusion. He asked what was being done and was told that "spirits were weaving lace." His friend caught hold of an end, and found it rent as if it had been torn. He also caught the hand of the supposed spirit and found it to be flesh and blood—a gold ring upon the finger. The speaker said that he got in a position where he could see the profile of the supposed spirit, and it was the medium. He was upon Spiritualism, and exposed such performances and deprive such persons of any countenance or support.

Dr. V. P. Stocum said that the person mentioned by Mr. Larned was a medium, and he knew that genuine materializations had been given at the home of a wife in New York City; that forms came out of a story room in a light sufficient to be recognized. He said that some friends in Brooklyn had attended one of this person's séances last week, and they pronounced it a fraud and imposture.

Dr. Stocum said the question was asked: "What are you going to do about it?" He said our duty is to ignore and repudiate all mediums who simulate mediumship or attempted to give fraudulent manifestations. He was at a convention in Middletury, N. Y., a number of years ago. Horatio Eddy was present and had been giving séances. The sheriff of the county had just received new handcuffs, for his prisoners, and he said that if Eddy would be able to produce any phenomena with a pair of them on his wrists, he would settle the hotel bill of the Eddy party, composed of six persons. Dr. Stocum said that after the evening meeting several persons met in his room at the hotel. There was a bedroom adjoining, and Eddy was placed in it securely handcuffed by the Sheriff. The spirit George was heard whistling, and on entering the room the coat of the medium had been taken off and his hands were behind his body securely handcuffed. The door of the room was closed and hands were seen reaching through the transom over the door between the two rooms, and a part on the floor. Dr. Stocum said he tried to spring the links of the cuffs together and he found it impossible. The Sheriff settled the bill of the Eddy party, and said he was satisfied that what was done was independent of the medium. We had a very interesting meeting.

S. R. NICHOLS.

A Lent from My Life's Experience.

In 1875 in company with a brother who has always been near me, we took a trip East, attending the yearly meeting at Old Hemlock Hall, which we enjoyed very much with the friends there. Then we went to the Adirondack Mountains, the home of our childhood, to visit a sister we had not seen for many years. We found her with a family of five children, some married and settled near her. She and her husband had been, and still were, devout Methodists. None of the family knew anything about Spiritualism. Brother and I being Spiritualists we talked in reference to it, which interested the young people, and they wanted to see some of the phenomena. I told them I never had obtained any real manifestations, and I did not think of the table I would let the influence control me. I had often been made to talk in the Indian language, which was comprehended by them present. The circle was formed and my influence talked about twenty minutes. My sister was very much excited; tried to throw off the influence, thinking prayers would prevent all the manifestation of phenomena. I then asked my brother to control it, and he refused. With wonder even to myself they came on the table. Then we asked questions, and got answers—three raps for Yes, one for No, and two for Don't know. Then I asked them if they would move the table, and that was done. All were eager to see what it did. We put a light under the table, another on a shelf near by, and all saw that no hand did the moving. The circle was formed, and I did not think of the experience of the previous day, but got some hot water and bathed it and rubbed it vigorously without affecting it in the least. I was troubled, fearing some new malady had come to afflict me. After exhausting all the remedies I could think of, I suddenly remembered the state and that there were similar sensations in my hand the previous day, only less intense. I got a long wire, and I did not think of it, presented the other side and asked that the wire be again written. The great number of letters and their fantastic and unmeaning arrangement would make this a difficult feat, but it was done immediately, as I found on comparing the word written. A request was added that I should sit in a quiet and unexcited room. Out of curiosity I complied, and received almost immediate relief. I entered the room an electric shock from head to my feet, which vibrated through every nerve in my body. This experience was repeated each day for several days, no more state writing appearing, and then I made a discovery. I found I could go up and down the steps from the piazza without a sign of the weakness from which I suffered so long. My nervousness had disappeared, and I felt as if I were a new man. There was no room for doubt. I knew that there was outside myself an intelligence which had directed and performed the cure, but fearing ridicule and the criticism of the world, I determined to keep the knowledge within my own breast. But I was not permitted to decide that matter. I went one day to a hall where the ladies met to sew for the soldiers, for the experience began shortly before the commencement of the war. I went to the room, sitting at a table, busily at work, a soldier, Lieutenant—came into the room, shaking with an ague chill. A lady sitting near me called to him that she could tell him of a cure, and he came to her at once and took a seat near my opposite me. In a moment I had the chill and he was free from it. It lasted some twenty minutes, and he was free from it. Previous to this the gentleman had suffered from chills for several weeks, but he never had another.

Every one present was surprised, no one more so than myself. I denied being able to give any explanation of the phenomena and went home firmly determined to be free from this influence or magnetism, or whatever it might be, and entered on a mental warfare almost immediately on my mind. I did not succeed in banishing it, but I was free from it. I was compelled by an indescribable force to visit a lady who was supposed to be suffering from cancer on her face. I resisted until I could resist no longer and then, still protesting, I went, explained her case, prescribed for her, and treated her face magnetically with my hands. My first experience of that kind of treatment, and although I did not see her again, she was actually cured in three weeks. Of course she did not have cancer. I concealed the source of my knowledge and actions and said to myself, if she gets well it is something beside myself or my fancy; if she does not, I am certainly insane.

Clairvoyance was established the Sunday that Fort Sumter was attacked and Major Anderson was forced to march out of the burning fort. I became aware of a dual condition. I saw and felt my physical body, with all its powers, at the same time that I felt a light inner body, and I was free from it. I was looking at Fort Sumter from a hill near the town. I saw the movements of the gun boats, saw Fort Moultrie and the city, and comprehended the struggle which was going on. I saw the shells burst inside the fort and the consequences of the fire caused by the explosions. I saw the fire passed, I felt a cool breeze, and I saw a real action—the attacks of the Confederates on the doomed fort. The telegraphic news of the next day confirmed my strange, yet golden information, and henceforth my clairvoyant eyes were open, and I began to study life from the most intelligent point of observation—the spiritual side.

My will had no power over the new faculty of sight, and after some further experience I held a council of peace with the no longer invisible beings who were agents in developing those powers, and an agreement was formally entered into by both parties. I promised on my part to renounce my opposition to their influence and to obey their behests as far as I was able, while they in turn agreed to guide me into truth and protect me as far as possible from the errors and life of life. After twenty-three years of experience, can I say that the part of the compact has been faithfully performed, and I am grateful to them for the good I have received, and the aid and comfort I have been able to bring to hundreds of suffering souls and bodies.

From the foregoing the reader learns that there was nothing erratic in my past, and that my all-round knowledge and insight of life were not based on a delusion, but on a knowledge of the fact that this influence came to me unsought, and was accepted only when my reason was convinced that it was a beneficent and its power such that resistance was useless. It has never counseled me to a mean or ungenerous action, but striven constantly to develop all the better instincts of my nature.

HERMAN SNOW.

19 Dorset St. Boston.

Mrs. Jennie Cross, an excellent medium residing in Boston, writes: The JOURNAL makes many hearts glad; it comes to me as a ray of sunshine. I have been a constant reader of its pages for five years and have drawn many inspirations from its teachings. I send the papers after I read them, to those who have no means of learning the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and many have profited by the consequence gone up from their souls which had been previously groping in darkness and in doubt. For many years I have been a medium and under all circumstances I have tried to do what is right and make the cause of Spiritualism something to be honored by honest, respectable, intelligent people. The same has been my course until your name has become a household word among honest and candid Spiritualists.

Frank Henry, keeper of the Presque Isle Beacon for sixteen years, has resigned. He saved fully 100 lives from drowning. During the days of the underground railroad he was one of the conductors, and of his progress to Canada, it is said, that any other man.

A Personal Chapter.

My descent is Anglo-German on both sides of the family, but as my grandfather on my father's side was a soldier of the Revolution, and my grandmother a descendant of the great Perry of Lake Erie fame, I may safely claim to be a true American. My maternal grandfather was German, and my grandfather was of English descent, born near Brantford, in Canada. He was an elder of the Baptist Church, and preached the gospel without money and without price for over forty years. He believed that God had called him to preach a free gospel, which called for a sincere Christian life according to his convictions.

My parents were married early in life, and came to Michigan in 1823, and in 1828 I was born. My parents were engaged in peaceful industries, overcoming the obstacles in their path by persevering effort, and hewing their simple home out of the almost unbroken forest. There was a kindly atmosphere of broken forest among the early pioneers, each lending a helping hand when needed, and each contributing to the happiness and welfare of all.

My early life was spent in the school of nature, a simple, unartificial life. I felt myself to be in sympathy with the beautiful world around me. I did not wholly escape the influence of the hard theology of the day, but I was taught that God exercised a jealous supervision of mankind, and a feeling and resistance was developed in my mind against what appeared to me to be an unfair advantage. The country was full of miasma and gaseous effluvia which aided in engendering terrific thunder storms. I listened to the roar of the thunder with awe and adoration, and watched, in the flashing lightning, the electric bolts of might power. It often happened that some grain tree or a barn stored with grain would be struck by it and be consumed to ashes, and my little soul would resent that want of magnanimity in a Being so mighty when dealing with such defenseless creatures as we.

The impression from nature moulded my organization into sympathy with the grandeur and beauty everywhere displayed. I saw God everywhere. In a glowing sunset I beheld him; in a storm, his power; in a flower, his love; in darkness, the opportunity for exercising the trusting confidence he exacted; and in the morning light, the day-spring of hope in his love. This has been the religion of my life—infinite trust and love for the Being who made the world and gave to each thing in it an appropriate place.

All that is, is of him, and everything which is, is right. When we are able fully to understand the meaning of life, the soul will rejoice that God rules all and is in all, the good and the evil, the darkness and light alike.

When I was twenty-three years old I had a long and serious illness. I was married and the mother of four children. Our home was in St. Clair. From the effects of calomel, I became a chronic invalid. My nervous system was so enfeebled that I could not control my emotions, but gave way to nervous hysteria on slight occasions. For five years I could not mount a step or lift my foot over the slightest elevation, and my husband built a house without a single step or even a door-sill in it, so that I could move about without meeting any obstruction. All known remedies failed to restore me, and I was resigned myself to my condition. My life was tranquil and quiet and my soul at peace with God and man. I found occupation for my mind and heart in the love and care of my children and family.

A new and strange element suddenly invaded my life at this period. One evening, while sitting quietly reading by a table, my right hand became slightly restless, and I began to feel a chronic muscle spasm, and it was slowly moved toward a slate and pencil lying on the table; my fingers grasped the pencil and I wrote, with no knowledge of what I was writing. The writing looked like mine, but the words conveyed but little meaning to me. It was a medical prescription, giving the botanical names of various plants. I felt very little surprise, but wondered in my mind why I should be able to write, when my hand seized the pencil and began to draw rapidly and perfectly leaves, flowers, and roots of plants, affixing the common name to each, and adding the advice to get and take them. I now know that the prescription was an antidote to calomel and a remedy for nervous debility.

Various things were written rapidly: names of persons, names of my home and names of many whom I did not know. A long word, which I did not know, an unintelligible mixture of all the letters of the alphabet. I turned the slate over, saying, "write that again," and it was immediately reproduced on the slate, letter for letter. After comparing them I rubbed out all the writing with the exception of one of the long words and laid the slate away.

The next day my hand became rigid and partially numb, but strangely enough, I did not think of the experience of the previous day, but got some hot water and bathed it and rubbed it vigorously without affecting it in the least. I was troubled, fearing some new malady had come to afflict me. After exhausting all the remedies I could think of, I suddenly remembered the state and that there were similar sensations in my hand the previous day, only less intense. I got a long wire, and I did not think of it, presented the other side and asked that the wire be again written. The great number of letters and their fantastic and unmeaning arrangement would make this a difficult feat, but it was done immediately, as I found on comparing the word written. A request was added that I should sit in a quiet and unexcited room. Out of curiosity I complied, and received almost immediate relief. I entered the room an electric shock from head to my feet, which vibrated through every nerve in my body. This experience was repeated each day for several days, no more state writing appearing, and then I made a discovery. I found I could go up and down the steps from the piazza without a sign of the weakness from which I suffered so long. My nervousness had disappeared, and I felt as if I were a new man. There was no room for doubt. I knew that there was outside myself an intelligence which had directed and performed the cure, but fearing ridicule and the criticism of the world, I determined to keep the knowledge within my own breast. But I was not permitted to decide that matter. I went one day to a hall where the ladies met to sew for the soldiers, for the experience began shortly before the commencement of the war. I went to the room, sitting at a table, busily at work, a soldier, Lieutenant—came into the room, shaking with an ague chill. A lady sitting near me called to him that she could tell him of a cure, and he came to her at once and took a seat near my opposite me. In a moment I had the chill and he was free from it. It lasted some twenty minutes, and he was free from it. Previous to this the gentleman had suffered from chills for several weeks, but he never had another.

Every one present was surprised, no one more so than myself. I denied being able to give any explanation of the phenomena and went home firmly determined to be free from this influence or magnetism, or whatever it might be, and entered on a mental warfare almost immediately on my mind. I did not succeed in banishing it, but I was free from it. I was compelled by an indescribable force to visit a lady who was supposed to be suffering from cancer on her face. I resisted until I could resist no longer and then, still protesting, I went, explained her case, prescribed for her, and treated her face magnetically with my hands. My first experience of that kind of treatment, and although I did not see her again, she was actually cured in three weeks. Of course she did not have cancer. I concealed the source of my knowledge and actions and said to myself, if she gets well it is something beside myself or my fancy; if she does not, I am certainly insane.

Clairvoyance was established the Sunday that Fort Sumter was attacked and Major Anderson was forced to march out of the burning fort. I became aware of a dual condition. I saw and felt my physical body, with all its powers, at the same time that I felt a light inner body, and I was free from it. I was looking at Fort Sumter from a hill near the town. I saw the movements of the gun boats, saw Fort Moultrie and the city, and comprehended the struggle which was going on. I saw the shells burst inside the fort and the consequences of the fire caused by the explosions. I saw the fire passed, I felt a cool breeze, and I saw a real action—the attacks of the Confederates on the doomed fort. The telegraphic news of the next day confirmed my strange, yet golden information, and henceforth my clairvoyant eyes were open, and I began to study life from the most intelligent point of observation—the spiritual side.

My will had no power over the new faculty of sight, and after some further experience I held a council of peace with the no longer invisible beings who were agents in developing those powers, and an agreement was formally entered into by both parties. I promised on my part to renounce my opposition to their influence and to obey their behests as far as I was able, while they in turn agreed to guide me into truth and protect me as far as possible from the errors and life of life. After twenty-three years of experience, can I say that the part of the compact has been faithfully performed, and I am grateful to them for the good I have received, and the aid and comfort I have been able to bring to hundreds of suffering souls and bodies.

From the foregoing the reader learns that there was nothing erratic in my past, and that my all-round knowledge and insight of life were not based on a delusion, but on a knowledge of the fact that this influence came to me unsought, and was accepted only when my reason was convinced that it was a beneficent and its power such that resistance was useless. It has never counseled me to a mean or ungenerous action, but striven constantly to develop all the better instincts of my nature.

HERMAN SNOW.

19 Dorset St. Boston.

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HERMAN SNOW.

19 Dorset St. Boston.

Our Little Girl.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Was it the novelty of the new life and new member of the family, or was it fear of not being loved and admired as much as she had been that made my little girl of three years rebel against the baby name? This little one prattles fast, and was fond of long words and critical but quite a will of her own, and did not desire to tell the household that she was not pleased with mamma's pretty one. Father, mother and auntie thought she would be, but when Beale (as shall call her, for this is a true story) heard the crying voice, and saw her wee form and pretty face, she said: "I don't want that little sister—take her away, take her away!" And for days she repeated often: "I don't like that little sister. I want going to kiss that little sister," and she kept her word for a whole fortnight. Then she must have begun to see something winning in her, for she hovered about more and more, and one day (what do you think she did?) actually kissed the darling. From that time she did not ask to have her little sister—she came to love her very much. Beale called Aunt Katrina, "My Tatie" (Katie), for the Auntie was her devoted lover, and she loved her Auntie dearly. When Aunt Katie was sewing in the great chair by the window, Beale would climb up on the arms and perch upon the high back and look down archly saying: "Now I come, boboo (bobby) my Tatie din (again)." Then knowing how charming she was, she would twine her arms round Auntie's neck and look into her face till the work was put away, and they had a real delightful play together.

When her little sister was more than two months old, Beale's mother told her one morning that she would take her out to grandma's to visit a little cousin she had never seen, and in reply to her questions, that it was Aunt Katie's baby, she said at once: "I don't want to go to see that little cousin, cause I ain't a kinned with she." They rode three miles into the country, and when she saw the baby, she said: "I don't love my Tatie's baby—take her away—I ain't a going to kiss her." Being with her far less than with her sister, it was several weeks before she did kiss her, and then she confessed that she loved her, and wanted to stay at grandma's and see her.

This little girlie that we all loved so much, had a way of screaming at people when she was cross, and she would announce it before she began; so at times when she was in the mood, she would say: "Now I am going to scream at my T-t-t-t-a-a-a-baby," screaming and prolonging the words. But as the months went by, her love grew stronger as all good things do, and when the baby cousins could walk, she would delight in taking a hand of each, and leading them about the rooms and gardens. After the blossoms had gone from the trees and the small fruits were ripe during the second summer, grandma and the mamma were sitting in the shade of the pleasant trees near the garden, preparing gooseberries to can, while the maid and the babies went to and from the bushes, the little one bringing half a dozen berries in her hand, and saying: "All agreed that the babies were to be kept in sight, so when all at once no head was seen and no voice to be heard, there was a general run and search hither and thither. At last Mrs. Katrina heard musical but low voices above the summer kitchen, and ascending the somewhat narrow and open flight of steps, to the west parlor, sitting at play with a basket of berries. She looked up and saw that they were unconscious alike of their danger and our concern. Not one of us saw them creeping up, one after the other, the unsafe stairway; perhaps if she had, they would not have landed safely, but if they had not seen the watching, it would have been a pretty sight indeed. They were talking away in their lovely fashion, unconscious of harm.

If the little folks would like to know more of them another time, I will tell how they were named, and how long they were without any but "baby."

ELFIEDA.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Angelic Ministry of Birds.

Can birds be mentally controlled and guided by superior intelligences to aid in works of love and beneficence? An interesting inquiry this one, that might be made to fill volumes with facts and speculations of no ordinary interest; for all down the ages have there been occurring well-attested instances to show that something more than conjecture is rightly included in our inquiry. Even in Bible story something of the kind is found when, as we are told, a raven was made use of by angelic beings in the wilderness, or when Noah made use of a dove to find out if the waters had yet subsided from the highlands of the earth. It is true that in these instances there is a claim, speaker implied, that the special control was a claim, or if through the natural laws of instinct, infallible guidance can be given to birds by God himself, it is not possible that the same law may at times be made use of by angelic beings, who are constantly becoming more God-like in their attainments? But it is not intended in this brief article to discuss the general claim; I have it only in mind to give a recent incident of my own experience as a further illustration of the angelic instrumentality of birds in human affairs.

About a year ago, while still a resident of California, where I had a pleasant garden of my own, thickly populated with feathery inhabitants, especially of the humming-bird species, the following beautiful experience was granted me: It was on the anniversary of the departure of a dear one, who with our two children has for many years been an inhabitant of the Spirit-world. I had been thinking much of her, and just at the time was sitting close to a window of my study, writing out some of my letters, for my thoughts and memories of her as she was, were with me in our happy earthly home; and now to my pleasant surprise, one fine-looking hummingbird flew close up to the window, and for quite a length of time flitted back and forth close to the glass, looking directly in upon me, not seeming to be in the least afraid of my movements, even when I at length stood up very near to the window, for my motions seemed to invite the bird to enter. But when I opened the window the tiny beauty darted off a short distance, though not seemingly from fear, but rather from a playful coyness. At any rate no sooner had I closed the window than my little visitor was back again indul

How the Old Sea Captain Died.
BY A. D. MARCKEN.

He lay on a couch in a mansion's hall,
Bound with a chain of four-score links,
Forged by the years with strokes that fall
In ticking clicks till each man sinks
Under the shade of a funeral pall.

The waves of the ocean each other chase,
And gliding low in the sunlight show
A silver trail to the starry space,
Where his soul would go with the outward flow
Of the spellbound tide in its moon-sped race.

The mind that had wrought by such swift command,
And braved the perils of every clime
With flashing eye and with ready hand,
Was drifting down on the shores of time,
To the shaded harbor of spirit land.

Strange phantoms formed in his dying brain,
The death-watch ticked on the book-case door,
A wild bird flew at the window pane,
As he babbled of brooks and the cot by the shore,
And the loved ones lost that he saw again.

And gliding in thought through the ocean air,
He saw by the way where the old wrecks lay,
And caught a glimpse of the faces there,
Of those who died with no time to pray,
And their cold eyes gleamed from a sea-weed lair.

On soft sea-beds by the tide left bare,
On rugged rocks where their lives were lost,
Were those who looked with a solemn stare,
And others drifted by tempests tossed,
In seeming sport with the water there.

And he knew their souls in the earthly sphere,
Were bounden fast by untimely death,
Where their skeletons smile with a hideous leer,
As they rock with the wave in the hurricane's breath,
And mimic life on a restless tier.

But his poor old face was lighted with joy,
When the heart beat short with a tidal bound,
And he died in a shout of "Ship ahoy!"
With a voice that seemed like a telephone sound,
And that was the end of the sailor boy.

For Charon's boat with its ready oar,
Through etherial seas with silent dip,
Had come to earth from a spirit shore,
And the old man's soul on the phantom ship,
Had sailed away and returns no more.
North Craftsbury, Vt.

Christmas Questions.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Are the phenomena of Spiritualism without purpose or intent? Do they not indicate that the world is entering upon a new and more spiritual development—an age which differs in kind from others preceding it?

Do they not prove that the New Age is the result of the closer union of spiritual and material forces? Is it possible that a new and higher civilization, one of a spiritual character, can still be governed by the law of struggle and conflict, the law of competition which was the natural law of that which is passing away?

Does not this law represent and belong to the purely material plane of life,—the plane which relates man more to the animal than to the angel? And as the divinely creative forces of nature are commingling with the material, is it not inevitable that the law of struggle and conflict should give way and be held in subordination to the law of love and harmonization?

Are we, as Spiritualists, doing our duty when we do not seek to enter individually into harmonious conditions with our fellows, and to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's,"—to the working man and woman, the exact equivalent of his labor? How can we enter upon the higher social state, which this Civilization is bringing to us, except by developing potential elements into actual ones,—the application in practical life of principles already existing?

How else can we bridge over the chasm between the old and material, and the new and spiritual of which we continually speak?

When we seek, under the law of cooperation, to make our neighbors interested in our own, to be mutually helpful one to the other, not merely in the "word that perisheth," but "in the spirit that giveth life," is the resultant condition of mankind likely to be one of struggle and dissatisfaction, or of "Peace and good will to men?"

I leave those who are interested to reply.
Killingly, Ct. LITA HARNY SAYLEN.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Deane St., Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

We send a good deal of beef from this country to England, but the quality folks will not buy it knowingly, because they get the impression it isn't as good as theirs. An Englishman who was here a few weeks since said he considered it the best beef in the world, but if he should order it for his own table his servants would not touch it.

They Will Surely Find You.

They are looking for you everywhere. Drafts of air in unexpected places, going from hot rooms to cool ones, carelessness in changing clothing,—in short anything which ends in a "common cold in the head." Unless arrested this kind of cold becomes seated in the mucous membrane of the head. Then it is Catarrh. It is any and all its stages this disease always yields to Ely's Cream Balm. Applied to the nostrils with the finger. Safe, agreeable, certain. Price fifty cents.

"The Seventy-Seven Devils; or the Grandfather's Revenge" is the title of a Chinese drama recently presented at San Francisco.

The Nineteenth Century Club is an organization that will consist of an equal number of men and women. It is hardly to be expected that they will agree on all subjects; but it can surprise no one to learn that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is unanimously pronounced the most successful remedy extant, for pulmonary consumption, as has been demonstrated in hundreds of cases; it positively arrests this disease and restores health and strength, if administered in its early stages. By druggists.

A man was fined in Sonoma County, California, the other day, for knocking a neighbor down with a fifteen-pound bunch of grapes.

Do Not be Discouraged
even if you have tried many remedies for your Kidney disease or Liver complaint without success it is no reason why you should think your disorder incurable. The most intractable cases readily yield to the potent virtues of Kidney-Wort. It is a purely vegetable compound which acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels at the same time and thus cleanses the whole system. Don't wait, but get a package to-day and cure yourself.

An Indian horse thief was hanged to a tree fifty miles from Socorro, N. M., six months ago, and his skeleton still hangs there.

It is a Well Known Fact! In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors, 10c. at all drug stores. They are a great success. Write Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Tennyson's song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," was rewritten some fifty times before it was finished.

Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weaknesses as quinine is for the prevailing chills and fever.

London has had more snow so far this winter than Chicago.

"I have no appetite," complain many sufferers. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite and enables the stomach to perform its duty.

A Bank Failure

may fall, and yet, by wise management, regain its credit. So, also, if wise counsel are followed, the strength and vigor of a failing constitution may be restored. Many cases like the following could be cited: Frank Laprise, Salem st., Lowell, Mass., says, that on account of impure blood, his whole constitution was shaken. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla freely for a month, his health was restored, and his original vigor regained.

Speculation The Cause

As to what will cure Dyspepsia, vanishes before the light of such evidence as that furnished by O. T. Adams, Spencer, O., who says: "For years I suffered acutely from Dyspepsia, scarcely taking a meal, until within the last few months, without enduring the most distressing pains of indigestion. Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. My appetite and digestion are good, and I feel like a new man." "Two bottles of

of all his sufferings, "enough to kill a dozen men," was the failure of his kidneys and liver to properly perform their functions. He was permanently cured by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. George Edwards, Boston Highlands, Mass., was cured of liver and bilious troubles by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Warren Leland, the famous hotel proprietor of New York city, writes: "I have personally used Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

saparilla cured me of Dyspepsia," writes Evan Jones, Nelson, N. Y. Mr. A. M. Beach, Glover, Vt., writes: "A humor of the blood debilitated me, and caused very troublesome scrofulous bunces on my neck. Less than one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla has restored my appetite and strength. It has also greatly lessened the swellings. I am confident they will be entirely removed by continued use of the Sarsaparilla." Irving Edwards, Ithaca, N. Y., was afflicted, from boyhood, with scrofulous sore throat. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him, and he has

for Rheumatism, with entire success. There is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of liver diseases, gout, the effects of high living, and all the various forms of blood diseases." Benj. Cochman, Bronson, Fla., writes: "I suffered for months from debility, and pains in the lower part of my chest. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have made a new man of me. I am entirely cured." Doctor T. Porter, Cerro Gordo, Tenn., writes: "I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my practice for a number of years, and find its action admirable." It never

Never

since been troubled with the disease.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.
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For all of these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, PAINFUL DISCHARGE, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THEREIN CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCE, DIZZINESS, ALL GRAYING FURROWS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES EPILEPSY, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEATING DOWN, CRAWLING PAIN, WEIGHT AND HURRY, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE, AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL, IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNPARALLELED.

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No remedy should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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9:45 a.m.	Davenport and Peoria Express	5:10 p.m.	Chicago
12:10 p.m.	Council Bluffs & Peoria Fast Express	7:30 p.m.	Chicago
12:10 p.m.	Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison Express	9:00 p.m.	Chicago
11:00 a.m.	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express	11:00 p.m.	Chicago
11:00 a.m.	Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison Express (Sunday)	11:00 p.m.	Chicago
4:45 p.m.	Peoria Accommodation	6:00 a.m.	Chicago
10:15 p.m.	Council Bluffs Night Express	10:15 a.m.	Chicago
10:00 p.m.	Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison Night Express	6:00 a.m.	Chicago
9:15 p.m.	Peoria Night Express	6:00 a.m.	Chicago
	Minneapolis and St. Paul Fast Express		

* Daily. † Daily Except Sunday. ‡ Daily Except Saturday. § Daily, Except Monday & Sunday only.

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VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 10, 1885.

No. 20

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

False Philosophies in the Universities.

BY JOSEPH BODES BUCHANAN.

In the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Oct. 25th, is a brief sketch of a lecture by S. Thomas before the Philosophical Society, in which is an extract from the *Popular Science Monthly*, which I reproduce as a text:

"Are you metaphysicians quite sure you do not take words for ideas? To what increments of real knowledge can you lay claim? Have you done more than clothe old thoughts in new words? Have you not been engaged since the dawn of philosophy in doing much, accomplishing little? You disagree with one another. Shall we not in turn doubt you all? Did not Kant confess he could not master Spinoza, and declare Fichte's system untenable? Does not Schopenhauer repudiate Kant? Has not Mill said Hamilton's characteristic was that he seldom adhered to any philosophic statement that he adopted? Do not the panegyrists of Kant aver that he never understood the import of his own doctrines? Has not Berkeley admitted: 'We metaphysicians have first raised a dust and then complained we cannot see.' Of all misfortunes to philosophy, metaphysics rug upon the subjective plan is the greatest."

There is so much well expressed truth in the foregoing quotation, and it is so far in advance of the educational systems of our Universities, in which logic and metaphysics still hold their ground, as stubbornly as the old theology holds its position in the churches, that I think it my duty to call attention to the subject, and show how completely the pretence of teaching philosophy in our Universities results in a prolongation of medieval folly and barbarian ignorance.

The entire course of metaphysical, subjective speculation from Plato to Sir William Hamilton has been a wretched and bewildering departure from the methods of common sense and the legitimate pursuit of science and philosophy. The imperial scorn with which it was denounced by Lord Bacon has not destroyed its hold upon the educated classes, for its influence still survives in the Concord School of Philosophy, in the Universities, and in the barren speculations of authors who have not been able to emancipate their minds from the perverting influence of their university education.

The immense progress of the physical sciences since the times of Galileo and Newton has been affected in defiance of the metaphysical influence, and has served to supersede and dethrone the leaders in metaphysics, who are now thrust aside from the path of intellectual progress, and have no real influence on scientific thought or the accumulation of knowledge, but who still keep up their side show of empty verbosity and ambitious pretence, which attracts neither statesmen, nor sociologists, nor scientists, but entraps the callow youth, because the metaphysical test is still tolerated on the grounds of the University.

This subject is not foreign to the scope of a spiritual and philosophical journal, for whatever assumes to be the supreme wisdom is directly within the purview of those who are looking to the relations of the spiritual and material worlds, which occupy the central realm of philosophy and give us the route of access to the supreme wisdom.

Devoted as I have been for about half a century to the supreme questions of life and human welfare, in accordance with the old Latin motto: "I am a man and consider nothing foreign to myself which concerns humanity." I have not neglected the claims of either worthy or unworthy aspirants to the honor of leading human thought and

teaching the fundamental truths which constitute philosophy.

Finding already in our literature a series of volumes, the authorship of which extends from Plato and Aristotle to Cousin, Kant and Hamilton, I have submitted to the intellectual drudgery of reviewing these barren systems of speculation, seeking their real basis in truth or in the infirmities of the human mind, and weighing in the scales of common sense the dry and lifeless products of a vast amount of unprofitable and misguided thought. The result has been a volume on "Philosophy and Philosophizers," which may see the light some day when circumstances are auspicious. But I cannot say that the result has been an accumulation of either useful knowledge or instructive philosophy, except the philosophy of error, and a knowledge of the difference between legitimate and illegitimate methods of increasing knowledge, between the methods which carry us onward and the methods which forbid all progress.

All cultivators of spiritual science must have felt and realized the immense power of resistance in the educated classes against the introduction of the pregnant facts and soul-expanding knowledge of modern Spiritualism. They have seen with what cold-blooded indifference physicians, clergymen and scholars, who are supposed to represent the noblest culture of University education, will ignore with supercilious contempt and actually avoid witnessing the most important and revolutionary scientific facts, that have ever been displayed on earth—facts of such astounding importance that one might be justified in traveling around the globe and in devoting his entire life to their pursuit, for the sake of one glimpse of the sublime reality that the dead may return, and that spirit may organize or create substantial matter, and thus solve the problems of universal life and creation, which have been heretofore insoluble mysteries.

This stolid indifference to truth is not natural to men of refined minds, or of an amiable, unselfish character. It is the artificial product of a delusive system of education in which speculative metaphysics has assumed to be philosophy, or in which, as in medical schools, physical science has assumed to be the science of life, to the exclusion of pneumatology and disregard of the sciences that illustrate the brain, the nervous system and the soul.

The metaphysical or subjective method practiced by metaphysical philosophers, from Plato to Hamilton, is the exact opposite of the scientific method. The latter begins in modest and reverential consciousness of human ignorance, consciousness of the boundless wisdom around us in the entire creation and of the absolute necessity of submitting with docility to the instruction of nature, which is but another name for the expression of the divine.

The scientific method has resulted in all the knowledge that has redeemed mankind from barbarism, and enriched the world with useful wealth-producing arts and sciences, which stand as barriers against famine, destitution and pestilence. The metaphysical method has resulted in the accumulation of volumes read by few except under the compulsion of University life, in the corruption of religion by utterly barren speculative theology, in the diversion of the literary classes from all proper study of mankind and the great problems of life, and the establishment so far as University influence extends, of the supercilious self-sufficiency which deems itself a supreme authority, because it is familiar with notions and speculations centuries behind the present status of intelligence, and based upon medieval ignorance.

Few are aware of the utter hollowness and falsity of metaphysical philosophizing, because under the patronage of the Universities it has acquired such a prestige as a dignified department of literature, that no modern popular writer has taken hold of the subject with the vigor and the analysis necessary in exposing its worthlessness. Every college-bred youth is taught to repeat the dictum that Plato and Aristotle were among the world's profoundest thinkers, and that Des Cartes, Leibnitz, Hegel and Kant were intellectual giants before whom we should bow in humble reverence.

It would not be a difficult task to show that of the entire score of famous authors of this metaphysical school, there is not one who gives us any deeper insight into nature—not one who was not grossly ignorant of the very essentials of philosophy—not one whose influence has not retarded human progress and whose writings are not still a hindrance so far as their influence extends.

Such a demonstration would, of course, require a volume, and cannot be possible within the limits of a newspaper essay. It may be possible, however, to specify a few of the follies and absurdities of the metaphysical school, from which the reader may judge as by a sample, the value of such literature. To begin with Plato, whom callow college boys are taught to consider almost divine, and whose writings make from a thousand to fifteen hundred pages according to the style of typography, there is not a modern writer of any reputation whose writings contain so little of any real value, so little that is interesting or one-half as much of folly and ignorance. Ignorance may be pardoned to one who wrote in an ignorant age, but folly and absurdity are unpardonable in any age, for they prove the absence of vigorous intellect, and the unfitness of the writer to be recognized as a teacher, or to have his manuscripts in print. That there are sensible and readable passages in Plato I do not deny, and that

some are fit to be quoted is equally true, for as Plato says in *Phaedrus*: "The worst of authors will say something that is to the point."

The leading and characteristic doctrine of Plato is the non-existence of matter—the existence of nothing but ideas—a dreamy folly upon which it would be a waste of time to argue. This notion he presents in the most positive manner. He says in the *Republic*: that if a carpenter makes a bed or a table he makes nothing real—nothing really exists but the idea of the bed or table, "and if any one maintain that the carpenter's work has a real existence he will be in error." But if the material on which the carpenter works is unreal, so must be also his tools, his arms, his whole person—in fact, by the ideal theory there is no carpenter at all, but only an idea of a carpenter in our own minds, and Plato's statement of his theory reminds us of a confused and contradictory dream. His very statement of his ideal theory is self-contradictory.

The primary idea of Platonism, that realities are fictitious or imaginary, and that imaginations or abstract conceptions of the mind are the only things that are true and real, led naturally to the conclusion that the only way to arrive at truth was to discontinue observation and retire into our own consciousness or imagination, where the mind comes into the possession of all truth. The soul he maintained was in full possession of all truth before it was incarnated in man; and he had a complex system of metempsychosis, in which he traced the incarnations of souls in various forms through periods of from one thousand to ten thousand years. His puerile mythological system describes the immortal Gods as driving up in chariots through the dome of the heavens to get upon the roof and look abroad at infinite truth as they stand or drive upon the revolving dome.

Such attempts at philosophy and psychology would be regarded to-day as an appropriate emanation from an insane asylum. If our charity leads us to regard these notions as due to the barbaric ignorance of the times, we cannot make such an apology for his utterances upon a mathematical question, upon which a Greek should have been as intelligent as a modern. Euclid's ideas of geometry were as clear and correct as those of the present age. But Plato is profoundly puzzled by the great mystery that one and one make two. A school boy who could not comprehend this one, I should consider idiotic as to his mathematical understanding, and probably a simpleton altogether. Let us see how Plato from the feebleness of his reasoning capacity, becomes confused and entangled by this simple proposition. He declares himself puzzled to understand the meaning of greater and less, and says: "I cannot satisfy myself that when one is added to one, the one to which the addition is made becomes two, or that the two unite added together make two by reason of the addition. For I cannot understand how, when separated from the other, each of them was one and not two, and how when they are brought together, the mere juxtaposition of them can be the cause of their becoming two; nor can I understand how the division of one is the way to make two; for then a different cause would produce the same effect—as in the former instance the addition and juxtaposition of one to one was the cause of two, in this the separation and subtraction of one from the other would be the cause."

Such nonsense as this we find in modern times in the comical absurdities of Lord Dunsen or Mark Twain. The quotation I have given is not the whole of Plato's wisdom on this great question. He returns to the discussion in *Phaedo*, and finally settles the matter by deciding that the reason one and one make two is their duality; "the only cause of two is the participation in duality." Such stuff as this demonstrates the imbecility of Plato's reasoning capacity, and the same imbecility is discoverable in all his writings. Yet Plato is the idol of the Universities! His antiquated trash is crammed into the heads of helpless youth.

Aristotle, being a physician and student of nature, had a great deal more of common sense than Plato, but he too was singularly deficient in reasoning capacity, and the joint influence of these Greek authors combined with that of the priests seemed to arrest the progress of the human mind in Europe for more than a thousand years. As Lord Bacon said: "The wisdom of the Greeks was rhetorical, expended itself upon words, and had little to do with the search after truth."

Aristotle advanced out of some of the insanities of Plato by repudiating his dictum that ideas instead of things were the only real existences, but he fell into an equally fatal folly by attempting to construct a system of dialectics for the establishment of truth and becoming enamored of his invention. Like Plato, he substituted words for things, and concentrated the attention of his followers until modern times, upon the verbal instead of the real—upon subtleties and quibbles of little more value in the pursuit of truth than the imaginative dogmatism of Plato. In the practical results, the system of Aristotle became little more than an attempt to master knowledge by subtle speculation. His followers therefore became the most resolute opponents of original scientific investigation, and it was an Aristotelian professor named Horky, who refused to look through Galileo's telescope, and vindicated his refusal on Aristotelian grounds, in a curious letter which is still extant.

Hegel, the German transcendentalist, an-

other of these famous "children of the mist" who substitute fog for sunshine, denounced the science of Newton, while he revered Aristotle as his great teacher; and we may estimate the intellectual power of the German transcendentalists by the fact that they found ample range for their intellectual powers within the Aristotelian system, the twin brother of the Platonic, and equally saturated with falsehood and absurdity.

The ten categories of all existence propounded by Aristotle stood until the dawn of modern science, as the highest effort of human wisdom, yet it would not be difficult nowadays to find a hundred thousand school boys who could propound a better statement. They were, 1. Substance; 2. Quantity; 3. Quality; 4. Relation; 5. Action; 6. Passion; 7. The Where; 8. The When; 9. Position in Space; 10. Possession. Such a set of universal categories exhibits a remarkable deficiency of analytic power and vigorous thought. As remarked by G. H. Lewes, it is both redundant and defective, "like a division of animals into men, quadrupeds, horses, asses and ponies." It compares with the accurate thinking of modern scientists as the compositions of a school boy with the productions of a man.

If we should attempt to summarize material existence it might be expressed by the categories: 1. Form; 2. Magnitude; 3. Number; 4. Force; 5. Motion; 6. Time; 7. Character or Tendency. But if we would embrace psychic existence, a complete psychology would be requisite. The seven categories might be reduced by omitting magnitude and number as involved in absolute Form to four: 1. Absolute Form; 2. Force; 3. Motion; 4. Time; leaving character or potential tendency as a latent element.

Those who superstitiously call Aristotle the founder of inductive philosophy, forget that he was one of the chief sinners against its sacred principles, and received the severest censures of Lord Bacon.

Tried by the ethical principles that should control scientific investigation, Plato was an example of total depravity and Aristotle a wilful sinner, who knew how to do better, but who was too thoroughly corrupted by listening to Plato, to recover the scientific spirit.

There is a curious antagonism among those four famous Greeks: Socrates, Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus. Each was born to be the evil genius of the other. The sturdy heroism, simplicity and love of utility in Socrates, the barefooted philosopher and spiritual medium, come to us through the distorting channel of the writings of Plato, robbed, perhaps, of much of their true merits, and bedizened with transcendental vagaries and an egotistic scorn of the useful. The mysticism of Plato was overturned by the more practical realism of Aristotle, who was not above keeping a drug store and studying the habits of animals. But the Platonic influence during seventeen years of pupilage, spoiled Aristotle for a scientist. The rationalism of Epicurus rejected the baseless assumptions of Aristotle and Plato, and cultivated the science of morals without the personal eccentricities of Socrates and the fanciful dialectics with which he was connected by Plato; for which rationalism he has been slandered by the priestly allies of the Greek mystics, whose insane theology harmonized only with insane metaphysics.

Passing over Aristotle's Logic, the publication of which was an intellectual calamity to the European race, two-thirds of his ideas of physical science were baseless delusions—for example that the world is a living animal with a soul—that there can be no such thing anywhere as a void space or vacuum—that bodies fall with a rapidity proportioned to their weight—that matter is arranged in spheres—that the earth is the centre of the universe—that the stars are beings worthy of adoration—that the rank of an animal in the scale of development is proportioned to its heat—that the brain is cold and bloodless, etc., etc.

Aristotle was an imbecile speculator, not a scientist. Feeble in reasoning and careless as to facts, he wondered why a stone thrown from the hand should continue in motion a while and then stop. Instead of experimenting or reasoning, he guessed that it was because the hand imparted motion to the air, "the successive parts of which urge the stone onwards, and that each part of this medium continues to act for some while after it has been acted on, and the motion ceases when it comes to a particle which cannot act after it has ceased to be acted on."

I would not think proper to resurrect these antiquated puerilities, but for the fact that they constitute a large part of the "college fetch" which Charles Francis Adams has so well exposed in his discussion of Greek studies; and for the still better reason that they give an accurate measure of the grade of intelligence which belongs to the metaphysical school, to which the universities adhere.

Aristotle and Plato are the very Gods of the metaphysical multitude, which has been kept together by university teaching. Hegel and Hamilton are the high priests of the temple, whose influence resists progressive science as the Roman hierarchy resisted Galileo. They have exhausted the power of panegyric in speaking of Aristotle. "His seal is upon all the sciences (says Hamilton) and his speculations have mediated or immediately determined those of all subsequent thinkers." Hegel says: "He penetrated the whole universe of things and subjected its scattered wealth to intelligence, and to him the greater number of the philosophic sciences owe their origin and distinction"—an utterly baseless assertion.

In reality the greatest hindrance that modern science had to encounter three or four centuries ago, was the surviving influence of Aristotle's ignorant dogmatism; and the most pernicious hindrance to-day to the development of philosophy is the influence of the metaphysical class of authors who worship Aristotle and Plato, and who demonstrate their intellectual imbecility by their servile reverence of ancient folly.

Not one of the whole school from Plato to Hamilton ever had a glimmering conception of what philosophy really means, or of the necessary measures for its development by the acquisition of scientific knowledge, by the inductive development of comprehensive truths, by the exploration of material and spiritual worlds, and by the discovery of the laws of interaction between the primary sphere of causation and the secondary world of phenomena or effects. Against all such investigations their influence is still felt, not because of any potency or charm in their writings, but because they are imposed upon the college pupil while all that would enlighten him as to philosophy is carefully kept out of sight. Before a true philosophy can obtain the regal position that it deserves, the ancient fetch and its followers must be overthrown, and the sunshine of spiritual science admitted into the dim cloisters of literary superstition.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mesmerism Under a New Name.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What's in a name? Among modern scientists and doctors everything depends thereon. Magnetic healing has been the subject of jest and the butt of ridicule from the beginning, but now under the name of massage it is gravely prescribed as a remedial agent of great efficacy! The old reliable, iron-clad *Medical Record*, always scrupulous orthodox in medicine, in the number for Dec. 6th, editorially endorses both "massage" and "hypnotism," the latter term being synonymous with mesmerism, and used in the article as such. What ridicule and fun the doctors had over Mesmer's lunacy? But show Dr. Beard's "Hypnotism" is a scientific term, and is most respectfully used.

Emile Young, in his exhaustive work on "Normal and Pathological Sleep," has a chapter on "Mesmerism," recommending it as a curative agent, especially in hysteria. At a recent meeting of the French Association, mesmerism was recommended by many leading physicians, but the application made of it by Dr. Voisin was unique and suggestive. His patient was a female, a debauched, coarse and lazy. She was susceptible to magnetism, and he kept her in the mesmeric sleep ten or twelve hours a day, and to its value as a curative agent he added moral education. During her sleep he suggested "ideas of obedience, of submission, of decency and exhorted her to useful labor." In this sleep she memorized whole pages of moral books. "A complete transformation was effected in several months."

What a new field opens here for the moral reformer! The calloused criminal who will not listen to moral suasion, deaf alike to entreaty and prayer, might be "hypnotized," and in that susceptible condition be taught the Lord's prayer and the cream of moral precepts, and thus "transformed" into a new being. Missionaries when sent out to enlighten the heathen with reference to prayer and unquestioning piety, ought also to employ the "hypnotizing" power, and if they can not convert the pagans while awake, they can put them to sleep and convert them before they allow them to awake!

Dr. Langley, in the wake of Dr. Beard, in the *Science Monthly* for October, has a lengthy article on this subject, and thus explains the cause of the phenomena:

"The primary condition of mesmerism is an inhibition of a particular mode of activity of the cortex of the brain in consequence of which the will can no longer be effective. This inhibition may be brought about by nervous impulses coming from certain sensory nerves, as those of sight, touch, hearing. It may also be brought about by impulses or changes arising in the cortex itself. The inhibited cortex, and probably also, inhibited lower centers of the brain, send out inhibitory impulses to all other parts of the central nervous system, so that the mesmerized male or female gradually passes into a state of torpor or even of complete anaesthesia. The phenomena of the excitable stage of mesmerism are proximately determined by the possibility of exciting any particular centre alone, without exciting at the same time other centres, by which its activity is normally controlled."

I am glad that scientists accept the fact, and speak with respect of mesmerism, and that Dr. Langley has given the subject prominence in the leading scientific publication of the world; but his explanation of the phenomena is simply a learned jargon, utterly meaningless, and compelling the barrenness of any clear ideas this writer entertains as to the causes or conditions of the phenomena. Of one thing I am made certain; that mesmerism will not again be sneered and ridiculed, but be received as a fertile province in the new psychology which inconspicuously is taking the place of the old.

The beginning of the Christian era is not so very remote, after all. Theodore Parker once said that eighteen old men touching each other's hands carried us back to Christ.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER IX.

SPIRITUALISM—THE INNER LIFE.

"Death causes as much alteration in the condition of the individual, as the bursting of the rose-bud causes in the condition and situation of the flower. It is only an event, a circumstance in the eternal life and experience of the human soul."
—A. J. Davis.

"By our sorrow and our pain,
By our hope of heavenly gain,
By these cherished forms of clay,
Fading from our sight away,
Do we plead for light, more light,
From that world beyond our sight."
—Elizabeth Dole.

In 1848-50 we were in Milwaukee a year or more. For some months I had editorial charge of the *Daily Wisconsin* in the absence of the editor, William E. Cramer. When he proposed that I should take his place for a time, I said to him: "The *Wisconsin* is a Democratic paper. I am not a Democrat and cannot write in support of the party." His answer was: "There is no election pending. Make a good newspaper and let party matters go." This I was willing to undertake, and always remember his just and generous regard to my feelings with pleasure. That large and popular daily journal was a business and family newspaper, with Democratic tendencies rather than a party organ, so that the change in his absence, though noticeable, was not so great as if the sheet had been emphatic in its partisanship.

I saw the first locomotive that ever was brought to Wisconsin rolled from the vessel's deck onto the wharf and the near railway track, amidst the cheers of a gathered multitude. Our communication with the outside world was by steamers on Lake Michigan, or by stage. A part of the time we boarded in the family of Rev. Mr. Parsons, all the other boarders, some twenty or more, being teachers and scholars in a school for the higher education of women, in which Catharine Beecher took much interest, and of which Mrs. Parsons was the leading teacher. The social life of the family was very pleasant.

Miss Beecher spent a fortnight with us, and we were all interested and amused by her frank originality, and strengthened by her earnest devotedness. She had the noble idea of a consecration of life and efforts to worthy objects, and her aim was woman's education and elevation in the West.

One evening a large meeting of leading citizens was held in a church to hear her views on education and her plans for the solid establishment of her school. These she had carefully prepared in manuscript, and engaged a gentleman to read it to the audience. This he tried to do, but between the strange hand writing, poor lights and poor spectacles made sad stumbling and awkward blunders—Miss Beecher meanwhile suffering martyrdom as she sat silent with distressed face, and the hearers divided between the impulse to laugh at the reading and to pity her. To-day she would read her own address, and give it new sense and weight, as many then wished she had.

Frederica Bremer came to visit a colony of Swedes, working pioneers on new western lands, stopped in the city on her way, and made her home with us a few days. In the parlor and at table we saw her often—a sincere and unpretending woman, kind and cordial, with a slight foreign accent that gave added attractiveness to her musical voice. She was hardly of medium stature, and had the broad cheek-bones and large features of her people—a plain face, yet refined and animated; eloquent eyes, and hands especially beautiful. Her presence gave a sense of light and warmth and tenderness.

While in Milwaukee the "Hydesville rappings" made some noise in the newspapers, but we had more reliable reports from intimate friends and relatives. Benjamin and Sarah D. Fish, the parents of my wife in Rochester, New York, were among the earliest investigators. We could not doubt their integrity, and we knew their intelligence and freedom from weak credulity. Going back to Rochester more remarkable facts came to us. I did not doubt them, but waited for some explanation, thinking that competent investigators would solve the mystery. Their alleged spiritual origin I had no faith in. No thought or expectation of becoming a Spiritualist was in my mind, and surely no desire moved me that way. I simply waited to get a natural explanation of some curious and remarkable things which I did not care to spend time to examine. One day I met Stephen Shear, a Quaker from Waterloo, whom I knew well, and he said: "I've come here on purpose to investigate these rappings, and shall stay two weeks to find out just what they are." Here was a sagacious man on whom I could rely, and it seemed as though the time had come when the marvel would be made plain. I said to him: "Let me see you before you go home," and we parted. Near the end of his fortnight we met again, and I asked: "Well, Stephen, have you found out what it is?" "No," said he, "I've seen and heard stranger things than ever, but I am further from finding it out than on the start." This surprised me, and I asked: "What do you think?" "I can't say yet," he replied, "but there's intelligence as well as power. I've had things told me that none present knew, or could know, and which were found true."

The Fox sisters were in the city a good deal, and in the families of friends whom I respected greatly. New wonders were revealed, and I waited for months in vain for their solution, until waiting grew wearisome. Then came the thought of my father's advice to prove all things carefully and fearlessly, and it seemed a duty to look at this. My friend Isaac Post said to me: "I want thee to come to our house to-morrow night. Last night we had a circle with Leah and Margaretta, and it was rapped out that thee must come to-morrow and would hear the raps." The next night I started out, on a cold December evening for a long walk to his home. Reaching there I found the two Fox sisters, the family and two or three others whom I knew, and we sat around the table. For an hour not a rap was heard, and no manifestation came of any kind. All were disappointed, the mediums indifferent, and we left the table. Isaac said: "Perhaps thee may get a message yet. Sometimes they come when we are not sitting at the table." I waited a while and then put on my overcoat to go, but was urged to stay a little longer. At last, with coat buttoned, and cap and gloves on, I stood with one hand on the door and said: "I must go for the walk is long. I am sorry, for your sake as well as for my own, that these spirits don't keep their promise." Just then Isaac said: "Listen!" and surely there came strange noises. From under a bureau in the far corner of the room the raps were heard, with that singular quality of sound indescribably yet marked, which distinguishes them from any rap by hand or implement. Three raps were repeated several times. I asked what to do, and was told to ask some

question. What I asked is out of mind, but answers came readily and correctly, and in such way as to show mental action independent of anyone present, and intelligent personality distinct and separate from any in our bodily forms. Soon came a peculiar series of raps and I was told it meant good night and I would get no more. In vain I questioned farther, no response came and I started homeward.

It was very simple, but very wonderful. It seemed like a summons to look farther, bringing to mind the New Testament injunction: "Ask and ye shall receive.... knock and it shall be opened unto you." I was not perturbed or alarmed, and asked my questions as quietly as I would address a familiar friend. I knew the persons and the house, and felt that this was no work of theirs. One of the mediums was in a distant room, and the other sat quietly near me. I came to no hasty conclusion, but felt that here was matter for thought and facts to be looked at. Walking home it seemed as though I had caught gleams of white radiance from some supernatural region, yet it might be the glamour of some illusion, which "leads to bewilderment, and dazzles to blind."

I followed up this matter, and probably saw mediums fifty times in two years—usually the Fox sisters, then among the best. Answers by raps—three meaning "yes," one "no," and two "doubtful"—and also raps spelling out words by response to each letter as the alphabet was repeated, were the first means of communication—movements of ponderable bodies also taking place. I was once talking with Mrs. Leah Brown (now Mrs. Underhill of New York), the oldest of the Fox sisters, as she stood three feet or more from a door leading into the hall, when suddenly raps or knockings came on that door as violent as a man could make with a heavy axe. They seemed to come on the outside of the door, which rattled under the concussion, she facing away from it as she stood near me in full daylight and no one being in the hall. I quickly opened the door, but all was quiet and there was not a mark on the paint or a dent on the wood, though we expected a moment before that its heavy panels would be shattered.

For some time I thought that some subtle rapport, by which the medium knew the thoughts and expectations of those present, would explain all. In this case the medium might honestly suppose it was a spirit, and the sitters share in that sincere, yet mistaken, conviction. This theory gratified me, for I could not think our own family and friends were leagued for any deceit. But no mind-reading could explain the facts, for messages came against the expectations and beyond the knowledge of both mediums and sitters. At the house of Benjamin Fish, in 1851, only our family and Isaac and Amy Post and Leah Fish present, we had an evening séance, sitting around a table. Amy asked: "Who is my guardian spirit?" and I wrote down the letters as spelled out rapidly by alphabetic raps. This far the message had come, letter by letter, t-h-y-g-r-a-n-d-f-a-t-h-e-r-o-f-u-r-b, when she said laughing, "The spirits don't know how to spell." The raps went on to t-h, when again she said: "This is nonsense, it can't mean anything," and so we all—medium and sitters—thought, and were about to break up, but I proposed we should see what it would end in. We again sat down, asked the raps to start again and go on, and the full message came: "Thy grandfather, curbsty iniquity, is thee not well cared for?" This Mrs. Post and her husband did not expect, and the supposed misspelling of Kirby, her grandfather's name, and then the added letters t-h, making all blind nonsense, as she thought, destroyed all hope in her mind. Here was a message contrary to all expectation.

Experiences With Henry Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Having been requested to give to the public an account of what transpired on the occasion of my calls upon Henry Slade at the Langham Hotel during his recent stay in this city, I will endeavor to state the facts, leaving theories to take care of themselves. I called three times, namely, on Dec. 15th, 21st and 25th. On each occasion the parlor in which we sat was well lighted during the entire séance, either by daylight or a three-jet gas chandelier fully lit. The table around which we seated ourselves was an old-fashion breakfast table of the plainest pattern. This, as well as the other surroundings, were carefully examined, and were all thoroughly satisfied there was no mechanical or other devices to perpetrate any sleight of hand or assist a performance.

Certain phenomena occurred at the first sitting, which were repeated at the second and third; for which reason I will group them together under one head. Loud knockings were heard all around us on the table and chairs. Each of us felt hands stroke and pull us, but saw no person who did the same. A slate was snatched by some power under the table from the medium's hand at one side, immediately appearing at the other side of and above the table, dancing along the edge in full view; thence returning to the medium's hand. A large pencil placed on a slate held by him at the side of the table I saw moved through the air and thrown down before us. What moved it none of us could see. An accordion, the valve end of which the medium held in one hand under the table, played "Home, Sweet Home" and other airs. During the playing the instrument several times came out in full view. I could see the bellows and keys work, but could see nothing touching them, the medium holding the back and only, the same as he first grasped it. The playing, however, was uninterrupted. While we were looking at them, chairs fell over backward, which stood beyond the reach of all of us. Slade included. During all the time these things took place the medium had one hand resting on top of the table while his body and limbs remained almost motionless and in full view of the writer; it would have been a physical impossibility for him to have produced the movements with us watching him, without our knowing it. As to the reality of the occurrences we had the same evidences we have that a person speaks, that the snow falls, that a friend shakes our hand, viz., the senses of hearing, seeing and feeling. I could make oath to the one set of facts as freely and as positively as to the other.

Strange as the above may appear to some who look wise and say the whole thing is a trick, but who will not take the trouble to investigate for themselves, or explain to those who do investigate, it is as nothing compared with the slate writing produced on the several occasions, which I will proceed to note.

On Dec. 15th, my father, H. B. Abbott, of Englewood, Ill., Mr. Slade and myself, were the only persons present. We began by my writing "Sarah B. Abbott" on a slate which I then turned over, so that the medium could

not see the name written. This was done in each case following, so that it will not be necessary to repeat. In fact, Mr. Slade cautioned us not to let him see the writing, as he said nothing would be produced if he did. In no instance where we so wrote a name, did or could the medium read it until after a communication was written, purporting to be from the person addressed. Mr. S. then placed the slate with a small bit of pencil on it, partly under the edge of the table, he sitting with his left side to, and his left hand upon the table. Immediately we heard writing, and after a signal of three raps, the writing having ceased, the slate was withdrawn. Upon it was a message commencing "My Dear Son," signed "Sarah B. Abbott." My mother's name was the same as above. She having died nearly 20 years ago. My father and myself were total strangers to the medium, and had not indicated the relationship. The slate used was my own which I brought with me. Several other messages were written in the same manner, but I have not space for details. We recognized two communications and their signatures as in the hand-writing of the purported signers.

On Dec. 21st, I called with my wife, Mr. Slade was the only other person present. He began by saying there was some one present who had something to say to us, we having called for no one, nor written any name. He held on my left arm above the table two slates in his right hand. Between them a small piece of pencil was placed. Our hands joined, and immediately writing was heard. On its ceasing and three raps being given, I opened the slate and found the following: "How glad I am to be able to return to you with the glad tidings and great joy that death is the end of life. Yes, we all shall meet again to part no more. Remember me to all my friends. I am, as ever, the same."

The signature, that of a relative lately deceased, was a *fac simile* of his writing. My wife then wrote "Edwin Snow." Mr. Slade held the two slates which were my own in his right hand under the table, his left resting on the table, when an answer was written beginning "My Dear Sister," signed "Edwin Snow." The relationship indicated was correct, although it had not been mentioned. I then wrote "Jas. E. and Homer B. Abbott" on my own slates and held them in my own hand above the table. Mr. Slade not touching them. On the inside was written: "DEAR BROTHER: Say to father not to let a report against this divine truth prevent him from his investigation. Tell him we shall meet him when he comes to his affectionate sons."

JAS. E. and H. B. A.
Father was expected to be present, but did not come. My two deceased brothers were named as was written on the slate. Other writings were obtained which I must omit here. The two last mentioned were written on my own slates which I carried with me, never let go out of my sight or possession, and which I still have with the writing on.

Dec. 25th, father and myself again called. Writings were produced under conditions similar to the previous ones. Six slates were written nearly full, the communications being intelligent, responsive to our questions, and correctly signed. I have space to note but two. My father wrote "H. H. Woodruff," and turned the slate over to Mr. Slade could not see the name. While it was held in Mr. S.'s right hand at the edge, his left resting on top of the table there was written: "Say to all I still live and am happy. H. H. WOODRUFF, M. D."

The person addressed was in his life-time a physician. My father then wrote on his own slate which he brought with him. "Are my father and mother present?" Turning it over and placing another slate on top with a bit of pencil between he held the two slates in his left hand above the table in plain view, Mr. S. not touching them. Our right hands touched and we heard the scratching as the writing was done. On opening the slates we found written:

"My Dear ones, I am present and all the family. We are very much pleased because you are now investigating. Mary Ann and all of us feel sure we can make you feel us at home. Father E. A. and mother Sallie A. are also present and send love to all. Now, good-by. I am as ever your loving mother, S. B. ABBOTT."

The name signed was that of my mother (as before stated) and the initials were those of father's parents. Mr. Slade rested his fingers on the top of a chair-back, without grasping it, and the chair rose about three feet in the air in full view, no visible power moving the same.

As to the messages produced as above noted, I would say that the hand-writings were as various and different as the persons purporting to sign the same.

By reason of my stating the above I expect some will doubt my veracity, while others will intimate that my faculties are failing, for all of which I care but little. The facts still persist, within the reach of those who choose to verify them. In truth, the hardest thing to get rid of in this world is a cold, stubborn fact. In view of what occurred, as noted above, I am driven by the plainest logic to the conclusion that something wrote on the slates; that that something was personal and intelligent and displayed an acquaintance with me, although invisible; that no fraud or deception was practiced. I might go further and offer an opinion as to what the cause of the phenomena was, but I started out to give facts only. Besides, I have a family to care for and several outstanding accounts to collect; and I do not desire to have my career cut short by an inquisition at the county court on the question of my mental soundness. If the latter inquiry should be instituted, I suppose the only evidence necessary, in the opinion of some, to make a conclusive case against me would be to offer this article, and prove the signature to be that of

JAMES ABBOTT.

There is a Jewish pentman in Vienna who writes 400 Hebrew letters on one grain of wheat. He has also written the Jewish prayer for the Imperial family on the narrow edge of an ordinary visiting card.

A French doctor states that the first Napoleon's pulse beat but forty five times a minute, whereas the average pulse of well men is given at sixty.

Cleopatra's Needle, in Central Park, is gradually crumbling away. Can't stand the climate.

Wonders will never cease. A printer up in Maine got religion, quit drinking and became a preacher.

Within gunshot of the New York City Hall 300 men work all night, or nearly all night, in the offices of morning newspapers.

American apples sell on the street stands in London at from eight cents to twelve cents apiece.

The Philadelphia Press thinks triplets should be baptized in the Trinitarian faith.

The Vision That Cured Him.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

"You are the peevishest, most ill-contrived—the meanest tempered man I ever knew! You make the whole house wretched the minute you put your head in at the door, and everybody miserable about you."

Thus said Mrs. Aaron Dorrner, at the moment her husband struck down his hat over his knitted brows with a savage jerk, and stamped his way out of their dwelling.

The two younger children were cowering in terror at the far corner of the room. The eldest had run into the yard out of the way.

Dorrner, at all times prone to quick outburst of irritable temper, had been especially out of humor and difficult to please on this, the glorious holiday, when only "peace on earth and good will to man" should prevail. As his wife put it: "He must have gotten out of bed wrong foot first, and so swept up the crookedness of his hateful temper against everything and everybody." And when the sound of his footsteps died away, she added: "Thank the Lord! we shall have a little peace now."

Strangely enough, at the very same moment, Dorrner said to himself: "I shall be able to enjoy a trifle of peace now I have gotten away from the everlasting turmoil and aggravating racket."

A few moments later he added: "Confound it all! I do believe the whole kit of people have gone stark raving mad, for no matter where I go there's a row begins, and nothing but snarling and angry worry goes on while I stay."

From this it will be seen that Mr. Dorrner had not the slightest idea that his own temper was in fault. He was suddenly hailed by an acquaintance, who asked:

"Where are you off to in such a hurry, Dorrner?"

"To the devil!" was the short reply.

"All right," was the quick response. "Then if I was you I would pay a visit to this new spirit medium who has just come from some place in the South. They say she is the most wonderful clairvoyant in the country. If she can show such visions of spirit forms and scenes as is claimed, her place must be pretty close to Lucifer's dominions."

In a particularly rasping tone of voice, Dorrner responded:

"I don't care a nickel for all the spirits she can call up; but if she can show me the reason everybody I come near gets so confounded contrary and hard to get along with, I'll donate liberally to pay the cost."

"Being assured that Mrs. Bardezo could tell him all he would wish to know, Dorrner decided to give her a call, and soon after was seated in her parlance."

"What is the special information you seek?" she asked.

"Show me what has transpired in my house to-day," Dorrner flippantly demanded. Let me see what has made things so infernal hot and disagreeable, that it has been a little hell all day."

Placing a curiously-framed old-fashioned crystal on the table, at which she and her visitor were seated, the medium arranged their clasped hands so as to rest on the frame at either end, and bade Dorrner look steadily into the glass. At first the crystal was quite opaque, and Dorrner felt disposed to make light of the whole business as a piece of fortune-telling jugglery; but in a few seconds he gave a sudden start, and his eyes began to expand into expressions of surprise, astonishment and wonder, until finally his face became a picture of almost abject fear.

Spreading out as if from a thick grey mist, there came forth a distinct representation of the dining-room of his own dwelling, with all the furniture, even to the minutest belongings, and the family seated at breakfast in the exact position they had held that morning, at the very moment when he struck his knife-handle on the table in a savage burst of anger because the steak had been a little burned. He remembered that this began the wrangle of discontent and exasperating war of words which had lasted to the moment when he stamped his way from home. But the next moment there came something far more horrible, and which caused great drops of perspiration to start from his brow.

"No, no!" he gasped, "it can't be that I am like that!" and his fingers began to clutch and quiver, as his tongue sought to master his parched lips.

From every part of his body, just as he had seen in pictures of a porcupine when enraged, great spines, like glistening prongs of steel projected outward in every direction; at one moment drawing back, then darting forth with inconceivable quick thrusts, as if to wound and destroy whatever could be reached; and quivering and hissing from each keen-sharpened point, there was a forked tongue, as of a venomous snake, dropping ceaseless frothings of the most virulent poison, which burned and corroded the lacerated flesh wherever it was thrust. Still more horrible, these spear-like darts were plunged with savage roar into the tender bosoms of his wife and children, with each ill-spoken word of anger or peevish discontent that fell from his lips. Nay, as his wrath boiled up to yet fiercer bursts of rage, the spines would draw back to gain the fulcrum of still deeper plunges into the already torn and poisoned sores, until the children fairly shrank in dread, and his tortured wife, inoculated by his murderous condition, began to retaliate with spear-points as venomous as his own.

This was the most horrible thing of all; that in the act of stabbing and tearing the hearts of others with the dead-like spikes his body gave forth, a similar brood was spawned into venomous activity, which thrust, wounded and tortured, until every living soul within reach became impaled on their corroding points, and unspeakable misery and wretchedness fell on all around. With sharp force it began to dawn on the soul of Dorrner, as he gazed on this fearful vision, that it was little wonder the love of his wife and children had fled from him, and that his very presence had grown to be a measure of pain and dread they would gladly avoid; and he could now understand how it came that the bitter words with which he stung his family never failed to inflict sharp suffering to himself, for he saw that in every case wherein the cruel spines drew back from their vengeful thrusts, the poison drops would be imbedded into his body with like dire effect. He was still silently gazing on the terrible vision, when a broad scroll seemed to unfold entirely across the glass, on which were inscribed the words:

"What has been?"
When a second scroll took the place of this, bearing the sentence:
"What will be?"

This was followed by the picture of himself as before, only that he now seemed to have grown old and feeble, and was seated

alone in a cheerless room, with the spines of an accursed temper extended to more than double their former length, so that none could come near to help or comfort him without being stabbed and wounded; and, still more terrible, that the points were gradually curving inwards, their cruel snake fangs hissing in furious energy, in such a manner that each thrust became plunged into his own body, and the poisonous virus dropped into the gaping wounds. While he writhed and twisted in vain effort to gain relief from the unbearable torture, he sprang to his feet and uttered a loud cry:

"Lord, have mercy! It shall never come to that!"
It gave him unspeakable relief to find that it was still broad day light when he emerged into the street. As he wiped the perspiration from his face, he involuntarily gazed at himself, to see if the horrible spines of the vision were still sticking out of his body.

He almost ran towards home. He was hungry to start his life afresh. He felt that he must begin at once to make peace and happiness, where he had so far inflicted only pain and misery in the bosom of his own home. He saw his youngest boy at the street well, exerting the whole of his small strength to draw a pail of water. In times past he would have saluted the lad with a puff, and the sharp demand to stir his idle bones a little faster. Now he hastened to his side, and said:

"Freddy, my dear boy! let me help you. That is too hard a task for a little shaver like you."

Freddy gave one startled look into the altered face of his father, as the pail-handle dropped from his nervous grasp, and he stood utterly unable to understand that the soft tones of voice could possibly belong to the lips from which they fell, then darted away at the top of his speed.

"Oh, ma! ma!" he cried, in a voice of internal alarm. "Pa must be awful sick! I never heard him talk like that before!" When he explained what had occurred, Mrs. Dorrner threw up her arms, and ejaculated:

"Lord of Liberty! he's got 'em! he's got 'em!"

"Got what, ma?" the eldest daughter queried.

"Oh, Lizzie!" the mother faintly responded, as she sank back into a chair.

"Your pa has got the jama!"
In explanation it may be mentioned that Dorrner had been considerably addicted to liquor drinking, and his wife had long dreaded that this would culminate in a fit of delirium tremens,—in vulgar parlance "jim-jams" shortened to "jams."

Apparently quite unaware of the intense excitement his change of speech and manner had created, Dorrner came forward with the pail of water and carefully placed it in the kitchen. Then cleaning the mud from his boots so as not to soil the carpet, he gave a cheerful greeting to his wife and daughter, and in such a soft, kindly voice as was a wonderful contrast to his former, pleasantly adding:

"I'll be bound you're tired, my good dame. I'll just split you a lot of kindling for morning and bring in the coal while you are getting supper ready."

And straight to the shed he went and began to peg at the pine wood like a good fellow.

Mrs. Dorrner was now nearly frightened out of her senses, as she gazed into the bewildered face of her daughter in speechless alarm and dread. Never in all her experience had she known her husband to look, speak and act like that. In a deep-drawn whisper she finally ejaculated:

"Oh, my goodness! he's mad!—starkstaring mad!"

The next instant she wildly cried: "Lizzie! run for the doctor as hard as ever you can, and tell him your father's crazy!"

And with a bound she grasped Freddy and his smaller sister by the arms and hurried them to a place of safety in the house next door. But when the family physician examined Dorrner, looked keenly into his face and freely chatted with him, learning of the terrible vision Mrs. Bardezo, the great clairvoyant had shown to him, and his firm resolution growing out of it, to try and turn over a new leaf, so as to spread the peace and harmony of love where before had been the curse of discordance and heart-stabbing quarrels, he said to the frightened wife and mother:

"It's all right, Mrs. Dorrner. Thank your lucky stars for the crazy fit that has come to your husband. You'll find that he's got the blessed jama you ever heard of. Just humor him with the same sort of soft words and pleasant looks, and show him the old love that used to make your home bubble with happiness like a long summer's day, and you'll have one of the sweetest and most comfortable dwellings in the world!"

Mrs. Dorrner followed the good doctor's advice. She resolutely pulled her own peevish, ravenous spines up by the roots and cast them away, and soon she was filled with joy in realizing such peace and affection as caused everything to blossom like a fragrant rose of rare beauty. A few weeks later she was heard to say in fervent gratitude:

"Thank the Lord for the happy chance that gave husband that attack of jama!"

And Dorrner, as he smoked the pipe of peaceful comfort in his now happy home, would often say:

"Thank God! those ill-tempered spines are rooted out and sent to the devil, where they belong!"

Cleveland, Ohio.

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So far as my experience goes, the public generally are unaware of the real advantages and merits of terra-cotta for facing street fronts. When properly burned, it is absolutely impervious to smoke, and is unaffected by acid fumes of any description; it is about half the weight of the lightest building-stones, and its resistance, when burned in solid blocks in compression, is nearly one third greater than that of Portland stone; it is not absorbent—a great desideratum when damp has to be considered—it is easily molded into any shape, for strings, cornices, or window-sills and architraves, and can be easily modeled for figure or other enrichment. It can be got in good warm yellow or red color, and, when glazed, can be produced in almost any tones of soft browns, greens, reds, or yellows; and its strength, durability, and imperviousness to all the destructive influences of town atmosphere, to my mind, recommends it as the building material most adapted for facing street frontages.—From "The Architecture of Town-Houses," by R. W. Edis, in *Popular Science Monthly* for January.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 10, 1885.

TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until February 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to Those who have never been subscribers. This is a propitious time for continuous readers to extend a knowledge of the JOURNAL among their liberal-minded acquaintances. Try it. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

Into the Church of Rome by the Back Door.

The following Associated Press telegram from New York, Dec. 27th, furnishes an interesting illustration of the history of the times:

In the chapel of the Mission Holy Cross Protestant Episcopal Church on Sixteenth street at a recent private celebration of holy communion in which the Bishop of Tennessee, Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity church, Rev. Arthur Ritchie, of St. Ignace church, and Rev. John W. Shackelford, of the Church of the Redeemer, took part, Rev. James O. S. Huntington, took on himself the vows of the Order of the Holy Cross. One clause of the profession runs as follows: "I desire for the love of Jesus to devote myself, body, soul and spirit, to the service of Almighty God in the religious life as a member of the Order of the Holy Cross, and to that end to take upon myself of my own free will the vows of religious poverty, chastity and obedience."

Assistant Bishop Henry C. Potter received the profession and asked the following:

Bishop—"Do you solemnly and forever surrender all you possess, or which you may hereafter become possessed, even to the least article of personal use or enjoyment in accordance with the vow of religious poverty?"

Novice—"I do."

Bishop—"Will you diligently serve God for the remainder of your life in the virgin state, striving to follow the example of perfect purity of our virgin Lord in all your thoughts, words and deeds, as the vow of religious chastity demands?"

Novice—"I will, the Lord being my helper."

Bishop—"Will you accept the rule of the Order of the Holy Cross, and will you give respectful obedience to all lawful commands of your superior, and all decisions of the chapter, submitting your will to their godly direction and administration, under the vow of religious obedience?"

Novice—"I will, by the grace of God."

Communion was then followed. The dress of the novice consisted of a black beretta and a long, dark, monk-like-looking gown, confined at the waist by a black cord passed three times around the body. From a black string about the neck depends a black crucifix. The crucifix worn by Mr. Huntington was blessed on the altar when he joined the order. He passed over the novitiate two years. There are but two members of the order in America. They are Rev. Mr. Huntington and Rev. B. S. Dod. They live in plainly furnished houses in Thirteenth street.

"Much of the time of the two members of the order," said a clergyman yesterday, "is spent in prayer. In fact prayer is their life, and it is their theory that the right way of living is a continual prayer. Much of their time is spent in doing good among the poor on the East side. The order was founded in England but this is not a branch of the English order of the Holy Cross."

It may be stated with all the certainty of a fixed law, that religious organizations must either advance or retrograde. If they are not constantly pushing onward to higher grounds, they inevitably fall gradually into the imbecility of dotage. Martin Luther came out of the falsehoods and puerile observances of the Roman Church; the mighty movement then inaugurated has grown through several centuries and it would not seem possible for a reversion to the dead forms of monasticism; yet here is an illustration of the renunciation of self-hood, manhood, liberty and everything the unpurged human heart holds dear, and the acceptance of the most reprehensible dogmas of Catholicism, such as Luther denounced in unmeasured language. The Pope will complacently smile at this long step taken

by the Protestants, and welcome it as an indication of the coming end. There is, then, to be a new order of monks in the heart of the most aristocratic of the Protestant churches; an order of monks that in every way exactly corresponds to the monks in the Mother Church. The members of the High Church section sympathize with the movement, and although the Low Church party express indignation, they are unable to avert the movement.

Think of men like Dr. Morgan Dix, Bishop Potter, Bishop Huntington, and others, occupying the highest positions, and educated in the full light of the present, consenting—aye, not only consenting, but accepting with alacrity a part in a ceremony at which any one loving true manhood and liberty ought to blush for very shame! The point of this farce is here, and is the key to the mighty, seething unrest of the Protestant religious world: The end of Protestantism, if it go ahead, reaching its logical conclusions, is disintegration, and absorption into the ranks of free thought. Its leaders are learning this truth. They feel themselves almost on the breakers. The advanced sects are too thoroughly prepared to turn back, and feel that the issue must be met, but the Episcopal, always Romish at heart, thinks to avert the coming dissolution by reviving the old forms and methods by which priestcraft held the ignorant world of the past in abeyance.

A noble, unselfish life; a life of self-sacrifice, of loving kindness, of charitable deeds, of assistance to the needy, of purity, and consecration to the behests of duty—such a life of all things in this world is most desirable; but it must spring out of the organization of the man himself, and not from vows made before the altar, at the beck of surplised priests or misled bishops. The saint of to-day works in the world, with the world and as a part of it. He puts on no "black beretta," or "long dark gown," ties no cord around his waist, nor hangs a crucifix with a "black string" around his neck. He bows at no altar, and no priest is called to mouth the gibberish of forgotten times, and pour holy oil on his head. The present demands live men, and not mummies whose odor of sanctity is of the charnel house; whose wisdom is dust, and whose sense of duty is the fear inspired by imbecility.

Rational Medicine.

To physicians is entrusted the care of the many ills that flesh is heir to. They attend at birth; all through life they are called on for help whenever serious illness afflicts; they stand beside the bed of death to alleviate the pains of the departing; and they come into most intimate association with the life of the people whom they serve. The educated, manly physician soon comes to be looked upon as a friend of the family.

The importance of having physicians carefully educated for their work, is, in some degree, recognized everywhere. Schools of medicine are established and supported at large expense. Students at these schools are lectured in the established methods, and at the end of the course are granted diplomas which give them the rights of regular practitioners. All this is well so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough.

The larger part of our medical schools in all sections of the country are not careful as to the preparation their students receive before beginning the study of medicine. The schools will admit young men and women having the most incomplete preparation. They have very little thorough training, very little general culture. They have so little training that they are not at all prepared to profit by the lectures and the reading of the school curriculum. They cannot take in and digest the numerous lectures given by the professors; they are lost among the many books that are recommended to them. They are dazzled rather than educated.

The course of instruction given is altogether too short and imperfect. It is too short for the few students that come to it well prepared; for the large number who come to it without previous training it is altogether inadequate. As a result the majority of the regular physicians of every school of medicine are ill-trained in general, and ill-prepared for their special work. They are narrow, and as a rule, bitterly sectarian in their devotion to their own petty school.

This narrowness of the average doctor is shown in the prejudices he always manifests towards any medical treatment that does not run in the old ruts. He sneers at it, he condemns it, he endeavors to ostracize it socially, and to murder it by legal enactment. His narrowness is sure to run in materialistic channels. All the more delicate, more subtle, more mental, more spiritual methods of treatment are quite beyond his grasp. His training unfits him for understanding them. He cannot practice them, hence to him they are but folly and superstition.

To us a few things are clear: First, that society needs educated physicians, men and women of the best native powers, and these powers disciplined by the most thorough training.

Secondly, that few, if any, of the established schools of medicine are giving us such physicians. The larger portion of their graduates have inferior powers to begin with, and these powers receive inferior training. The few able and well-trained men whom they send out are hampered by a narrow system.

Thirdly, that while we need carefully to keep and to use all the knowledge of anatomy, physiology, medicine and surgery which has thus far been attained, we need also to make a step forward, to come to a more rational system of medicine, to learn and to

practice the more subtle, but more powerful methods, of which we have indications in magnetism, mental cure, faith cure, psychomancy, sarcasm, etc.

Fourthly, that we need not look to the old schools to examine and adopt these new and subtle methods. The old schools are too narrow, too much ruled by their old systems and traditions. If these new medical forces are to be systematized and rationally applied it must be done by Spiritualists.

Fifthly, there is great need to-day of a school of Rational Medicine, devoted to the honest study of the human body and mind, and of all methods by which body and mind may be brought into being with healthy endowments, and of all those rational methods by which body and mind, when ill, may most speedily be restored to their normal condition.

How are we to get this Rational Medicine? We certainly shall not get it if we do nothing. Good things do not come in that way. Those who have acquired, by experience and study, a knowledge of those subtle curative agencies which are to-day performing cures that formerly were thought miraculous, must be called on to reduce their systems to order and to teach them to able men and women who will practice them for the general good. This can best be done by a well-organized and well-equipped school of Rational Medicine where the ablest instructors shall give the best training to able students, and graduate them with well-trained minds to follow a rational system.

May we not hope that such a school will come ere long? There are to-day many wealthy Spiritualists who have seen those whom they love slaughtered by incompetent physicians who were themselves the slaves of irrational systems. Will not these wealthy Spiritualists come to the help of their fellow men by organizing and endowing a school of Rational Medicine? We could mention a dozen men now who are fitted to take professorships in such a school, men who would thoroughly train students for their great work, and graduate them with knowledge that would make them a power for good in any community. The money is needed to erect the buildings, to provide libraries and apparatus, to support a hospital for patients, and to pay the salaries of professors. When some of our generous men and women see that by endowing such a school they can do something to save others from the sorrow they themselves have suffered, the school will be established.

Covert the Crank.

The Philadelphia Press of December 8th, reports a sermon on Spiritualism by one Rev. W. R. Covert. Its reportorial tone descends to that of the Police Gazette in its coarse attempt to disparage Spiritualism without open assertion; but the Reverend Covert outdoes the reporter, and says he "has devoted many years to a war on Spiritualism;" yet who ever heard of him before? He has not been very successful or his warfare has been of the guerrilla order. He began by saying:

"I propose, this morning, to take up a subject with which I am thoroughly familiar. I refer to Spiritualism, one of the greatest modern frauds. When I say that it is modern, I do not mean that it is new, for it has existed for all time, but its spread has been greater during the past twenty years than for several centuries. The old witches and necromancers were really Spiritualists. I can find no difference between their methods and those of a Philadelphia medium. The Witch of Endor was a medium, and not a particularly clever one, either. The conversation between Samuel and the Witch was merely an ordinary piece of ventriloquism."

In order to "expose" Spiritualism the Reverend Covert makes a poor, sham and fraud of the most famous witch of the Bible, and thus destroys witchcraft altogether! What a new and strange interpretation of the Bible is this? If there is one thing more than another which that book supports, it is the existence of witches, and on the foundation of such support, thousands and hundreds of thousands of human beings have been burned, hanged and tortured with unspeakable agony. It would be just as orthodox to deny the transfiguration, as the scene between Samuel and the Witch of Endor.

Covert continues:

"Spiritualistic mediums are all liars and frauds. The belief has for its natural outcome infidelity, insanity and free-loveliness. Most Spiritualists are monomaniacs. On other matters they may be sane; but when they come to discuss their hobby they get wildly excited, and the fire of madness burns in their eyes. If Spiritualism had only ignorant people for its followers, I should not be loath to talk about it, but unfortunately, men of splendid talents and positions have joined its army of dupes. Joseph Cook, of Boston, was taken in by the common slate trick, and wrote a book explaining the phenomenon of psychical growths. Yet every one knows that the slate writing is a fraud. The slate is first written on by the medium, and the writing is covered over by a thin plate of slate. This covering is then washed with a good deal of parade, the whole thing is put under the table, the thin covering removed, the medium scratches with his nail to produce the sound of a pencil, and then the writing is shown."

Truly, men of "splendid talents" have joined its ranks, so much so that not one of them has ever given the subject a fair investigation without becoming convinced. It would require several columns to give the names of the most eminent who have done so. The slate test is the only one the speaker attempts to explain, and any one who has had the least experience, knows his explanation is false—he probably knows it himself. The above are fair specimens of the sermon, which for inflated pretension and shameless assertion stands preeminent.

Covert is densely ignorant of the subject, and supposing it opposed to Christianity, his rage is as furious as that of an irate bovine at a red cloth. In all his sermon there is not a unvarnished fact, not an experience, nothing but a tirade of invective and frothy opinion.

Mr. Wheeler, President of the Spiritual Temple Association, attended by a medium, was in the audience, and at the close

politely asked permission to be heard in defense for a moment, but was curtly refused. A spirit through the medium sent a challenge to Mr. Covert to discuss the subject in public. The latter thought he might accept, if the challenge was endorsed by the Philadelphia Spiritualists, but his acceptance was in no hearty way.

However, he was finally forced to meet the medium and an animated discussion followed. According to her friends the medium had altogether the best of the argument, which was listened to by adherents of both parties. As usual in such debates each side probably claims the victory.

The covert support in innumerable pulpits and the sweeping attacks upon it in others, show that the Church is awakening to a consciousness of the mighty strength of Spiritualism, which is rapidly obtaining recognition as a most potent power in the realm of thought. With more complete organization and effective equipment Spiritualism has a future before it unequalled by any movement of the past. The Coverts, the Talmaes, the Cooks, will all be begging to be taken into the ark in good time.

Flavius Josephus Cook in the South.

The last time, prior to the present instance, we heard of this platform mountebank—better known under his stage name of Rev. Joseph Cook—was, when in an attempt to bulldoze a colored porter on the Northwestern Railway, he got the worst of it and the episode got into the papers. It appears he does not grow less pugnacious nor more truthful. A few Sundays ago he "preached" in the First Presbyterian Church at New Orleans. As usual he aired the same well worn wares that have so long served as filling for his pseudo-scientific, pseudo-Christian pretensions whereon he relies to begot the common man and create the impression that one of stupendous acquirements is speaking. His accustomed fling at Unitarians; Universalists, Free Religionists, Spiritualists and other liberal people, brought out a reply from Rev. Charles A. Allen, a Unitarian preacher of New Orleans, which was published in the Times-Democrat for December 24th. Mr. Allen in a very polished way convicts Cook of lying and misrepresentation. In so far as this conviction shall enlighten readers of the Times-Democrat it is work well done; but of course it will have no effect upon the Yankee peddler of intellectual powder and brazen falsehood.

Space forbids the publication of Mr. Allen's letter in its entirety, though wholly appropriate to the JOURNAL's columns, and the following extracts must suffice:

"You say that Ralph Waldo Emerson's influence is 'malarious'—a man of whom the devout Methodist Father Taylor, said that he was the most Christ-like man he ever knew. Emerson's sweet, saintly spirit, and noble Christian spirit, has done more than any other single influence to purify and uplift our American civilization, literature and social life. His books inspire the best preaching of the age in every denomination, and are eagerly read by the wisest and most influential minds."

You say of Emerson that "he grew toward heaven at the end," meaning apparently that he became more like you in creed before he died. But you know perfectly well that this statement, when you made it in Boston, was publicly and emphatically contradicted by Emerson's family and friends, who intimated that the venerable saint had less and less respect for you in his last years. One is reminded of the Methodist Father Taylor's report that he would rather go to hell with Emerson than have the company anywhere of certain modern Pharisees.

You group Unitarians with Free-lovers, and insinuate that they are no better. But you know perfectly well that no people in the North stand higher for personal character than the Unitarians, and that free-love has no more determined enemies than they.

A Wisconsin Healer.

"Bleed him! that is what I must do." Thus spoke a modern Esculapius some thirty years ago, more or less, as he felt the pulse and studied the strange symptoms of a little Canadian boy, son of a Methodist exhorter. Then followed bleeding, blistering and purging; but all to no avail, and the hopeful son of a pious father was in a fair way to be doctored out of the world, when fortunately his case came under the observation of some Quakers who at once declared it was "the spirit," and that the trances were not dangerous nor indicative of disease. To their timely intervention C. F. Harrington owes the extension of his lease of earth-life, and in later years hundreds owe restored health. As he grew toward manhood he wandered westward and finally found himself in the vicinity of Madison, Wisconsin. Here while working for a farmer—a Spiritualist—he first saw a medium and heard her speak in a trance state. He was soon made aware of his own mediumship, and was rapidly developed as a healing medium. Illiterate and poor he began his career as a healer; and so diffident, and skeptical of his own powers was he, when in his normal state he scarcely had the hardihood to acknowledge to inquiring strangers that he was Doctor Harrington of whose remarkable cures they had heard and of whom they were in search. His reputation gradually extended to neighboring cities and now after fifteen years' practice he is overwhelmed with calls, we are informed by his friends, and has acquired a comfortable competence. Our attention was first called to Mr. Harrington some weeks ago by one of his patients whom he had cured after the case had been given up by the leading "regular" physicians of Chicago. This gentleman, who is a prominent officer in a popular North Side church, brought Mr. H. to our office a few days since that we might talk with him in person and witness his entrancement. So far as a limited observation will warrant us in expressing an opinion we are free to say that Mr. Harrington evidences remarkable power in diagnosing disease—we had taken the precaution to have a patient at hand—and from the testimony of those known to us, it would appear that this healer is "true to name" and

can do all that is claimed for him, in most curable cases. He resides in Madison, Wisconsin, where he has been many years, but an effort is being made on the part of his influential Chicago patrons to induce his removal to this city.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. Newman Weeks of Rutland, Vermont, well known to the Spiritualist public, has been very ill, but is slowly recovering.

Parties writing Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood should remember that his permanent address is Ripon, Wisconsin, and not Omro.

A correspondent writes: "Geo. H. Geer spoke to a well-filled house in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28th. From Minnesota he goes to Michigan."

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Scranton, Pa., December 21st and 28th. He may be addressed for the present, in care of P. O. box 123 Scranton, Pa.

We refer our readers to the article by Prof. Coates, under the head of "Psychical Research." The Professor is well known as a scientist.

Rev. E. P. Powell says he is a well-wisher of Spiritualism and don't want it confounded with cheap Materialism. See his article, 6th page, on "The Divining Rod a Humbug."

Dr. Buchanan's vigorous contribution on another page is sufficiently iconoclastic for the most radical, and will likely be provocative of thought.

Mrs. Maria M. King is, we are happy to learn, in better health, and it is to be hoped she will ere long be able to resume her contributions to the JOURNAL.

A. J. Swarts, editor of Mind-Cure, writes to us expressing his full sympathy with the movement to establish Psychical Research Societies. He thinks one should be founded in Chicago, and through its instrumentality the wheat be separated from the chaff.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter has returned to her home, 433 W. Lake Street, after an absence of some time, attending meetings in Milwaukee and elsewhere, and is prepared to receive calls professionally. Her mediumship is said by many who have witnessed it to be good.

A few weeks ago William McKnight, a prominent business-man, of Centralia, Ill., told his pastor that he would die early Christmas day. In seeming accordance with his prediction he calmly expired at 12:25 o'clock Christmas morning. He was buried with Masonic honors, a great crowd of people attending.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore, of Fredonia, New York, and widely known over the country in connection with the Cassadaga Lake Camp, called at the JOURNAL office on Monday en route to Topeka, where they will remain for a month. They report the outlook for Cassadaga as most flattering.

Mrs. Charles Tracey of Kingsbridge, N. Y., recently gave birth to a healthy child that weighs exactly eleven ounces, and is but six inches long. The baby's body could be circled by a fourteen-year-old child's thumb and finger. The head, perfectly formed, is about the size of a crab apple. Its mouth is so small that it is unable to partake of its natural nourishment, and a small nipple, the size of a straw, attached to a small glass bottle, does duty in that particular.

The Philadelphia News gives an account of the ingenuity manifested by Dr. Albert G. F. Goersen, the wife poisoner and murderer, now in solitary confinement at Moyamensing. He has had an attack of religious fervor, and in order to carry spiritual consolation to the other prisoners, he utilized large black roaches with which the prison is overrun. These insects are from an inch and a quarter to two inches or more in length, and infest every cell in the prison. Goersen, who is of an inventive turn of mind, and at the same time a remarkable penman, saw in the roaches a medium through which it was possible to attain the desired object. To utilize the roaches became his hobby. Filled with this idea, he captured a large one, and, parting the wings, salivated a tiny strip of tissue-paper and stuck it, by the aid of a paste ingeniously made from scraps of bread, on the insect's back. On the paper, written in minute characters, and with the skill for which Goersen was so much noted, were the words, small but legible:

Although they also be as scaries, they shall be as white as snow.

He also placed messages on the backs of others of these pests. On one were the words:

Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners.

A fellow prisoner got hold of that message, and wrote in a scrawling hand the following thereon:

I do not fear you, I fear God.

It seems that witch-doctors still flourish in Scotland. We are assured that "implicit belief in witchcraft is not infrequently associated with ostentatious professions of religion, self-righteousness and ardent Sabbatarianism." It is common, it appears, for witch-doctors to save fishing smacks, or give them immunity from the perils of the deep, which is done by spitting on the boat under the cover of darkness, inscribing cabalistic characters on it with a wand, and muttering Gaelic incantations. The witch-doctor is in great demand, too, for diseases of the eye. To effect a cure it is necessary that the professor of demonology should receive his fees beforehand, and should not see the patient; he goes through a series of contortions and incantations at home. And all this witchcraft flourishes in religious and educated Scotland.

RENEISSANCE-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

D. F. Tretry writes: "The Mediums' Meeting held by the Peoples' Society of Spiritualists in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., last Sunday was made very interesting by Mrs. Julia E. Burns, independent slate-writing medium. After singing by the choir and an opening address by Mr. William Nicol, a small table, covered, was placed in front of the audience, at which Mrs. Burns sat, her left hand clasped by another lady. On the tips of the fingers of her right hand, she held the slate on which a piece of pencil had been placed, and she wrote against the under side of the table. About fifteen ladies and gentlemen, one at a time, sat from four to six minutes, and each one received one or more names of departed friends. Other communications were given, some by writing, others clairaudiently and clairvoyantly. Mrs. Burns will be at the hall next Sunday, at 3 o'clock, and also give sittings daily at her residence, 132 Dekalb St., Chicago."

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Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Beyond.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

It seems such a little way to me
Across that strange country, the Beyond;
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies, that when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dream
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead.
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world; yet still I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a hier and see
The soul of death on some well-loved face.
But that I think, "O more to welcome me,
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there;
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so to me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea;
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Christian at Work.

Spirit Control.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In an extended and varied experience with mediums, I have met but one case where a spirit, able to fully control and converse through a medium in my presence, has utterly failed to influence her at other times, although with the rest of her hand my presence makes but little difference. The medium in question is eighteen, in fair health and of a quiet but self-poised character. She was first entranced two years ago through mesmerism. As with all such cases, I sought to induce the independent trance condition and in three sittings accomplished that object. Thereafter she was not dependent upon an operator.

A year ago, however, she was brought to me partially under an influence that she had not been able to throw off for two days—her only mishap of that kind. After relieving her entirely she went under control, and for the first time the spirit referred to above, an entire stranger to us, communicated. He stated he had passed over at twenty-four, five years before, for no other reason, as he expressed it, except that he was "too lazy to draw another breath," and had made no progress toward the light since. A year of association with the active and intelligent hand of the medium has worked wonders with him, and this with his native intelligence and earlier education bids fair to raise him to the front rank of spirit teachers. For months he sought to manifest only when I was present. A short time ago, however, desiring to take part in a séance in my absence, he undertook to control, and while every opportunity was afforded him by the hand, the medium being passive, he found himself wholly unable to manifest his presence, nor has he yet succeeded in doing so, except before me. He now asks me "Why?"

Brooklyn, N. Y. N. A. CONKLIN.

ED. COMMENTS.—We think the difficulty of our correspondent lies in his conclusion that the medium had attained an independent trance. The fact that she was "brought to" him "partially under an influence she had not been able to throw off," and that he was able to relieve her, shows that she was not independent, and that he had great power over her. That immediately on her being entranced this spirit should manifest, shows that his was the imperfect influence she could not throw off. By this spirit's confession he was low and uncultured, and even now by the question he asks, has an imperfect understanding of the methods and true science of spirit communication. The guardian hand might arrange conditions, for ought we know, enabling this spirit to communicate, but it is probably best for the medium that our correspondent by his presence furnish one of the essential conditions for the control, and continue this until the spirit more perfectly understands the intricate methods of communication. It is not well to trust too implicitly to the statement of such spirits of their wonderfully rapid progress. It may seem to them that they have gained floods of light, when in reality it is little more than an awakening from the lethargy of ignorance and selfishness. We should advise our friend not to urge this matter, but rather to encourage the spirit in the belief that only in his presence can communications be given.

Proof of a Hereafter.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been listening to-day to the reading of some letters claimed to have been dictated by the spirits of those who were well known to the writer while living on earth, and given through a certain writing medium at Sunapee Lake, N. H. The name of the medium I did not learn. Luther Kendall, a prominent citizen of this place, now eighty-three years of age, a hale and hearty old man, has for some years been investigating the spiritual phenomena, and I think he has become convinced, however in its fundamental truths. While attending the convention at Sunapee, this writing medium having a room there, it was announced that he would answer any correspondence addressed to departed spirit friends. Accordingly Mr. Kendall went to his room, being a perfect stranger, and wrote questions concerning the truths of Spiritualism to seven of his friends, who had been blithely opposed to it during their earth-life. Each party was addressed on the top of different sheets of paper, and then the paper doubled twice and sealed with muckilage, space being left for the reply to the questions proposed to each individual spirit. The first question was to his deceased wife:

"My dear wife, have you now a conscious individual existence, and do you still Spiritualism to be true, and have you the same affection for me now you had when in the earth-life?"

The reply was:
"Yes, dear Luther, I rejoice to say it is certainly true. I have a conscious existence, clearer and better than I ever dared to hope for. My affections for you are even greater than in earth-life. Your dear Betsey rejoices that you have given her this opportunity to communicate with you. From your own loving wife.—BETSEY KENDALL."

One was written to Wm. Felch, who was a prominent man, the father of this village, as he laid its foundation and built nearly half of its houses. His reply to the question, "Is Spiritualism true?" was:
"Yes, thank God, it is true, and I am thankful for this opportunity to tell you so, my worthy friend Kendall."

Mr. Felch was a Methodist while living. One question was written to P. W. Stearns, a violent opponent of Spiritualism when he found out that the spirits did not teach the doctrine of endless punishment. His reply was:

"The facts can be expressed in one word, TRUTH." A question was written to his aged mother, who, in her reply, calls him her dear son, Luther, and reiterates the same statement as the rest.

After hearing all these replies, confirming the doctrine of Spiritualism, Mr. Kendall asked me what I thought of their genuineness. I replied: There is an intelligence connected with this phenomena, and it claims these communications to be from our departed friends. It requires less mental strain to admit its statement than to try to argue it down.

Felchville, Vt. ROBERTS STEARNS.

The Divining Rod.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In Mr. Stebbins' article on the "Divining Rod" he says: "He brought in his dry twig." I always use a green twig. He speaks also of riding over a bridge and the rod turning; it did so, but there was no water below the surface of the ground. It might be construed that water above the ground might be the attraction. I always tell those for whom I locate a well, to be sure and report to me if they don't get water. Not a person has ever reported a failure. I had supposed that people here had got all the wells that were necessary, yet I have located five this season for men who live in sight of my house. I have located during the past year forty-three; this is more than I ever located in any season before. I have never sought any business of this kind; it comes to me. One place, twenty-five miles from home, I will mention. It is in an adjoining county. I found the people there suffering badly for the want of water. For three miles there were but two good wells. Some were drawing water a distance of three miles for their stock and household use. I located several wells. A man there had been to the expense of digging a cistern twenty feet deep and seven feet across, to hold surface water for his stock. I followed a vein across his well in locating a place where to dig. I had to go home, and in a few days I received a letter saying that the well was a perfect success. The cistern immediately commenced to dig another that I had located, going down one hundred feet; the water flowed three feet above the surface.

Livonia, Mich. CIRUS FULLER.

The Divining Rod a Humbug.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I see in your columns a note from my respected friend, Gilman B. Stebbins, criticizing a message in one of my discourses in which I decline to believe in the divining powers of my blind man.

Quoting his conclusions, I do not see how thereby I become a Materialist, as he terms me, or why he thereby becomes a Spiritualist, as well as any man who thinks that hazel, currant or other twigs serve to connect psychic and physical phenomena, or in plainer English, to help us determine where water springs are.

Nor do I see the advantage of loading down the real science of Spiritualism with such an innumerable set of worthless tests as it is made to shoulder. Whether those mentioned by my critic are valuable or not, it would not be courteous for me to pronounce. I only know they may be very true and have no bearing on the question.

Any person well acquainted with land (and water), or any farmer or horticulturist, can inform Mr. Stebbins that the sections of country are rare where water cannot be found by digging in one spot as well as another. I am certain that by digging in my fourteen acres at any point designated, without divining sticks or with them, to find water at a depth of about fifteen feet. The true test of the divining rods along this range of hills and in the valley below. The true test for the divining rods would be to find a spot where water could not be found. Such spots probably exist. If any one with this magnetic gift will visit me and point out such a spot, I will have the well dug at my expense if he be correct; provided he will bear the expense if I do get a supply of water by digging down myself.

I am too much wedded to the wish of spiritual investigation to desire to see it confounded with very cheap materialism.

Clinton, N. Y. E. P. POWELL.

The Reason Why the Divining Rod Turns.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having lately read some articles in the JOURNAL expressive of the views of the several writers concerning the mysterious working of the divining rod, called the "divining" or "dowsing" rod, in finding water, and such views differing in the main from my settled convictions as to the cause of the "dipping" of the rod, I thought a few lines giving what to me seems a rational theory of this mystery, might possibly aid some in coming to a more rational conclusion.

Several years ago I gave the subject some attention. I witnessed the working of the rod in the hands of one who professed to be able to find water in this way. Observing the manner in which he held the branch, I tried the experiment and found that when the rod was rightly grasped and held in a certain position, that it required but a slight movement of the hands to cause the stick to dip, and that, too, with a powerful force, so much so that the branch be held sufficiently tight it will actually twist in two in its seeming effort to go down.

I will endeavor briefly to illustrate how the experiment may be successfully tried by any person. It is claimed that only certain kinds of wood, such as hazel, currant or peach, will work; but this is simply to haze or mislead. Select a straight branch not over two feet in length, the smaller end about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Grasp the branch from the under side, so that the palms of the hands will be upwards, and the little fingers from you or toward the angle of your rod. Let two or three inches of the branch project back through the hands. Raise your hands to a level with your shoulders. Elevate the rod to an angle of about forty-five degrees. The hands should be turned toward your face. Now as you press your hands firmly upon the rod, you will discover that you have curved the branch outward as it passes through the hands; this is essential to the performance. While in this position give the hands a slight turn, in a manner to make the thumb approach each other, and you will be surprised at the force with which your "divining" rod will dip. The philosophy of the movement is apparent. The curve produced by the hands, you will notice, when in position, is an outward curve, or on the plane of the angle described by your branch. When you turn your hands, you attempt to bring this curve to a position perpendicular to such plane, which you cannot do, for the very effort to do so forces your rod downward.

The movement of the hands to cause the dipping of the rod is very slight, and with a little practice, may be done so as to escape the notice of those not initiated.

Richmond, Mich. O. S. BURGESS.

Psychical Research.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wish to add a line of approval to the many good ones appearing in the JOURNAL, using the formation of a Psychical Research Society. The phenomena that modern Spiritualism has brought to the world, should be formulated and classified in order to be efficient in developing the grandest fact of which the mind can conceive—namely, the continuity of existence. A society of this character would be instrumental in clearing away from the spiritual cause the rubbish that is now heaped upon it, and thus establish on a basis that will attract the better class of minds. Undoubtedly we are standing on the threshold of a vast realm that is slowly but surely opening to the cultured mind.

If there is a continued existence (of an individualized nature) for each one after the death of the body the fact can be established to our reasoning mind. We have circumscribed in the field of our phenomena a sufficient evidence to make plain this fact. We are beginning to live in a world of substantialities. The shadows that have clouded the intellectual life of man are passing away, and in freedom and with high resolves he is marching on to grasp even brighter gems from the realms of spiritual life. Every true Spiritualist courts investigation. We have nothing to sustain but the truth, consequently we are ready to clasp hands with all who love it even to the apex, where mind can annihilate time and space in intercommunication with those still in earth-life, and those that have passed from its bondage. That richly jeweled world is valued from the mass of minds. Let us disclose it, thus convincing the doubting ones of the supremacy of mind over matter and that its power will hold intact, when this body shall have fallen to formless ruin.

N. M. SRAOON.

Fredericktown, Ohio.

A Correspondent writes: The Reverend Mr. Barnett, formerly a Baptist, but now preaching for the Christian Church (Campbellite) at Winamac, Indiana, visited Mrs. Blaine, independent spirit-writing medium, while in Chicago. The writing was copious and perfectly convincing and written in a recognized hand.

E. A. Davis writes: I like your paper very much, having been a reader of it during the last 15 years. I would be very much at a loss without it.

Turgeneff's Religious Opinions.

Letter in New York Tribune: I saw him just before

the terrible disease of which he died declared itself. He was easily erect and quite himself. But the eyes were encircled with brown rings, which, as the rest of the complexion was pale and fair, startled me. I had recently suffered from bereavements caused by death. Turgeneff listened with avidity to what I had to tell him about the impressions, emotions, and train of thought those losses had caused. We both were quite emancipated from theological dogma. I had heard him speak of as an atheist by different Russians of the Hesperian set; but his conversation on this occasion was profoundly religious. He made use of a curious expression: "Our reason," he said, "tends to draw us toward materialism. Our heart pulls us in another direction. For my part, with long experience of life I now donne raison au cœur. The human heart is a voice, and a great voice, of nature, and the cravings are indications which no reasoner, though he were a positivist, should disregard. We ought to take them as a revelation of the truth which are yet obscure. There is no religious cult which I have known to these heart-cravings in a poetical and sympathetic manner. There is I therefore believe, truth in every form of religious worship."

"Unfortunately the priest will not admit this truth to be relative, and thereby forces people who have thought and observed to quarrel with him and seek in themselves and in Nature for the laws of a religious faith. They feel the truth if they look for it in a philosophical spirit and without any feeling of resentment. But, being sociable, we are often oppressed by the isolation of our high standpoint. We often wish to come down into the valleys and kneel down in the churches there. My mind has long ceased to be orthodox. My heart recoils toward the Greek Church. I sometimes go to hear the offices at our church in the Rue Daru for the sake of the vibrations they give rise to in me. They make me feel as if many broken links in the chain of my existence were soldered together."

"I should not have thus spoken to you if you had not been forced to look into the problems which the deaths of close friends and relations impose upon our conscience. Legally I am no longer an exile, but as a Russian I do not think it strange to me. I am morally one, unless when I am in a Russian church. It brings childhood, youth, and all my old associations back to me with clear distinctness, and enables me to all intents and purposes to live in the past. I see truths in it which I am afraid are not visible to many of our Popes. Do not be surprised if you hear that I have made what the Catholics term an 'exiting effort.' I do not think it if I do that I shall the less deserve to rank among the free-thinkers of our time. Orthodox churches are now very accommodating. They give what is demanded of them and ask no questions."

When I returned home I made an entry in a notebook of this conversation. It illustrates the candor of Turgeneff's mind and the breadth of his affections.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At his home in Kokomo, Indiana, on the morning of the 23rd ultimo, Samuel Stratton passed on to another sphere of life, aged 51 years. Brother Stratton was a native of the eastern part of this State and of a Quaker stock. His early education was thoroughly imbued with the faith of his parents; but, before reaching the age of manhood he had quite outgrown and discarded it, became a Materialist, and verged close upon Atheism. About that time Mesmerism made its advent, and he not only took great interest in the subject, but also became, under the hands of an operator, an exceedingly sensitive clairvoyant. His friends, becoming alarmed for his health, prevailed upon him to abandon the use of his powers in this direction; but the experience he thus obtained effectually dispelled his materialistic notions and paved the way for the investigation of Spiritualism, which made its advent soon afterwards. He was one of the first to be convinced of the truths of the spiritual philosophy, and for a third of a century was prominently identified with the Spiritualist movement. A man of large influence and sterling worth, he never attempted to proselyte others to his own way of thinking; but a life of such uprightness and unswerving allegiance to the truth could not fail to impress everyone who came in contact with it, that there was something more than a dead creed to give it inspiration; and many live to ascribe to him their own spiritual emancipation.

His malady was consumption, with which he was stricken down for more than a year before his naturally fine and powerful physique finally gave up the struggle. As the end drew near he was eager for the change and conversed upon it with a confidence and cheerfulness which was the astonishment of his orthodox friends.

Let any one should attempt to make out that he had at the last renounced his well known ideas in regard to a future life, he drew up over his own signature, a confession of his faith, and set forth at some length his reasons therefor; and when the last day came he called all his friends to witness that he had joyfully died as he had lived—a Spiritualist.

Bro. Stratton leaves a wife and several grandchildren, besides other near relatives, and a host of friends, who sincerely mourn his loss.

W. B. M.

Spiritualist Meeting in Milwaukee.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

While I consider it my duty as well as a pleasure to keep the Spiritualists of the country posted as to the progress of the movement in this State, I shall not attempt to give a verbal report of our meeting held last night in Milwaukee. The meeting seemed to uspire to defeat our expectations; it rained incessantly from Friday P. M. until Sunday morning; nevertheless the attendance, which was fair at first, continued to increase till Sunday evening, when the hall was packed. The speakers were listened to with marked attention. J. E. Remsburg gave three lectures, the main drift of which was to show the baneful effects of priestcraft, the false teachings of theology, giving facts and figures in proof of his statements. He was very gentlemanly in his treatment of the subject. A. B. French lectured Saturday evening on "Prehistoric America," and on Sunday evening closed the meeting with his subject: "Spiritualism Compared with Materialism." Prof. Lockwood spoke on "Spiritualism of Science," Sunday P. M.

There were mediums and delegates from all parts of the State as well as Mrs. J. Wilson-Porter and others from Chicago.

The Cross Concert Troupe, consisting of father, three daughters and one son, furnished the music (mostly Prof. C. P. Longley's compositions) throughout the meeting. The city press gave good reports of the proceedings, for which a vote of thanks was given.

Our next meeting will be held in Milwaukee the 27th, 28th and 29th of March, 1885. Friends in Wisconsin, I wish the address of every Spiritualist and Liberalist in the State before the above dates. Let each one send me the address of all they know.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec'y of Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists, Oconto, Wis.

Telepathy.

(The Evening Post, N. Y.)

In connection with the numerous well-authenticated circumstances which tend to prove that Telepathy deserves the serious attention of science, the following incident may not be out of place.

Serious illness, however, on the location a woodman and his wife, persons possessed of perhaps rather more than the average intelligence and education of the ordinary mining classes. The sympathy between them was such that each seemed to thoroughly understand the thoughts of the other without the use of words, which they scarcely ever used except in the presence of others. When in separate rooms either could immediately tell what the other was thinking. At greater distances each was subject to the moods of the other, but any deeper understanding was reached at the expense of great mental effort.

In January, 1881, the man, who was chopping in the brush, severed an artery in his leg, and there not being any assistance at hand, he bled to death. At about the time that the wound was made, the wife, who was in the neighbor's house, declaring that her husband was dying; and, though ignorant of his whereabouts, led a small party directly to the scene of the accident. The woman has been insane ever since.

If any one is anxious to learn more of this remarkable case, I shall be most happy to answer their inquiries in detail.

GEORGE RUSSELL, M. D.

Calumet, Mich., December 17.

The Spirit, Geo. W. Winslow.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I received your note informing me of the near expiration of my time for the JOURNAL. Later, I was thinking about renewing my subscription, when I felt that I had better wait until I had time to take the JOURNAL nearly all the time from its commencement until his death. He seems to feel as much interested in it now as a spirit as when on earth. He expressed a desire to communicate with you through my writing under his influence. I will enclose the communication.

LIVONIA, MICH. LOVINA S. WINSLOW.

THE MESSAGE.

MR. J. C. BUNDY.—Feeling interested in the teachings of the spiritual philosophy and in your efforts to draw the attention of those who have hitherto regarded the cause with indifference, and although I cannot join in personal efforts in calling attention to it, it may not be out of place for me to express my views. Since 1881 I have been deeply interested in Spiritualism, psychology and kindred subjects. Until that time I had no proof of the life hereafter. I said that if our departed friends can communicate with us, that proves immortality of the soul. From that time on I investigated this subject in its various phases until I was convinced that those who communicated were spirits. A new world then opened to me, a continued life, instead of death had the proof of immortality.

In 1878 when I tested the matter for myself I had no fears for the future. I felt assurance that a higher life was opening for me; that those I loved dearly and mourned for so many years would be the first to greet me. It was even so; the change seemed perfectly natural. I recognized the new conditions, and yet the old life was perfectly familiar to me. I saw both the friends in spirit life, and those from whom I had just parted; to them I felt an intense desire to convey some intelligence of myself.

Could those on the material side of life understand this intense desire of the spirit to give some manifestation by which it can be recognized in the family circle, the simplest and tipping of the table would be regarded with interest. With me I say that I am more interested in the philosophy of Spiritualism now than when in the material form, those that know me will say this means work; and it is a work for the elevation of humanity, and the highest attainments of truth and living in accordance with its instructions.

I like the JOURNAL for its fearless, investigating spirit; for its firmness and general attractiveness. It is the receptacle of the progressive thought of all time.

Geo. W. WINSLOW.

A Clairvoyant Dream of a School-Boy.

Mr. J. H. Haas and Mr. Ferdinand Pusche—now an eminent physician at Vienna—were school-fellows. Mr. Haas was at the time to which I refer, aged thirteen. They slept in the same room. The day before the school broke up, the two boys were conversing together regarding their plans for the holidays. The arrangement was that they should go together to the home of Haas's father. That night, however, young Haas dreamed that his brother-in-law—now a doctor—sent his carriage for them, with a black or a brown horse, and with a coachman, whose name was Benedict. In the dream, the boys got into the coach and drove off to Gmunden. At a certain place, in the dream, they alighted, and descended a hill to see a waterfall. In his dream Haas saw a young peasant girl standing with the coachman, and showing him her wounded foot. Benedict offered to give her a drive, and three months later, the coachman drove to the house of the brother-in-law, which young Haas had never in his waking hours seen.

About three o'clock on the day fixed for the boys leaving school, Pusche came running towards Haas, crying out, "Your dream! your dream! here comes a coach!" Soon it was announced to them that the brother-in-law of Haas had sent his carriage to fetch them. The boys then went to the house of the brother-in-law, which young Haas had never in his waking hours seen.

At eight o'clock in the evening they arrived at the house of his brother-in-law at Gmunden, in Upper Austria. The person, places, incidents, exactly accorded with those of the dream. This occurred on the 6th of August, 1878. Since Haas became a man Pusche has frequently reminded him of his singular dream.—Light, London.

Fun with Electricity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I was a boy eight years old, sixty years ago. My father was a country doctor, and he had a stout black horse. The "surgeon" he had a fractional electrical machine, which Miner "fooled" with a great deal. I was fond of him, and when he wanted me to help him in an experiment I readily consented. He placed four great bottles on the floor, then a board on top of them. Then he said: "Now, Henry, you stand perfectly still on this board while you hold these wires, and I will turn the crank to the machine till we get ready to do something else. I held the wire and a pleasant sensation began to creep over me. After a while I said: 'Dr. M., come and take these wires away.' 'Yes, yes, I'll do so, but there is something on the end of your nose, Henry, that I'll brush off.' With that he put his finger near my nose and a stream of sparks flew therefrom with a crackling sound, and I had a tremendous shock which made me jump and drew down my head. I was so frightened I fell flat on the floor. I ran to my mother and told her that I had been 'struck by lightning.' I never took another shock, but I helped Dr. Miner 'fool' other boys, and men, too. It was lots of fun, for we lived among the 'Vermont' Mountains and 'shows' were very scarce.

UNCLER, KENNY.

"As You Like It."

Geo. W. Davies says: "The weekly advent of the JOURNAL is as much looked forward to, with anticipated pleasure and instruction, as are the yearly sessions of the camp meetings. The recent articles upon 'Mediums' Replies to Questions,' 'The Gospel of True Manhood,' by Charles Dawburn, and the 'Spiritualist's Creed,' are all upon the same high ground, and all tend to the same end, to bring the mind to the circle of spiritualized thought, to strengthen it to operate and growing minds, and to settle the JOURNAL to a place upon every home table where toleration of thought, and the ability of thinking in an unbiased manner upon the great questions of the day—are sought to be stimulated and encouraged. I owe to its columns much aid and assistance in my journey through deep earthly troubles, and commend it to every one struggling with the problem of a troubled life."

Notes from Lyman C. Howe.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I left Grand Rapids Monday morning, and arrived here about 6:30 P. M. A company of twenty or so had been invited to meet me, among them Brother Giles B. Stebbins, the "Walking Encyclopedia," and a pleasant time was ours. At the close a plate was passed—not loaded with goodies, but empty and with great enthusiasm. The company collected for my benefit! Then Dr. Spinnely planned a visit to Jackson, Wednesday evening, and I have agreed to stop there and so shall not arrive in Chicago before Thursday P. M., and go on to Kansas City on Friday. The interest at Grand Rapids is lively and growing, and the largest morning audience that ever greeted me there came out last Sunday; and the cordial greetings, tender to express expressions of regret, and hopes for the future so freely and earnestly manifested towards me, touched a deep, answering chord in my soul and braced me for the life-work I have chosen and the struggles that accompany my way. A choir of young singers has been organized for the occasion and they have been faithful in their work and aid in the cause much by their co-operation, giving us a good soul-stirring music.

I have grown into strong sympathy with the band of faithful souls that move the spiritual life at Grand Rapids, and there are elements there that can develop a strong, useful, permanent society if united and guided by a faithful builder adapted to their needs and conditions. Mediums of different phases are developing there and the work goes on quietly.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 30, 1884.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The Sheriffs of the country are not complaining of hard times.

A Long Island man died the other day from grief from the loss of his favorite dog.

England contributed \$5 toward the Garfield monument fund and France \$1,149.

The Chinese in New York are contributing money to aid in carrying on the war against the French.

William A. Wheeler, whom some readers will remember as a Vice President of the United States, is in poor health.

The Ottoman Empire is about to take a census, and, oddly enough, proposes to let the job out to the lowest bidder.

In the Falkland Islands they have every year 300 days of such weather as Chicago has enjoyed since the thaw set in.

A Brooklyn car driver's mother died recently and left him a large sum of money; but the young man sticks to his car.

When the first Atlantic cable was opened cablegrams cost \$100 for twenty words. Forty cents is now the rate.

Butte, Montana, was "staked off" a year and a half ago. Now it is a city with daily newspaper, electric light, and is called "The Silver Queen."

It is said that the skin of Camille, the Paris murderer, has been tanned, and will be used in binding the books and documents relating to his crime which were published.

It is estimated that the total annual production of cigars in the United States in 1884 will be 3,000,000,000. This is nearly 230 a year for every male of twenty-one years.

On Christmas Day Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, of New York, had 230 poor children at her house, and gave \$1,500 worth of presents, mostly clothing, made to her own order.

A correspondent of the New York Sun thinks a determined effort will be made by syndicates of land-grabbers to obliterate the Indian Territory during Cleveland's administration.

The Great Eastern is 507½ feet long and measures 13,915 tons gross. She has wheel and screw engines, the aggregate horse power of which is 13,000. No other vessel has as powerful engines.

The King of Bavaria has a daily income of \$2,700; the King of Saxony, \$1,500; the King of Württemberg, \$4,300; the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, \$740; the Grand Duke of Sachsen-Weimer, \$600.

Mr. Yan Phon Lee, a Celestial by nativity and sophomore by courtesy, has carried off the first prize in English composition in his class at Yale College, while some of the other boys were perfecting themselves in foot ball.

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 17, 1885.

No. 21

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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The Dethronement of Death; and Resurrection of the Dead.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

A discourse by the Rev. Elijah Lucas, a Baptist clergyman of some note in the city of Trenton, New Jersey, appears in the local journals, and seems to have awakened some interest. The topic was the certainty of human existence beyond the accident of death, and the recognition of friends and ancient worthies in the celestial world. The audience was profoundly interested, and the downpour of a heavy rain on a dark night kept few away. The topic is always attractive; the craving to know what can be learned in regard to it will never be abated by any effort of sophistry or other reasoning. It is inherent in our nature, and older than the understanding. To extinguish it would be to annihilate the man.

The text was selected from the first epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians,—iv. 13, 14: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others that have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

The exegesis of the spoken was not altogether consistent with itself. He declared that the followers of Christ to whom Paul directed this Epistle were converted heathens, who had believed that when they died that was the end of them. Yet immediately after he also cites Socrates, Homer and Cicero, to show that "heathens" cherished the hope and confidence that those who die will meet and hold familiar converse with those who have gone to the invisible region before them. Not only so, but he makes it the principal topic of his discourse that such recognition is a prominent doctrine of the Christian faith and attaches to it the dogma of the resurrection of the physical structure.

"The text teaches," he says, "that there will be a resurrection of the body. The soul does not sleep. The body gets weary and does sleep in the grave—a beautiful, peaceful sleep. The Bible tells us that he will raise up our sinful bodies. There will be a recognition among friends in the life to come. Our bodies, too, will rise. They will be the very same bodies, or else it would not be a resurrection. It will be an immortal body, which will not be affected by disease and over which death will not triumph."

I do not care to cavil over the minor proportions of this declaration, in regard to the body's inherent sinfulness, and what constitutes the sameness in the corporeal structure which rises with that which was deceased. The preacher would denounce me if I should represent him as a materialist, and I certainly am unwilling to do him any injustice. Nevertheless he seems to have interfered in his reading of the words of Paul certain notions and sentiments which would make the teachings of Huxley and Tyndal as compared with them, the very sublime of spirituality. I may not here call attention to the manifest tampering with the text of Paul's utterances, according to a very common practice of the earlier centuries, which often perverted his meaning. It is evident that a careful examination of the Apostle's language in the several epistles, as well as the other utterances which appear to allude to the matter, will clearly show that a spiritual regeneration and not a corporeal resurrection was the actual doctrine which was inculcated. Indeed, Paul himself, when to the conception of many he is treating of this very subject, thus adds his most emphatic disavowal and denial of any physical resurrection and apotheosis: "But this I say, brethren: that

flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption." It is the affirming of the very contrary of this to assert that the flesh or physical structure shall be resuscitated and exalted to an inheritance in the celestial world.

The Gospel ascribed to John has expressions of like purport: "The dead shall hear the voice of the son of God, and they that hear shall live. . . . All that are in the graves (or tombs) shall hear his voice and shall come forth—they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Yet these utterances cannot be properly understood as relating even in the remotest sense, beyond that of metaphor, to the resuscitation of corpses. The dead who are here indicated are persons who can still hear, and so obey and live. The designation, also, of "all that are in the tombs" belongs in the same category. It is utterly inadmissible that the mass of corporeal substance that we bury or inhume, is a human being. It feels nothing, knows nothing, desires nothing. It can do nothing. It is not even a sinful body, for it can neither do wrong or take any delight in wrong doing. It is not a moral thing but a mere disintegrated frame-work which the real human being has forsaken for good. It has in consequence become entirely the subject of physical law, to decompose and be diffused as vapor and earthy residuum, through air and earth. I have too vivid a sense of the noisomeness of the charnel-house and the repulsiveness of corporeal decay to be able to perceive any such charming thing in the case worthy to be designated "a beautiful, peaceful sleep." I would treat a corpse with respect, for the sake of the immortal being that organized, animated and occupied it; but I can cherish no notion or phantasy of its further identification with the departed soul, which would justify any imagining that it would ever be again rehabilitated as immortal. The analogies of the universe are against the dogma, and only a very gross or sensuous nature can conceive of it.

The whole doctrine imputed to Jesus in the Gospels, emphatically teaches that the selfhood of man is the soul alone; and that the bodily structure is no part of it and can inherit nothing that is spiritual. He who shall lose his soul will lose himself; but to lose the body is merely the parting with a temporary appendage. The life which the dead will live who hear the divine voice is no renewed pulsation of the arteries and stimulus of nerves, but the actualizing of a spiritual, upright life. A previous sentence to those quoted explains it accordingly: "He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me hath everlasting life, and cometh not into judgment, but hath passed out of death into life." In plain speech, the declaration is made that such a person has already risen from death, because he is quickened into the true moral life.

The same thing is also set forth in the words of Jesus to Martha: "He that believeth in me, even though he was dead, he will live; and he that liveth and believeth in me, will not die." The living here denoted is that of the genera of angels and spiritual beings in the eternal world. Of that world this region of time is but the effigy and shadow, and of the life of that world, this sublimity of life is but the apparition and dream.

The Apostle repeatedly treats of this resurrection as having been already accomplished. Writing to the Roman disciples he utters these expressions: "Ye are not in the flesh (or body) but in the spirit." "The body is dead because of sin, but the spirit is life because of righteousness." "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God."

To the Kolossian believers his language is very emphatic: "God hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear son." "You hath he quickened." "Ye are risen with him through the energy of faith." "If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above." In the epistle to the Ephesian Christians is the stronger expression: "God hath quickened us, and hath raised us up together and made us sit together in the heavenly places."

We have no occasion for perplexity or apprehension in regard to the judgment of the last day. The form of speech is an orientalism highly metaphorical and easy to comprehend. To those whose vision is circumscribed by time and space, the last day may seem to relate to some period like the term of physical nature, or some consummation of things, or perhaps the end of human life, but in the world of mind there are no such limitations. The day of the Lord is eternal, without sunrise or sunset; it always was, it now is, and it will forever be. It is a "last day" to those only whose life and thought are still of the earth; it is a crisis or judgment only to those who love darkness rather than light because they are still wrongdoers. But they who have attained the pure life, the "true resurrection from among the dead," are living in that eternal, divine day, whether they are allied to bodies of flesh or unbodied. They are in the heavenly places, in converse with spirits and angels, and endowed with the senses, sensibilities and other faculties and energies of the eternal region.

The resurrection is by no means to be considered as an event pertaining to a life to come, but as an experience proper to the life that we are now living. It denotes the converse of the apostasy or departure of the soul from its celestial home. The Ionic philosophers, following the sages of the East, called it the metamorphosis or transformation of the soul from a corporeal to a divine life. The

Hebrew Psalmist graphically expressed a similar notion: "He brought me out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. The soul having become immersed in the mire of sense and lost sight of the celestial life, is brought again to the perception of the truth, and so stands up erect in its native divinity ransomed and redeemed."

The apostle again declares that the sting of death is sin. When, therefore, the individual reckons or renders himself dead to sin death has lost its weapon and sceptre. It is no more a king of terrors; it no more is able to kill. Thus the corruptible puts on incorruption, the mortal puts on immortality, and death is swallowed up unto victory.

The true soul has its citizenship in heaven. Very important to a man in the Ancient World was the right of a citizen. An exile was an outlaw; whoever found him might put him to death as the common enemy of mankind. The Roman citizen, too, was noble, and wherever he might sojourn, he was honored and protected by the commonwealth. The realm of heaven is universal; this sublimity of the eternal world. The home of the soul is in that region of life, away from the morally impotent and dead. This is the life and immortality or incorruptibility that they enjoy, for whom death has been abolished. With the dethroning of death comes the establishment of the supremacy of eternal life, the life that is lived in the Foreworld and eternal region.

The principal feature of the lecture under notice is the stress laid upon the recognizing of individuals in the heavenly world. "It would be almost unnatural," says the preacher, "that the first desire would not be to speak with Abel who was the first to taste death. It would be unnatural to believe that we should not seek Adam and Eve, our first parents, and to talk with Enoch and the first patriarchs."

It is somewhat unfortunate that these illustrations have been employed. It would be hard to show that Abel was first to taste death, when he is represented as having himself killed a lamb, and we have just read that Adam and Eve had been clothed with coats of skins. Mark Twain's jest about his weeping at the grave of Adam is hardly more absurd. I must be permitted to declare my utter disbelief of the legend, except as it may be an allegory or sacred myth. In so doing I take my stand with Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Augustin, Maimonides, and the numerous other intelligent men who have treated of the subject. As having an esoteric meaning I will accept it, but not as being veritable history of occurrences in the external world.

Nay, more. It is evident and has been irrefragably shown that the earth has stood for an infinite term of years, and that it was peopled with human beings like ourselves for uncounted ages before the country and Garden of Eden were ever known or ever existed.

The faith, the hope and expectation of an unending life have been cherished by mankind through all the uncounted centuries. The lust for immortality is strong and unconquerable. It is the instinct, not to say the intuitive conception, which characterizes us as human and not bestial. The most ancient nations and tribes of men, even when there were not sages and philosophers to teach them, were zealous in their belief respecting the existence beyond the present life. It was an eager and passionate faith, which took form as accorded with the genius and mental development of the respective peoples.

In one condition or stage of advancement, Death was deified as the power that set men free from conditioned existence and gave them admission into the everlasting habitation. Pious worshippers were incredulous in regard to the soul's actual abandoning of the body; and they sought accordingly to provide it a tomb for its permanent domicile. This became their sanctuary, to which they resorted at stated intervals, usually on the seventh day, with votive offerings, supplications, and religious rites. So we read that Eneas worshipped at the monument of his father Anchises, and Laban the Syrian emir invoked the God of Abraham, the God of Nahor, and the God of their father; while Jacob swore by the Fear or rather the *semeion* of his father Isaac who was yet living. It was the soul that they revered. The mortuary remains which have been discovered here and there over Europe, exhibit the traces of this archaic worship. The tombs were man's temples in that period.

There was also the consecration of emblems and symbols. This is an instinctive worship. In the portrait or the keepsake of a friend, we cognize a somewhat of that friend, an aura or actinic potency as well as a recollection; and so, men in their various ideal representations and whatever brought divine power vividly up in thought or seemed to manifest it in action, acknowledged the actual presence of God. In like analogy certain rites and ceremonies were believed to make the divine being sensibly present. Prayer, music, the concentration of the attention, and other means, have been employed in every world-religion for this very purpose.

It is fashionable to declaim against this as superstition. I would be very careful about this. To profane what a reverent mind holds sacred is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. Nor is superstition a thing utterly contemptible. It is or may be a degradation as some view it; but it was noble in its inception. It

denoted the regarding of things from above, from the heavenly side, as the one standing on a mountain-summit would view the cloud beneath him into which the sun was shining. Ancient and perhaps modern superstition will thus be seen to be the conception of the divine irradiation in those things, where others perceive only clouds and darkness.

We of the later times have perhaps refined the old concept into an acknowledgment of God as an infinite spirit transcending all idea, but known to us as wisdom, justice, goodness and truth—not from evidence afforded by the senses of understanding, but by the spiritual faculty of discernment; and hence are not able to render the idea into common speech. In such a Being, holy, loving, and personal because intellectual and the source of energy, I fully believe. Nevertheless, I am not blind to the fact that my concept is the same at bottom as that of the most ancient known of human worshippers. It is fully expressed by the Gayatri:

"Adore we the all-potent light of the Divine Sun that illuminates all, that creates all anew, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return; may it guide our minds aright, as we approach his holy seat."

Whether we salute one another in the celestial world is a matter upon which I do not bestow much conjecture. There is too much of the savor of individualism, a dividing from one another, about the notion; and too little of identity—sameness and oneness. I dislike to dwell upon the sentiment of being apart, as if separate and distinct. In the language of the gods there are no words to denote divisible conditions. Spirits may be nearer to each other than men are to their own thoughts. We are in, with, and permeated by those whom we love. We recognize rather than recognize them. There is no space over which one may cast a measuring-line; and hence no coming and going. We have no occasion to look any one up. We are with every one on the instant with whom we desire to be. Whoever loves most will be nearest. In our common utterances we show our consciousness of this fact. We speak of our best-loved friends as being close to us, and of those who are not friendly or beloved as distant and away off.

When the Hebrew Sadducees who denied any resurrection, eternal life, angel or spiritual being, accosted Jesus with their quibble, he made a reply which they could not disallow: "Now that the dead rise again, even Moses showed at the bush when he called the Lord, 'the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob'; for he is not a God of the dead but of the living." Those who do not cognize any resurrection except the same bodies are also resuscitated, will do well to ponder this argument. The patriarchs still lived. They had already attained the resurrection. They were complete in every respect; although their bodies had long ago melted away. The same thing is true of others. "They who attain the resurrection from the dead die no more," said Jesus; but they are the sons of God, being the sons of the resurrection." It is proper to write this in our accidental speech: "They are gods, inasmuch as they have passed from the dominion of death into immortality."

Hence, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the ancient worthies are enumerated and declared to be a great cloud of witnesses compassing about the Christian believers. The language is even more explicit: "We have already come to Mount Zion, to the city of the Living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born enrolled in heaven; to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the righteous made perfect."

The heavenly abode of spirits and divine beings is by no means geographically distant and distinct from the regions occupied by the inhabitants of this external world. Indeed, it is more than probable that the dead, as they are usually designated in common speech, those who are dislodged, often cling abnormally to the earth and its ways; and that they who have labored zealously for an aim or enterprise, continue still their effort and endeavors. Those who have their senses exercised to discern, will be able to perceive them. The demise of the body changes no element of the nature, character, or acquired quality, but merely the form of existence. The soul is the real selfhood, which always continues, whether unbodied or allied to the corporeal structure. The body is purely adventitious, assumed for a purpose to individualize the soul for the sake of experience, discipline and other uses, but to be discarded like a broken implement or a worn garment when it no longer serves its end or is required. The true resurrection, therefore, is not a redemption or deliverance from physical accident. Resuscitated flesh is not an endowment with immortality.

Thus death is to be destroyed. He may no longer reign as King of Terrors. He has no prison wherein mankind are dungeons till some indefinite future period. He is terrible only when we fear to look upon him; but there is no terror when the interior soul calmly contemplates his face. Bulwer Lytton's Dweller on the Threshold haunted those who feared her and sought to put her out of mind by fleeing from the place or plunging into excess; but she was powerless in the presence of the noble, the bold and pure. Death is disarmed and expelled from his throne when he encounters the heavenly-minded soul.

There is no more that needs telling. We may now apprehend correctly the apostolic doctrine of resurrection, and disencumber it

from the gross fancies and interpretations of sensuous-reasoning men. We may respect unhesitatingly the dignity of our nature as essentially divine and immortal. We may cling tenaciously to our belief in immortality as the seal of our humanity and the grand impelling incentive to goodness and right action. We may cherish fondly the confidence that the just and the good who once abode on earth with human shape, especially those who are allied to us by kindred nature, are still with us guarding and encouraging us in our mundane pilgrimage. We may entertain confidently the assurance that we are in communion with the inhabitants of the celestial world, angels, guardians and spirits of the just, as we are living in neighborhood and society upon the earth. And our assurance of all this is and will be strong and clear as we live in the exercise of that charity which seeketh not one's own but the best good for others.

The Workman's Saturday Night.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

When his employment is well with him, Saturday night, of any night, is the best of all to the workman. His week's labors are ended. He has discharged his allotted service and received the remuneration agreed upon, and with a light heart he hies him to his home, where he knows that happy wife and children will be eagerly awaiting his coming. He finds the house fresh, garnered to wholesome cleanliness; for his wife has bestowed extra labor of love to have everything sweet and pleasant for his welcome. The teakettle is hissing merrily on the stove, the tea things are set on the snowy table, cloth, and some extra toothsome condiment casts delicious odors all over the place. Every aspect of his home is beautiful. The bright dishes and tinware, the black glistening stove, the clean swept floor, and, above all, the smiling faces of wife and children, spread a halo of exquisite sunshine all around. With proud feelings of satisfaction and contentment he gives forth his earnings to his good wife; and together they earnestly plan how to lay out the money to the best advantage.

And now the workman is a very king, blessed beyond all men for by the sweat of his brow he has fulfilled the divine command, in earning the livelihood of himself and his dear ones. He lays down his head on a peaceful pillow, with envy of no man, and blessed with the truest of all heartease—contentment.

But there sometimes comes a Saturday night that crushes the workman to the down-sloping of despair. When the cry of hard times has fallen on the land, and men vainly wander over the streets in quest of employment, he is beset with a great dread that he, too, may be thrown into the great army of workless wanderers. Perchance for months he has only had short hours of labor; cutting down his earnings so as to leave barely enough to live, and on some black Saturday night in the depth of cold, costly winter he is told that his services are no longer required. Then has a Saturday night come that is black indeed.

In a dazed sense of some not yet fully understood great calamity he receives the blow and staggers away. No language can tell a tithe of the suffering that wrings his heart as the full possibilities of want and suffering that may fall are given to him. He knows that other workshops are closed or running short time; are rather on the bent of discharging surplus help than affording a place for others. With slow, heavy step he walks for a time almost aimlessly along the streets, his brain in a whirl of dread of the dark-looking future. But at length he is impelled to his home. His wife must be stabbed with the terrible misfortune that has befallen them.

Good father in heaven! how shall he tell her? How shall he woe the crashing news in a way that will least hurt her, and give some gleam of hope out of the gloomy prospect?

With a leaden weight in his breast he reaches home; and without a word his downcast face tells all. With the quick instincts of maternal and wifely love she comprehends the whole depth of the calamity in a flash. Now he tries to give words of cheer; to tell how earnestly he will seek work elsewhere, and that he must succeed. But she goes with the leaden cloud of despair in her face, and the sobbing sobs, the pain that is pulling at her heart-strings.

Saturday night the bright, sunny, glad time of requital for his labor, that erstwhile spread the sweet blessings of heart-felt satisfaction and comfort of his home, has fled, and the saddest, gloomiest, most awful night he ever knew has fallen on him like a pall of death. All through the long hours he tosses in fitful sleep, with a dull weight of ceaseless pain at his heart, and only misery and wretchedness seeming to be left for his endurance.

God help the workman when this Saturday night has come to him.

Sylvia Dumble, a negro, who celebrated her 116th birthday last August, lives in destitution on the bleak summit of Lowland Mountain, in New Jersey, and is believed to be the oldest person in the United States.

A New York lady is said to have a dress of spun glass trimmed with cut crystal beads, the glass being in the palest amber tone, in exact coloring of the hair of the fair wearer.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER IX.

In August 1878, I was at Onset Bay and spent an afternoon at the cottage of Dr. H. H. Brigham, of Fitchburg, Mass. He told me that in 1851 they were not Spiritualists, but a remarkable experience "compelled belief." Mrs. Brigham and himself had a séance in the evening at their own house, with Mrs. M. A. Billing (medium) and her husband. They had finished, as all supposed, and had left the table, no one being within four feet of it, but it moved with no one touching it, in a way that led them to sit around it again (only the four being in the room). The raps spelled out a message from Mrs. Eliza Liscomb, of Brattleboro, Vt., a friend whom they supposed to be well. The message was: "I died Saturday night, and my body has been carried through this place to-day (Monday) for burial at Mount Auburn." Dr. B. exclaimed in surprise: "You are not dead!" and an emphatic rap came for no! He said: "I thought not," when the table moved again and the word was rapped out: "I have passed through the beautiful change, so little understood, called death, and am more alive than ever." They wrote Mr. Liscomb and he replied, telling them of his wife's short illness and departure, and how the table went through Fitchburg on Monday eastward for Boston and Mount Auburn. Here came information without external knowledge and contrary to expectation. No doubt clairvoyance and mind-reading may solve some of these remarkable facts, but we get beyond them to evidences of spirit presence and personal intelligence.

On the evening of Sept. 29th, 1851, at the house of Benjamin Fish, he was present with his wife, and my wife and myself, her two brothers, Albert and George, a domestic, Ellen, Isaac and Amy Post and Leah Fish, the medium. We sat in full light, two hours around the large dining-table. In writing my questions I sat at the end of the table with my hand shielded from the medium's sight, and wrote first: "Will my sister communicate?" to which three raps responded "Yes." I then asked: "If names are written will she respond to her own?" I wrote Mary, Emeline, Eliza, etc.—raps responding repeatedly to the second name, which was right. In like manner my father's and mother's names were readily given, and that of William, my sister's son. The name of her husband, Alexander, was given, and he was in, on earth. His name purported to come from his wife in the Spirit-world. I asked if father would rap once for each ten years of his age, and then give the fractional years; when there came seven raps, slow and strong, one quicker and less decided, followed by a faint sound that seemed like a part of the last. His age was 71 years and five months. Mother's age, 53, came in like way, and then my sister's was given as 29 years. I asked if this was right, and raps said yes. I said I thought not, but again came an emphatic response that it was. Here was a mistake; she was thirty-one, as I well knew. It was the only incorrect answer, and the error seemed firmly fixed in the mind which was communicating. The age of her son William, eleven years, came right.

I asked mentally: "Shall I speak in public on this subject?" and the raps gave alphabetic reply: "Yes, you will." Whether my questions were vocal, written or mental, made no difference in the readiness of reply.

Messages also came to other present. When about half through the power seemed to weaken, word was rapped by alphabet, without our wish or expectation: "Wait, dear child, until we repair our telegraph," and after a short silence all went on with new vigor. Father spelled out: "Giles, I want you to weight the importance of these things, you will soon know more." I asked my sister: "Can you touch me?" and the ready answer was: "If I had the power you would not ask me more than once"—all by alphabetic raps. The table was moved a foot or two several times, with our hands laid lightly on it.

At the close I said: "Will you all rap farewell?" and there came a loud rap, two less loud but distinct from each other, and two very gentle, all repeated together. Then the unexpected final word: "But not farewell, dear son, forever." The raps claiming to come from these five persons were as distinct in quality and volume, and as readily distinguished, as so many voices. In a good circle this is usually the case. Personal intelligence, unseen but real, power, design, a sense of the real presence of those purporting to be with us, marked these two valuable hours, as they have like seasons in the lives of many thousands, far over oceans and continents. All were Spiritualists except the two young men and they frankly said they could not understand it.

Once in Ann Arbor I sat by a table opposite the medium, in such way that I could see his limbs and know that he did not stir; two others sat by the other sides, and another person (Mr. Risdon, a well known merchant) seated himself on the middle of the table, crossed-legged in tailor fashion, and it was gently lifted a foot or so in the air, floating about and settling softly to the floor to rise again several times. Our hands were all laid on it. I noted every hand and every person especially the medium, and know that they did not stir to lift it, although the medium grew pale and weak while it hung suspended in mid-air. Was it "unconscious cerebration," or what kind of learned nonsense, that applied the force? Many times I witnessed such things, and saw so much in such varied ways that it was impossible to refuse assent to the spiritual theory. I saw things uncertain and unsatisfactory, sometimes fraudulent; but much more that was sober certainty and genuineness. I would not, and did not, give open assent and advocacy to the great fact of spirit-presence until I could find a philosophy which would bring all under the sway of natural law. My present conclusion, based on the careful research of thirty years, is that nothing in the wide range of natural science is more clearly proved than the "reality of spirit-presence and communication"—the evidence being varied and confirmed by a host of competent witnesses. People from the higher life can and do, come to us. They have done so from remotest historic ages; but can come now more readily, because the spiritual nature of man is more open and receptive, his inner faculties more developed.

EARLIEST SPIRIT MESSAGES AND RESPONSES—BYRON, NEW YORK, 1846.

It is usually supposed that the first intelligent spirit-manifestations recognized as such, took place at the home of the Fox family, at Hydeville, New York. While it is true that the simple raps at that place first called public attention to this great matter, the first communications accepted and responded to came some months before the Hydeville demonstrations, at the home of Nelson and

Lucina Tuttle, on their farm, some five miles north-west of Byron, Genesee County, New York. I give the facts as given me by Mr. Tuttle and Joseph C. Walker, at Byron, in October, 1876, prefacing them by a narration needed to a full understanding of the matter. Early in 1846, Joseph C. Walker, a half-brother of Mary F. Davis, taught school in the district where the Tuttle lived, and magnetized Mrs. Tuttle several times to cure the pain caused by a tumor on her left shoulder, and to prepare her for its removal by a surgeon. About the middle of February, at noon, Dr. J. M. Cole, of Batavia, N. Y., J. W. Seaver, of Byron, and two medical students, came to the house. Mrs. Tuttle was mesmerized by Mr. Walker two hours before the operation. The tumor, two and a half by three inches in size, was cut from its adhesion to the bone and taken out through an incision six inches in length made in the flesh for that purpose, the patient, meanwhile, quiet, outwardly unconscious, no tremor of a nerve, no flush in the face, no change in her respiration (no pain). For three hours afterward she was kept in the same state, and when awakened by the usual reverse or upward passes, had her first outward knowledge of the operation. While it was going on, however, she saw it clairvoyantly, quietly described its progress, and told of its termination. Then and previously she described the tumor as adhering to the bone. The surgeons thought otherwise, but acknowledged that the result proved her right, while they had been mistaken. Afterward the arm was kept magnetized part of the time to aid its cure, which was speedy and permanent. Mrs. Tuttle recovered from symptoms of consumption, grew robust, and, after thirty years of busy and laborious life, in good health, save a slight delicacy of the lungs. This remarkable experience led to the describing and prescribing for her friends, soon for others, and ere long to a practice reaching far away, and large to this day. Mr. Walker is one of the family, and magnetizes Mrs. Tuttle (a brief and simple process, yet needed to open her clairvoyant power) to prescribe for each patient, far or near, separately. The medicines (usually roots and herbs) are prepared. And all this has come with no advertising, no newspaper notices of their own seeking, no departure from the quiet simplicity of their lives in their farm-house. No woman has higher respect from a wide circle of intelligent patients and friends than Mrs. Tuttle. The mainly upright and intelligence of Joseph C. Walker are known and appreciated.

This opens the way for the story of their early spiritual experience, as I carefully noted it down from their lips and their written memoranda.

Mr. Seaver is a well known merchant, and gave me the facts of the remarkable surgical operation which he witnessed. Dr. Cole, the skilled operator, is not on earth.

One evening in June, 1846, while prescribing for the sick in the mesmeric state, Mrs. Tuttle stopped and said, "I can go no further," and tears rolled down her cheeks as she turned and spoke to Mr. Walker. "What I am about to relate you are not prepared to understand, nor should I be in my usual state. For the last few weeks, when magnetized, three spirits hover around me, urging me to give a communication for each one of us. One is your father, one is my husband's mother, and one my mother. Your father comes first and says: 'Tell my son Joseph I have stood by his bedside and witnessed his tears of sorrow for the past few nights. I say Joseph, stand firm to what you know to be true. Those that are now your strongest opposers will become your warmest friends.' [Mr. W. had, unknown to any one, felt great agony of spirit, having been told that he was 'in league with the devil,' and questioned himself whether he should give up magnetism, in accordance with the wish and prayer of his brethren in the Baptist Church, or go on his own way.] Often when you, an orphan boy, have sat down by the wayside and wept because you had no father to direct and guide you as other boys had, you little thought that I, your spirit-father, stood by, holding you by the hand. You well remember the place, between Cleveland and Medina, Ohio, where you were in this distress, and sat down on the grass by the roadside and wept. I was there with you. [The place and described circumstances were correct.] I have been a guardian angel to my little ones, whom I left so sorrowfully in passing to my present home. I have been able to inspire and control you and keep you from evil when you were an orphan boy. I looked for my Orthodox heaven and hell, but did not find them here. I have looked for the Orthodox devil, but do not find him in this beautiful clime. I have not seen God; we can only see him in his external manifestations in Nature. As I unfold and develop, the Infinite unfolds in equal ratio." He said to his father, "It will not answer to tell of this," and the reply was, "Tell a few friends now, if you wish, but ere long you can tell all, and it will be far more common. Where are making suitable preparations to produce tangible demonstrations upon your earth, to convince humanity." For an hour or more this lasted, until Mrs. Tuttle said: "Your father steps back to give way for others, joyful that he has been able to communicate. You must call Mr. Tuttle in (from the next room) and leave us, that his mother may communicate to him." And for an hour that mother spoke to her son through Mrs. Tuttle. The son had little faith in a future life, but was convinced of his mother's presence, and wept joyful tears, as Walker had done before him. Mr. Walker's father had been gone twenty-five years.

Next came a recall of Mr. Walker, who was directed to take pencil and paper and note down what Mrs. Tuttle's mother would say to her, that she might read and preserve it when in her normal state. At the time it was given through her interior senses, she had no external knowledge of what was said or done. At two o'clock in the morning she was brought out of the magnetic or clairvoyant state, surprised at the length of time that had passed, asked what had occurred, and was still more surprised when told, and wept over the message from her mother as she read it from the sheets written by Mr. Walker during its delivery.

After this, Walker sometimes communicated with his father through Mrs. Tuttle, was told that the Rochester rappings were produced by spirits, and if he would go there he would convince him. He went, saw Leah Fish, (née Fox), asked his father, "Did you ever communicate with me before?" and was told by raps, spelling the alphabet, "My son, you will remember the night I communicated to you through Lucina."

For more than a year after these earliest messages, no one knew of them outside of the family save a brother of Mrs. Tuttle, who was told the next day, came to the house at night and had a convincing message from his mother.

(To be continued.)

Irish and English is the title of a mercantile firm in Buffalo, N. Y.

Extracts from an Oration on Organization by Dr. S. B. Brittan, Delivered in Outline at the Celebration of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism in New York in 1878, and Afterwards Published in Full.

I must be excused if I do not perceive any good reason why we should call this the thirtieth anniversary of modern Spiritualism.

All the principal sounds produced by spiritual agency in our time, were heard in the house of Rev. John Wesley, at Lincolnshire, England, in the early part of the last century. Those illustrations of the presence and power of spirits first occurred in 1716; one hundred and sixty-two years ago.

For more than thirty years the spirits repeated the demonstrations of their presence and power through the mediumship of a sister of the accredited founder of Methodism.

We are not here to feed the love of the marvelous in people who mistake very common jugglers for the messengers of God. We are not assembled to minister to those who watch for the advent of every new Munchausen, that they may feast upon the carcass of his story. We ought to be here for some better purpose than the mere exchange of congratulations—on account of the rapid growth and wide diffusion of our spiritualistic views. I am reminded that this fact alone carries along with it a lesson of severe reproof to us all. It is true that the progress of Spiritualism has been rapid beyond comparison with anything to be found in the whole history of civilization and the progress of ideas. But what have the believers ever done to advance the spiritual reformation? I feel a deep sense of mortification when I answer, little or nothing worth mentioning. The work is chiefly to be credited to the spirits, and the progressive tendencies of the times. These have furnished an ample basis for a thorough revision of our systems of morals, philosophy, theology, religion and practical life. It yet remains for us to improve the occasion by turning the principles of the spiritual philosophy to some noble account in the improvement of society.

Ideas are the souls of which human institutions are the organic forms. Ideas are chiefly valuable to society when they take on such forms as will admit of their practical application. This is appropriately our part of the great work of the new reformation; and yet this is precisely what we have left undone. Thus far we have been unprofitable servants; and even now we show no disposition to undertake the task that to-day invites the speaker and the hearer to immediate and earnest co-operation. There are grave questions that involve the reputation of Spiritualism, the moral status of its adherents, and the future progress of a great truth which should command our instant attention. And here let me inquire, what are the obstacles in the way of united, harmonious and determined action? I answer, two false ideas, which ought—in the interest of truth and humanity—to be thrust out of sight, now and forever.

The first of these "false ideas," Dr. Brittan asserts, is the notion that it will give some workers undue precedence over others; and, he continues:

In all human enterprises, and every walk of life, the best men may need to be guided in many things, and the wisest are sure to gratefully accept such direction. And yet we have a large class of people whose dread of being led by somebody is something terrible to contemplate.

It is not our prerogative to decide that the world shall have no leaders. It always has had them, and it is likely to need them for a long time to come. The man who attempts to subvert this divine order in human affairs is sure to fail, and in the end will only measure his own littleness against the greatness he cannot comprehend. What kind of a Grand Army could we have in the absence of the commander, and without discipline; where no one sustained a subordinate relation to another; and every one was left to obey his individual impulse in madly rushing to the battle? I leave the imagination of the hearer to picture the scene and the consequences. Legions of tramps and stragglers are of no possible use if we aim at victory. They only carry with them the elements of disorder and the prophecy of disaster. Wherever they go desolation is in their track.

The other false conception that stands in the way of united action, for great and beneficent ends, is the idea that organization, with a special view to the advancement of our cause, must necessarily be fatal to its highest interests. Many people imagine that this is the devil's own trick to enslave mankind. The idea that organization, *per se*, is incompatible with the proper freedom of the individual, is a grave mistake which we should have corrected long ago.

If organization is a law of life through all nature—and the several phenomenal phases of life are invariably extinguished when we destroy the organic structures—how can a rational man oppose the application of the same principle to any and every great moral enterprise? Verily "the children of this world are wiser than the children of light." "In their generation" they apply the principle and conform to the law in all secular affairs.

Yet I am told that it is extremely dangerous to attempt to give Spiritualism any organic shape; that if successful we should only add one more new sect to the long list, animated by the same old spirit, that in earlier times enslaved the human mind. Has the Divine ordinance in all nature become an infernal snare? I am surprised at the bad logic and childish fears of a large class of our people. This is the great bugaboo that frightens the little children in the spiritual nursery.

It is true that personal ambition may lead to the exercise of authority for private ends; so may the love of liberty sway the scepter of power for the common welfare. We do not propose organization as a scoop-net to catch gudgeons; not as a means of checking the moral growth of the individual, nor for restricting the limits of a rational freedom. We will neither have a spiritual hierarchy of the misused stamp, a new "pope of philosophy," nor any other dictator clothed with unlimited and irresponsible power. I never trained in the ranks of any party that made war on the rights of man. Those who are drumming for recruits in such a service, may go elsewhere; I shall not enlist in their cause, and will not serve if I am drafted.

Believers in Spiritualism! my appeal is to you. Can we learn nothing from the laws and analogies of nature and universal history? With a faith and philosophy based upon the eternal laws of matter and mind, and supported by the concurrent experiences of all races and nations, we are still unable to accomplish any important work for humanity. Shall we repeat the story of Pro-

metheus? We surely have the fire from heaven, whether stolen or not. We have the light of superior knowledge to guide our footsteps; but, like the ancient Jews, we are satisfied to "stand still and see the salvation of God," when we should go forward. If we are bound, it is because we will have it so. Shall we permit the whole body to be thus chained forever to the external symbols of power, while we waste the divine fire on worthless images of clay?

Believe me, it is not organization, but the want of it, that places the natural rights and the most sacred interests of the citizen in jeopardy. In the absence of any organic arrangement we cannot concentrate our forces in such a manner as to make our latent power felt and respected. Moreover, society disintegrates when the individual exercises his power without regard to his social relations and the limitations of law. The believers in Spiritualism far outnumber those of any religious body in Christendom except the Roman Catholic Church; and yet almost any one of the more insignificant Protestant sects is capable of exercising a wider and stronger influence on society. We are overshadowed by ambitious inferiors who know how to organize the forces at their command, and to train them for effective service. Our own great want is a similar measure of common sense. We occupy immeasurable space, but have no solidity. Expanded to inconceivable dimensions, we are yet without either form or consistency; while the restless elements are apparently destitute of any moral cohesion. We greatly need to be condensed by the application of some spiritual hydrostatic pressure. At present we are in an extremely nebulous state, and as a body exhibit about as much power in the United States as a dense fog might develop in Nova Scotia. We must make haste to gather up the elements of our thought, and the element forces at our disposal, and prepare ourselves to use them in the trial which is sure to come. We are called to contend against an insidious opposition that does not hesitate to use unfair means in the contest. The efforts to secularize the national constitution; the covert and cowardly attempts of the Allopathic School of Medicine to obtain special legislative protection against the progress of the age, and at the sacrifice of the rights of the citizen; and the vicious misrepresentation of our principles and the character of our people, are among the facts that admonish us to take counsel together.

"The sword of the spirit"—the naked Truth—driven home to the brain and the heart, is keener than a Damascus blade; and it only remains for us to organize our forces and prepare for the battle.

If we cannot vindicate the truth and preserve our individuality by using such means as make us powerful, will some disorganizing apostle be kind enough to explain the superior plan of salvation by leaving everything at loose ends? It is not proposed to inaugurate any system that shall be of higher authority than the people, whose approval alone can give it validity.

If Spiritualism is not, respected the fault must mainly lie at the door of the great body of its believers. It certainly contains, in a preeminent degree, all the elements necessary to at once enlist the affections of the humblest disciple and to command the homage of the proudest intellect. It appeals with irresistible force to all classes—to the young mother at the grave of her early hopes; to the old man leaning on his staff at life's eventide; to the materialist with the demonstrations of the presence of a spiritual power; to the statesman who casts the horoscope of nations; to the philosopher who scales the very heavens with his far-reaching induction; and to the devout worshiper in every land whose reverent spirit takes hold of our great immortality.

The old systems of theology are smitten with dry rot. The antiseptic properties of prayer will not save them, for they are dying. Something better must soon occupy their places; and here—let me say—is our great opportunity. Spiritualism only needs to be placed on a proper organic basis, with means and methods adapted to its divine uses and deathless issues, and it will speedily become the philosophy and religion of the civilized world. Bound by no creed; pledged to the support of no sect or party; hospitable to every newly discovered truth; cordially accepting the results of all scientific investigation; truly reverent in spirit, but independent in the exercise of reason, why may it not realize the wants of all loving hearts and enlightened minds?

Other countries have contributed to the power that has fashioned the institutions of the world. It is not long since as a people we were born into the family of nations; but we have not been idle. A single century has enabled us to furnish the grandest example in history of a free representative government. But we may render mankind a still more important service. The opportunity is offered, and shall we make no effort to rise to the measure of the demand and the dignity of the occasion? Accepting all great men and pure women as lights of the world; and taking the divine elements of good and truth out of all systems, let us proceed, in the interest of humanity and for the honor of a living Gospel—to fashion the new theology and the eclectic religion of the world.

Shall I be told that the time for action is not yet come? Will it be said that we must continue to drift for another quarter of a century? This is the sluggish logic and the idler's commonplace. Is not thirty years, in this fast age, long enough to be wandering in the wilderness? It is now time to pitch our tents and go to work, that we may do something in the lifetime of the present generation.

Now let us indulge the hope that the small business of going up and down, and here and there, seeking the latest wonders; the drafting of preambles and passing resolutions; to be forgotten in a day; molding paraffine hands and tying up jugglers in a sack; watching in darkness while hypothetical spirits wash their feet in the polluted fountain of bad English;—in short, may we not hope that all this unprofitable business, is—in the expressive parlance of the street—fairly "played out"? No doubt a spirit may show himself in a box, or hide himself behind a curtain; but the cabinet impostors should be left to play before the great assembly of "dead heads," and pay their own expenses. The spiritual tramps, dazed stragglers, and moral pariahs, who haunt the desert wastes of irresponsibility, may as well retire and save their roles. Let us vagabondize no more, but go to business. Wake up the sleepers! Drones, get out of the way! Make room for the earnest workmen who come to build up the new Zion.

Why not now resolve to employ some time and means on a live subject? Organize Spiritualism, on a broad, natural and rational basis; make a decent provision for carrying forward the great objects suggested by its liberal principles and benign spirit, and it will speedily command the respect of the world. Lift its white banner from the dust. Too long has it been desecrated by infidel

feet. Let us make haste to cleanse it from the pollutions of this world. Plant the standard on the highest moral eminence; and its silken folds, waving aloft in the clear light and pure air of heaven, will gladden the eyes and inspire the hearts of millions with rejoicing.

We are weary of the discordant sounds that signal the progress of the destroyer. Let the rude din be hushed; we would have silence for noise. The Waster must retire. There is room for the Builder now. He may come to his place and perform his work. We demand now and hereafter, the earnest labor of reconstruction. The true disciples will become living stones in the sacred building. Let them come together, each in his proper place and relation. Then will the new Spiritual Edifice, like the walls of the ancient Temple, be upreared without the sound of a hammer.

The Vicarious Atonement.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you please allow me space in your columns to reply to the complaint of J. Cryslar, that we as Spiritualists dwell too much on the doctrine of the vicarious atonement? He says:

"You all talk as though the orthodox doctrine gave a license to sin when it is the farthest from it possible."

Now leaving out of view for a moment the horribleness of the injustice involved in such a belief, and which you have so well set forth, I do not hesitate to charge that this doctrine of the atonement always has given a license to sin, and will continue to do so as long as it may be sincerely believed. The great trouble with our good friends, of whom Mr. Cryslar is a representative, is that they fail to take a comprehensive view of the situation. I freely acknowledge the fact that not one of them would allow himself for a moment to encourage a man in wrong doing, but would use every effort to induce him to "Cease to do evil and learn to do well." I have been a member of a Christian church for too many years of my life not to understand the motive that actuates the Christian in his work.

Why, then, do I believe that this doctrine gives a license to sin? Let me give you a short chapter from my experience. Up to twelve years ago, I was an active member of the church and connected with the Y. M. C. A. I always took a deep interest in promoting the cause in which I sincerely believed. As a member of one of the committees of the Y. M. C. A., it was my pleasure to go out with others to endeavor to induce young men to come into the prayer meeting held regularly each Saturday night at 9 o'clock. We would go into stores, saloons, and talk with those whom we met on the street, and in the aggregate I have met hundreds of young men who would talk substantially like this:

"I believe I must come to Christ in order to secure the pardon of my sins. I am a believer in the Christian system of salvation. I was taught at home that the doctrines of the church were correct, and it is fully my intention to come to Jesus sometime and be a Christian, but I am yet a young man—there will be plenty of time by and by to obtain pardon."

There are thousands who are living immoral lives, confessedly practicing those things which are injuring them, both in body and mind, all the time encouraged by the teachings of good, well meaning Christian people, that even at the eleventh hour of their lives they can cast their terrible load of sin and guilt on the shoulders of an innocent person, and be made as pure and spotless as though they had never done a wrong act. No matter how murderous they may have been; no matter how they had spent their lives in robbing virtue of her purity; no matter how they had been the oppressor of those within their power, the only possible risk they run in obtaining full pardon for these crimes is, that death may overtake them so swiftly, by accident or otherwise, as to give them no time to make their peace with God; but if they have a few minutes of consciousness before death, they can, by pleading the merits of Jesus, enter into the presence of their Maker as free from the taint of sin as the child unborn. Now will Mr. Cryslar say that this is other than a fair presentation of his side of the case, and being so and in view of the fact that statistics show that the great majority of deaths take place at home, giving ample time for repentance, men are encouraged by this doctrine to continue in sin as though they had license to do so, so that instead of it proving to be the "farthest possible from a license," it is the nearest possible thing to it.

I would kindly invite Mr. Cryslar to an examination of the spiritual philosophy for its teachings upon the nature of sin and its consequences, in order that he may see the contrast, and be able to judge for himself as to which of the two views is most in harmony with the eternal principles of right and justice. I will venture the prediction that if he will enter upon such an examination with a desire only to seek the truth for its own sake he will have occasion to feel grateful for his emancipation from a belief in such barbarous doctrines, while at the same time he will not discover any reason why he should grow cold in his love for God and his fellow man, or fail to exert his every power for the highest welfare of humanity. He will soon learn the true significance of that grand statement of noble Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

Bristol, Ct.

JOHN WINSLOW.

A Chinese War Vessel.

It is amusing to watch the ceremonies at the launching of a Chinese war vessel. It is always customary before a junk sails on any voyage to sacrifice a cock and sprinkle its blood on the bows of the vessel; amid much beating of gongs. But on this occasion a very special blessing is invoked on the new undertaking, and the court at Peking sends its Imperial Commissioner to offer sacrifice, as the representative of the Emperor. Two altars are, therefore, erected on board the new ship, one to the Goddess of the River, the other to the Goddess of Heaven. To the former are sacrificed two goats and two pigs, and to the latter, who has less to do with shipping, only the heads of one pig and one goat. But quantities of joss paper, inscribed with prayers for good luck, are burned on each altar, and showers of prayers on gilt paper are thrown into the sea to propitiate the Sea Dragon. Then, amid deafening beating of gongs, firing of guns, shouting and general uproar, the vessel glides into the river.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 17, 1885.

TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until February 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to Those who have never been subscribers. This is a propitious time for continuous readers to extend a knowledge of the JOURNAL among their liberal-minded acquaintances. Try it. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

Kama Loca.

A singular tendency still exists to people earth and heaven and the lower regions with beings unlike any creature below man, and unlike him also. The dryads and nymphs of old Greece, and the gnomes and fairies of the Middle Ages in Europe, are specimens of these beings. The legions of angels, celestial and fallen, whose pinnated splendor and high powers are described in the majestic verse of Milton's Paradise Lost, and the beautiful-winged forms and æthereal faces pictured on the glowing canvases of artists, illustrate the same tendency. This peopling the world with life, at times invisible yet always real, was probably an instinctive way of recognizing the existence of spiritual beings, of a future existence, and of the Creative Soul in all things. That the vast invisible spaces around us should be blank and barren, void of all life or thought, calls up a lonely and chilling feeling, a sense of depressing desolation, and therefore the poet sought relief in saying:

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we awake and when we sleep."

The lore of old Asia was full of like conceptions. The Ramayana, that wondrous poem of Valmiki in old Sanscrit days, is the story of strong angels and malignant demons guarding and obstructing by turns the paths of Rama and of his beautiful wife Sita. It is full, too, of recognition of human beings once on earth, and still sometimes visible to mortals.

A few years ago we had an irruption of "astral beings" and gnomes into our spiritual kingdom, some correspondents calling up these weird creatures as real existences. But they played only a transient part, and lapsed back to mingle with the dim shadows from whence they came.

Lastly comes up the Esoteric Buddhism of A. P. Sinnett—a work of some merit as an effort to give us the mystic side of that ancient religion—and gives the Buddhist conception of man's future condition; such conception, that is, as was secretly discussed by the select few in the inner circle of the priesthood. Mr. Sinnett does not always agree with other authorities.

In the Index of Nov. 30th, W. A. Cram gives a lengthy sketch of some of these esoteric views.

In answer to the question: What is Kama Loca? he says:

"According to Esoteric Buddhism, as presented by Sinnett, man is not simply a material visible body, and a soul or spirit dwelling in that body manifesting life through it, as has been popularly accepted in Christendom. The human being, while living in this world, is constituted of seven distinct elements or principles, the five lower being developed and active, the two higher in a kind of embryonic state.

This is their order, beginning with the lowest and grossest: first, the material body; second, visible; third, the astral body; fourth, the animal soul; fifth, the human soul; sixth, the spiritual soul; seventh, the spirit—the two last in embryo here, and waiting for a higher life. The animal and the human souls are the active wills of the whole body throughout life here. The animal soul, being lower, is subject to the human. In the complete human being there are two bodies to these souls; the material one that we see, and a finer and more ethereal one, called the astral body, which we may consider within the material one, and only of matter a degree more refined than we can see, a higher continuation of our visible world of matter, just over the border of the visible. The astral body is the body of the animal soul, the ethereal duplicate of the material one. The animal soul, being subject to the human soul in this life, is able to use the astral body here. At what we call death, there is a wondrous separation of these elements or principles. The material body drops off and crumbles away. The human soul cuts loose from the animal soul, and with its embryonic spiritual soul and spirit ascends to a higher state of being.

But what of the animal soul and its astral body? Only a degree more refined than the material one that we see, and a finer and more ethereal one, called the astral body, which we may consider within the material one, and only of matter a degree more refined than we can see, a higher continuation of our visible world of matter, just over the border of the visible. The astral body is the body of the animal soul, the ethereal duplicate of the material one. The animal soul, being subject to the human soul in this life, is able to use the astral body here. At what we call death, there is a wondrous separation of these elements or principles. The material body drops off and crumbles away. The human soul cuts loose from the animal soul, and with its embryonic spiritual soul and spirit ascends to a higher state of being.

The animal soul having been on earth subject to the human soul, knowing its ways and aspects, can possibly, Mr. Cram suggests, personate that soul, speak, write, rap, move tables, materialize, etc., through sensitive persons. In brief, the phenomena of Spiritualism may come from these "animal souls," revivifying us from Kama Loca.

We can see, in these intuitive conceptions of meditative and introspective Buddhists, a glimpse of the bodies celestial and terrestrial of Paul and Wesley and the clairvoyant spirit-seer of our day, but these "seven distinct elements or principles" and these two souls, one with an astral body and one with no body at all, show the mystic tendency of ancient Orientalism. In the light of modern spiritual thought and experience they are simply childish and inconsequent. The spiritual philosophy holds man as "an intelligence served by bodily organs," as the ultimate type of creative evolution, with capacity for eternal progress and development as a spiritual being; as built to last, and never to divide into two souls or more; as having the terrestrial body, visible, and for use on earth, and the spiritual or celestial body within it, invisible save to the clairvoyant eye, but going out intact at death, to be the body of the spirit in the future beyond the grave.

Thus is man an indestructible personality—one, and no more or no other one, here or hereafter.

Did a single spirit, through a medium or in any way ever tell us it was the "animal soul" but not the "human soul," a seventh part of a man but not the whole man?

Those who come back represent themselves as the same persons whom we knew here, and often give strongest proof of their identity, but they never come as fragments, "animal souls" or any other detached part of a human spirit. Are they all ignorant, or all in evil league to cheat us and palm themselves off for what they are not? Ignorant or deceptive persons doubtless come back from the life beyond, and we are "to test the spirits," but shall we charge the whole host of guardian angels with dense ignorance or gross deceit?

Kama Loca, with its animal souls in astral bodies coming back to earth, is but a dim gleam of broken light struggling through confused and misleading shadows.

The Summer-land, from whence our friends can come to us in their own complete and beloved personality, stands in far clearer light, and the thought of it, and of them, is far more rational and inspiring. We say with Whitier, in his protest against all dim and impersonal or fragmentary conceptions of the future life:

"No—I have friends in Spirit Land,
 Not shadows in a shadowy band,
 Not others, but themselves are they,
 And still I think of them the same.
 As when the Master's summons came:
 Their change—the holy morn-light breaking
 Upon the dream-worn sleeper waking—
 A change from twilight into day."

There is a singular and strong desire, in some minds, to so account for the facts of spirit presence as to rule out the people from the higher life, and to ignore and deny their power, and even their existence. Such a conclusion would be a great help to that materialism which inspires the desire, but the proofs constantly accumulate against it, and waiting souls call for "more light" from the life beyond. We do not say that Mr. Cram has this desire, for his questions may be put to call out thought and inquiry, but the Kama Loca theory of Esoteric Buddhism is absurd and unphilosophical. It destroys personal immortality, and peoples the unseen universe with fragmentary and anomalous creatures. The angels or heavenly messengers are translated and glorified human beings. The great truth of spirit intercourse, the real presence of our friends from the higher life, stands and will stand, confirmed by "a cloud of witnesses."

An Ethical Teacher on Immortality.

Mr. W. M. Salter, the able lecturer and untiring chief-worker of the Chicago Ethical Society, spoke last Sunday morning on Immortality. As a whole his discourse was admirable, yet not equal to those we have heard from him on subjects to which he has given apparently more prolonged and interested study.

He spoke encouragingly of the efforts toward scientific investigation which the JOURNAL has been for years promoting and which are just now assuming more definite and active form. He referred respectfully to the affirmations of Spiritualists, but criticised the bathos and weary, dreary stuff purporting to come from spirits who when on earth were among the most learned and eloquent of men. He thought if such messages were

bona fide they indicated a deterioration more to be deplored than an endless sleep.

Had Mr. Salter been more familiar with the views of the majority of Spiritualists he would have qualified his utterance to the degree of exempting them from belief in the identity, in most instances, of the purported illustrious spirits. Had he been acquainted with what little is known of the laws of spirit communication, the difficulties to be met with, and realized that spirit messages almost invariably take on more or less coloring from the medium, he would have been free to admit that only to the superficial or antagonistic observer does the puerile character of the messages ostensibly from illustrious personages, tell against the probability of spirit return and communion. The JOURNAL and its regular contributors have always held views on the point criticised by Mr. Salter, which he would pronounce philosophical, reasonable and probable.

When Mr. Salter shall have added to his wide range of knowledge, that which is knowable concerning the continuity of life and spirit return, he will have completed his mental and spiritual equipment. He will then find himself wielding a power for good now beyond his reach; he will feel a persisting, cumulative strength, such as one who voluntarily devotes his life to his fellow-man stands always in need. When, instead of saying "I don't know," he is able to confidently affirm "I know," his intellectual and spiritual horizon will at a single bound encompass two worlds, and his usefulness be multiplied a thousand fold.

May the good angels hasten that time! The world needs more such unselfish workers as W. M. Salter; it needs them supplied with all the spiritual strength they can draw from the world seen and the world unseen. It needs men and women of character, self-reliance and education; who, conserving all that can aid them from the Spirit-world and looking reverently and confidently upon a future life, are thereby inspired with fresh energy to meet and overcome the trials of this life and to better this world, here and now.

A Week of Angels.

The holidays have just passed, and from Christmas to New Years was a week of angels. For a fortnight before Christmas indeed these celestial visitants were pluming their wings for their visits to us, and on Christmas day they came in countless numbers and varied beauty and glory. Some were children, floating in the air which they made radiant with their glad faces; some were lovely and graceful women, with a tender and heavenly sweetness in their beautiful features; a few were tall and noble men, with an air of commanding power, softened yet not weakened by a divine compassion.

They were everywhere, in the homes of rich and poor alike. Where children were they seemed especially to gather. Perhaps that blessed word of Theodore Parker about these dear little ones "with the fragrance of heaven in their baby breaths," had reached up into their celestial abodes, as well it might, and led them to hover lovingly around cradles and nurseries. But older people were not left alone. Youths and maidens, men and women in the full prime of life, and those who wear the silver crown of age and begin to look over to the great hereafter with wistful eyes, all had their angel visitants. Even the bright splendors of their robes of gold and purple, and the soft shades of fine color on their pure faces were plainly visible, filling all who saw them with surprised delight. They are not gone yet. Less numerous and conspicuous than in the Christmas days they still linger to cheer and uplift the children of earth, and doubtless many will linger around us until the next holiday season, for these celestial visitants seem drawn to us as though there was some close kinship between men and angels.

We would not mislead, or call out hopes beyond realities, and we are therefore bound in truth to say that all these were only pictures—chromos; Christmas cards as countless as autumn leaves and as varied in brave beauty of colors and designs; oil paintings, engravings in books; all that the many devices of modern art can compass for Christmas presents of the angelic kind. Not only were they creations of the genius of our day, but copies of the old masters, reproductions of the works of Raphael, Murillo and their gifted peers who seemed inspired to make their canvases glow with forms of celestial grace and faces of divine beauty.

But what did these old masters do? What is the work of the modern artist? They all sought to realize on canvases their ideal of the life beyond, to picture forth their conception and intuitive and inspiring belief that the very air of heaven and earth was full of life, and that saints and angels came from their heavenly homes.

"To warn, to comfort, to command," those on earth.

Changing a little the verse of Whitier we can say:

"The tissue of the Life to be
 They wove with colors all their own."
 Often doubtless they were helped and guided in their enrapturing tasks by some artist who had gone to his higher home.

How old, how strong, how beautiful is this ideal of angelic life, thus wrought out by great painters!

Was it all a mocking delusion?

"Think ye that Raphael's angel throng,
 Has vanished from his side?
 Oh, no!—We live our life again;
 Or warmly touched or coldly dim,
 The pictures of the past remain,
 Man's works shall follow him."

The great truth of spirit-presence, too, was in the souls of these artists. Were they all given over "to believe a lie?" How strange that a fleeting and delusive fancy should

live, and last, and inspire the most beautiful work of man's heart and hand for ages!

These myriads of pictured angels tell of the immortal life, and of the guardian care and presence of the departed. The angels of highest heaven are only the translated and transfigured sons and daughters of earth, clothed upon with the new glory and finer usefulness of their celestial and incorruptible bodies.

These Christmas gifts—through the week of angels just past—are but the ideals of a grand and inspiring reality. Such is the gospel of Spiritualism!

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. H. N. Hamilton, Port Huron, Mich., in writing to this office, says: "We hold meetings every Sunday with gratifying results."

Dr. Geo. H. Geer called at our office on his way to Sturgis, the past week, where he lectured last Sunday. His health is better and we trust he will continue in the field.

Giles B. Stebbins spoke at Almont, Mich., January 11th; speaks at Rowland Connor's Church, Unitarian, East Saginaw, Mich., Sunday, Jan. 18th. Subject: "Deity, Duty, Immortality. The foundations of Philosophy and Religion."

The Christmas number of the *Times-Mercury* of San Jose, California, consists of twelve pages, 18x28 inches in size. Its illustrations are suggestive, giving one an excellent idea of the wonders of that region of country, and exhibiting the enterprise of the people there.

A large number of the friends of Warwick Martin met at the office of *The National View*, Washington, D. C., a few days ago, and organized a meeting for the purpose of paying tributes to the memory of that great reformer and pure man.

The Peoples' Society of Spiritualists hold a conference and mediums' meeting in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., next Sunday at three o'clock. The large choir will be led by Mrs. Faust. Good mediums will be present. All are invited. Seats Free.

At the Antipodes our orthodox friends seem to be very sensitive when the devil is talked of. Our New South Wales correspondent tells in another column how Gerald Massey disgruntled some of the good souls including the chairman of his meeting.

An inspirational address on "Christmas and New Years," given through the mediumship of Mrs. Susan G. Horn, was read by Henry J. Horn, before the First Society of Spiritualists, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sunday evening, December 28th, 1884. The address was well received.

The *Medium and Daybreak* of London, England, has showed marked improvements of late. It has come out in a new dress, and seems to be imbued with a determination to excel in every respect. Its editor, Mr. Burns, is an indefatigable worker and has supreme faith in the power of his spirit friends to sustain him.

The First Spiritual Society of Liberal, Mo., hold their regular meetings in U. M. L. Hall, every Sunday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, for the advancement in mental, moral and spiritual culture, and for the promulgation of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena, for the benefit of its members and the general public.

Jas. Guild, M. D., Tuscaloosa, Ala., in remitting for the JOURNAL, says: "I wish to state to you that the people still cry for phenomena, and I hope you will pardon me for suggesting you to encourage some good mediums who intend visiting the New Orleans Exposition, to advertise their addresses in your paper, to make them readily accessible."

J. Simmons writes as follows from Streator, Ill., January 7th: "We leave for Wheaton to-morrow morning. Many more have applied for sittings than Mr. Slade has been able to see. So far the best of satisfaction has been given. Many personal messages have been given containing abundant evidence of identity, on slates furnished by the sitters."

Hudson Tuttle has been lecturing in the interests of the Grange and Agriculture at the following named places: Al, Jan. 12th 2 P. M., and Etna Grange-Hall, at 7 P. M.; Chesterfield Grange Hall, the 13th, 7 P. M.; Gorham Grange, the 14th, 7 P. M.; Union Grange, the 15th, P. M.; Wauseon Grange Hall, the 16th, 1 P. M. He will lecture at Ottokese Grange Hall, the 17th, 1 P. M.; Delta Grange, the 19th, 7 P. M. Sunday, the 18th, he will speak in the Methodist Church at Ottokese.

Rev. James M. Pullman announced in the Church of Our Saviour, New York City, the result of an interesting Christmas experiment tried by the children of the Sunday school. Instead of receiving presents at the Christmas tree, they gave them, and Dr. Pullman announced that there were 1,119 separate gifts to be distributed to poor children through the Industrial schools. The little ones thought it the best Christmas they had ever had.

Mr. F. Plumb, a leading citizen of Streator, Ill., writes: "Dr. Slade, the slate-writing medium, has been with us for one week, exhibiting to anxious inquirers the wonderful phenomena that take place in his presence. He gave sittings to fully fifty persons while here, all of them going away impressed with the fact that Dr. Slade did not of himself perform the wonders that are shown through his mediumship. Spiritualism, mediums, slate-writing and other kindred topics, are to-day the city talk. Many of us feel thankful that Dr. Slade came, and a large number who failed to get a sitting with him, are sorry he is gone. The cause of Spiritualism has received a great impetus here. May he come again."

Mrs. Mary E. Rich.

On the last evening of the old year, surrounded by loving friends, the beloved young wife of Mr. Isaac B. Rich of the publishing house of Colby & Rich, passed to spirit life from the Revere House, Boston, and joined her dear mother in the Summer-Land. A devoted husband, a sweet little daughter of six years of age, a father and five brothers and sisters, together with a wide circle of friends, mourn her departure. The funeral services were held in the parlors of the Revere House on the first Sunday of the new year. The floral offerings were almost unprecedented in beauty and lavishness; and the exercises were led by Rev. Minot J. Savage and Miss M. T. Shelhamer. After the Weber Quartette had rendered "Nearer My God To Thee," Mr. Savage read selections from the "Ministers' Hand Book" and followed with appropriate remarks. The JOURNAL quotes his closing words as reported in its Boston contemporary:

He did not look upon another stage of being as a land of ghosts, a land of shadows, a sphere of illusions; if there were any illusion it were surely here. In this world; once human experience was ever proving the finer and intangible forces to be the most powerful, therefore the world which surrounded us must be unspeakably grander than this. And the way to best fit one's self for the enjoyment of that world was to follow the path of duty here; he knew of no better way of finding a better world than by making our own world sweet and beautiful. To-morrow is the fruit of yesterday and to-day; there is no better way of making to-morrow better than to-day than by making to-day better than yesterday, and the to-morrow of a higher life is naturally the fruit of the seed we are planting here and now. The important lesson of occasions like this was not that the beholders and participants should prepare to die, but that they be inspired thereby to the making of efforts to live in higher accord with the true purposes of existence. Many years had passed since death for him had any terror save the separation from those he loved which it entailed; such separation was truly the sting of death, but we must strive to gather trust from experience, and patience with the lapse of time, and he believed that by and-by we would meet again those whom we had lost here, and in that country where the shadow shall have passed away, we would be able to solve, amid gladness and eternal joy, the new inscrutable mystery of death.

The "Cross and Crown" was then sung by Mr. Joseph L. White, and Mr. Savage followed with prayer. Miss Shelhamer spoke the closing words.

REMARKS BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

FRIENDS: Overcoming the power and the sorrow of death in hours of trial like the present, comes the one grand hope springing eternal in the human breast—one which may brighten the sad hearts of those who mourn—the grand eternal fact, made more than a hope in our day, that there shall be a glad reunion with our loved ones beyond the shadow of earthly separation and pain, within the glorious home of the spirit!

In gazing upon the casket before you, as you realize the beauty and brightness and gladness of life that are with her to be laid away forever, you may ask, why have all these been taken from our hearts? Why has this pall of physical separation fallen upon our lives? And were it not for the hope, the faith—to some here present the sublime knowledge—that there is a grand future for the soul, that the germ of the spirit is immortal, and lives forever, we might doubt the goodness, the wisdom and the love of a heavenly Father. But feeling even as do those present who have not this knowledge, that there must be in justice something beyond this vale of mortal tears; rising aloft upon the pinions of exalted hope to the realms beyond; following the glad spirit as it ascends to diviner heights, the heart can still in the midst of sorrow and pain pause a moment, and reflect that for the ascended soul there is gladness, there is life forevermore.

Friends, while we look upon the form before us, which in its loveliness powerfully appeals to our sense of beauty; while we remember that we cannot pay too much respect to that form which we have cherished, that has now yielded up its gem of beauty and cast its possession forth upon the bosom of the Infinite, let us remember that the spirit of her who was ever ready to give to her, loved the blessings of her light, her peace, her friendship and abiding sympathy is in our midst to-day, and that she appeals to your hearts for the need of affectionate recognition which you have given to her heretofore, and which is her due at the present hour.

You are not to feel that she has left you, and that you shall never know or see aught of her again. No!

"Life is ever Lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own,"
 and the love of this spirit is as intense today as when she sat before you clothed in the vivacity and health which once were the choice possessions of her physical form. And this love which conquers all separation, and even death itself, comes to you to ask you to bestow upon her still the sympathy and warm affection of your hearts. In return for which she will bring to you answering affection, friendship that shall never be severed, continual activity for your good and your well-being. Inspirations that shall enter into your mourning hearts, elevating them to responsive aspirations for the good, ay, the divine.

These gifts of the soul she will bring to you lavishly from the pure depths of her heart! May she not rightfully claim from your lives the recognition which she feels is her own by right and demands of eternal justice?

It would seem that on such occasions as these silence is better than speech; words cannot convey to the mourning heart the deep sympathy of the gathered friends, and mortal language is inadequate to convey the poorest conception, even, of the glories of the immortal life; yet the common bond of social sympathy which unites each with all the members of the human race, seems naturally to involve some unified expression of condolence with the bereaved at times when the pale angel enters the household circle, breaking up the happy home, leaving children to mourn the loss of parents, or parents their children, leaving the weeping widow to tread the path of life alone, or calling upon the loving husband to yield up the choicest treasure of his heart; and as far as words with abiding sympathy behind them can go to soften one pang of separation which the husband, the child, the surviving relatives of her who has passed on must at this time bear, they are unitedly expressed by all who are here assembled. Oh! mourners, remember that this dear one has entered a progressive state where develop-

For sale, wholesale and retail, by THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Wait.

BY JOHN HOOKER.

(Hartford (Ct.) Courant.)
My friend in the spirit-land,
With whom I hand in hand,
Have walked so oft on earth,
And till the great new birth;
With whom, as we sat or walked,
Of deepest things I talked,
And of the mysteries vast,
That we should know at last;
Awful and vaguely told,
Yet should one day behold;
—Thou hast beheld them now,
Their light is on thy brow;
No longer a veil between;
Thine eyes and the once unseen;
No longer from thee concealed;
The awful and unveiled;
In the shadow still I stand,
But thou in the sunlit land.
Oh, tell to my longing ear
Of thy life that is now where?
Oh, tell to my longing heart
Where, near or far, thou art?
What are seeing those eyes of thine
That so lately looked in mine?
What is hearing that ravished ear
That so lately listened here?
Oh, lips that so lovingly spoke!
Can ye not tell me these things?
Can not the immortal breath
Whisper the secret of death?
Thou knowest my hunger and thirst,
How I could almost burst
Into that unknown land,
Nor wait the Lord's command.
Thou knowest how here our breath
Seems but a lingering death,
And how my soul has pondered
Ever upon those wonders—
Ever on the end of earth
And the wondrous spirit birth.
Oh, wondrous birth and life!
Calms succeeding strife;
Joy in the place of sorrow
And forebodings of the morrow;
There, the Eternal Presence,
Here, constant evanescence;
There, rest in full assurance,
Here, pain and mere endurance;
There, the exultant shouting,
Here, the fearful and the doubting;
There, sure and blessed abodes,
Here, wandering on rough roads;
There, mighty organ swells,
Here, constant tolling bells,
Oh, rest of that land of bliss!
Oh, weariness of this!
And canst thou not, my friend,
Some of thy new light lend
To one who loves thee so,
Yet waits and longs below?
Canst thou not feed his yearning
With something thou art learning?
Some hint of the life divine
Some unmistakable sign?
I watch with my every sense,
I listen with soul intense;
But not a whisper comes,
And a chill my soul benumbs.
But out of the sky at last
A word on the void is cast;
On the void a single word,
But it comes as that of the Lord;
As I hearken, my breath I wait,
But that word is only—“Wait.”
Hartford, Conn.

(Reply to the above, appearing in the Hartford Times.)

Why Wait?

TO JOHN HOOKER.

And is it so, my friend,
That though thou art thou bend
To every token from the spirit-land,
And “wait with every sense”
For every whisper thence,
Yet nothing comes to meet thy soul's demand?
A world before us all!
Yet hidden by a pall
Of mystery that none can penetrate!
Though agony of prayer
Or thought be lifted there,
No answer but the cold, stern mandate, “Wait!”
And that word to the end
To which all toll should tend
That we fail not to win the heavenly prize;
And yet its every act,
Almost its very fact,
Shut out completely from our mortal eyes!
Thy friend still held as dear
As when he journeyed here
Close to thy side and shared thy fleshly mold;
May he no signal give
Whether he yet doth live,
Still less that he is near thee as of old?
Thy joys, thy hopes and fears,
Thy loves and cares and tears,
That lately he rejoiced to count his own;
Have these all from him fled?
And when thou callest him “dead”
Art thou to him and he to thee a stone?
Or think you, in some dim
And far-off heaven his hymn
He's ever chanting with angelic choir
Pictured in myriads vast
Around a throne to cast
Their crowns before it while they sweep their lyres?
This Oriental dream
Of heaven! And can it seem
The home and true employment of thy friend?
Was this his life in life?
Amid earth's toil and strife
Did he deem this his being's truest end?
Was he in his brief day
A monk, to chant and pray
And deprecate by worship Heaven's dread wrath!
Or rather live to bless
With deeds of righteousness,
And mercy all about his daily path?
Did he not go about
In season fair or out
Ever to do the good his Master taught?
And when his soul's desire
Leapt up as flames of fire
To Heaven, was not his smile “in secret” sought?
And has he ceased to be
The same essentially
Now that the veil of flesh is rent apart?
Are not his loves the same?
Burns not the same clear flame
That glowed on earth within his manly heart?
And think you now that he
Will ever cease to be
The same devoted and unchanging friend?
Will he not joy to come
Again into thy home
To watch and guide and cheer thee to the end?
“He cannot,” do you say?
How learned you this, I pray?
What saith the Word of “ministering spirits all”?
And who in sacred story
Came on the mount “in glory”?
And at whose feet did John in Patmos fall?
These were our human brothers,
Not these, but others,
Whom came in human guise,
Were seen in mortal eyes,
And heard while they their message did unfold.
“But those were in the day
Of miracles,” you say;
“No longer now such things on earth are done.”
Their story by this view
Could never have been true;
Surely the government is ever one.

All miracles are still
The work of spirit will,
And never have they ceased from any land.
Law they do not “suspend”;
But simply they transcend.
The laws that men have learned to understand.
Still is that far world nigh;
But to the “opened eye,”
As to the prophet, who his chariot saw:
Still is that far world near
But to the open ear.
The saint of Patmos heard through changeless law.
Nor to the saint alone
Is that world open thrown,
The foolish men of sense,
The wise of high pretence
Must start as they look through that open door.
More open now it sways
Than in the early days
When from his story pillow Jacob saw
The angels come and go
From heaven to earth below.
Progression is the one eternal law.
Thy friend in the spirit-land
May now before thee stand
As palpable as once he wore,
And every doubt dispel
As he proceeds to tell
What only thou and he'er knew before.
Through thine own mastered hand
He may the words command
To flow, which thou thyself couldst never write.
A tongue to thee unclose
Which he had made his own
He may with thine own rapid pen indite.
Or he may lay, again,
His power upon the brain
Of some dull, simple girl of passive will,
And forth shall issue thence
A flood of eloquence
Or learning, wit, or philosophic skill.
Between two fast bound slates
A bit of pencil waits
Which mortal hand by no device can reach;
And bending close thine ear
Thou shalt astonished hear
That pencil swiftly dashing off its speech.
At once with eager hands
Thou wilt undo the bands,
And lo! a page of autograph is there;
And more one sentiment
As if by some one sent.
Who knew thy need and made that need his care.
Music of other lands
And tunes from unseen bands
May fill the air as once on Bethlehem's hills,
Moving with the control
Deep passions of thy soul
With its sweet harmonies and warbling trills.
Such things as these I've seen
And heard; tested with keen
And cautious scrutiny. Nor I alone;
But scholars most acute
And of world-wide repute
Have been compelled these wondrous facts to own.
And their agnostic night
Has fled before this light,
And from the gross materialistic slough
Their souls been lifted clear
As a Spirit-world pressed near
In which they never had believed till now.
“The world receives it not,”
And have you then forgot
It has rejected that was true?
What battles they have fought
What but the truth have sought!
The coming light shines ever on the few.
And what one hath not seen
Because his face hath been
Or fear, or scorn, turned from the sight,
Will not disprove what they
In numerous array
Have seen a hundred times in clearest light.
Nor hath the half been told
Of what we firmly hold
Who to its proofs have yielded honest minds.
And we can calmly take
The ridicule they make
Whose grounds for mirth only their ignorance finds.
Nor hath a tithe been told
Of what we shall behold
From the bonds of earth we are relieved.
True now it is as ever
The eye of man hath never
That vision seen, nor heart of man conceived.
We only know—there spreads
Above, around our heads
A world unseen save to the “opened” sight;
And there shall every one
Receive as he hath done,
A heritage of darkness or of light.
Darkness, but not despair:
The shadows vary there,
From somber cloud to blackest gloom of woe,
Just as in mortal life
Varied the spirit's strife
Against the light that it was made to know.
Darkness, but not despair:
God's mercy everywhere
Fills the wide realms of being He hath made.
Only the soul that will
Persist in choice of ill
Through all heaven's light and love shall find it stayed.
Into this grander sphere
To which we all draw near
With every heaving of our mortal breath,
Have all earth's countless ones
Passed to their several zones
Of life by what we now miscall their death.
'Twas but a step to rend
The veil. And there thy friend
Stands just behind it, waiting still for thee.
Never a mortal day
But he attends thy way
With far more than his earthly constancy.
He cannot, tell thee all
For which thy soul doth call,
With ardent yearnings, from the unknown land;
Unlawful even to Paul
Was it to utter all
He saw when caught up to the angelic band.
But through some form of clay,
In some mysterious way,
Endowed, by laws we cannot comprehend,
He can his presence prove
And testify his love
And messages of fond affection send.
Poor as the infant's speech
The little he can teach
Through the hard channels where his thoughts are
Whirled,
And to our powers as vain
The effort to attain
Some just conception of a Spirit-world.
Better might dark Feejee
Imagine he can see
The glories of the world's metropolis
Through some child's lisping talk.
My friend, we first must walk
The golden courts ourselves to know their bliss.
But were that little less,
Our hungry hearts would bless
The meagerest accents from those courts of light,
If only they cast out
The demons of our doubt,
And help our souls the fight of faith to fight.
“I watch with every sense,”
I listen with soul intense;
I read thy longing, mournful words again:
“But not a whisper comes,
And a chill my soul benumbs.”
And o'er my soul there sweeps a wave of pain.
For I think of the multitudes
O'er whom such darkness broods,
Whose dearest ones have gone—they know not
Where!

Whose hearts in anguish break
As their narrow homes they make—
“Forever lost” to them in their despair.
To whom e'en Christian faith
No word of comfort saith,
So hard they find it to believe it all
That in that blessed name
They've heard the priest proclaim,
Whom Bigotry, but not the Christ, did “call.”
And I cry to Heaven aloud:
Bring back, O Lord, the cloud
Of witnesses to prove how near they dwell,
In closest sympathy
And tenderest ministry,
Whom we in our crass blindness far expect
To an imagined heaven or to a hopeless hell.
Not that I change my prayer
E'en while it floats in air;
For lo! the cloud of witnesses is here!
Open our eyes to see
The glorious company
Wherewith Thou wouldst our earthly pathway
cheer,
And bring the heaven to which we go, more near.
JOSEPH D. HULL.

Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
During the past few years public attention has been called to what has been termed the science of “Psychometry.” Among the earlier discoverers were Prof. Wm. Denio and Dr. J. R. Buchanan. Dr. Buchanan at one time gave a course of development. It was found that certain persons called “sensitives” could by holding a letter in the hand or in the forehead, delineate character and in some instances they could trace out the location of mines of coal, lead, gold and silver. It was claimed by its advocates that well developed psychometrists could predict with absolute certainty the value of such mineral deposits. Some argued that this gift was a form of mediumship, and those who were more or less mediumistic were the ones who could define the more clearly. As yet so little is known by the general public on the subject, that any light that can be given by an expert will be read with interest. Dr. V. P. Sloum, who possesses this gift in a remarkable degree, was invited to address our Conference on the subject of Psychometry, Sunday, Dec. 28th, and although the weather was very unpleasant a good audience assembled. The speaker in substance said:
“In order to speak about psychometry intelligently, we must know what the soul is. Psychometry is the science of the soul, and relates to life and growth. Growth is governed by law, and this law of growth gives expression to every thing. Each class of minerals, vegetables and animals has a different expression, and this expression indicates the place in which it belongs in the unfoldment of nature, in her effort to create the last and most wonderful production, the soul of man. No one but a Talmage or a Jasper will assert that man is not the ultimate of these sensual kingdoms below him. It is a long way in the scale of progress from the chimpanzee to Webster, and the development will continue until every faculty of the soul is unfolded. This law of life is dumb, yet we know that every unfoldment in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, points directly to its place in the evolution of that intelligence that is expressed by man in words. We also know that the expression of the face of an animal or of a man tells us where in this scale of being it belongs. The expression of anything is a true index to its soul. The planets and stars have a life within them like ours; there is a positive and negative condition within them that keeps them in their orbits, whirling through space forever.
“There is a pulsation in the ethers that form all worlds. There is a subtle power in this planet that causes it to produce other life. This power runs in currents, and they are electric; these currents make all phases of life. Almost all life is weak and depressed. We say ‘There is no life in the atmosphere.’ A storm passes and our vitality has been restored; the life or soul of the earth and air had become stagnant; they were sick. The electric forces of the earth and air keep us alive. They had been disturbed, and the storm equalized them; their vigor returned and so did ours. The circulation of the magnetic fluids in the nervous system, our feelings, life, individuality and soul. The nerves are pipes in the body centering in a great plexus, the brain. In these pipes the magnetic currents flow, and they make up our being. Electricity is the life of the earth. Magnetism is the life of our bodies. Disturb these currents, either in animate or inanimate nature, and a cataclysm will follow. Electricity seems to run through all nature. Is it not that we call life? There can be no soul without life. The stars, suns, planets, animals or man, could not be, if not for this omnipresent force, electricity.
“Electricity becomes refined and produces finer vibrations. Magnetism is electricity in another state of refinement. Animal magnetism is electricity generated by the animal organism. Through these refined processes the soul of man evolved with an inherent power to free itself of matter. This moving power, this life principle, is the never-ending change of the positive and negative forces. This action is trituration; trituration is refining, and the more refinement the more perfect the product. The same line of action runs through the universe, the earth and all of its productions up to the soul of man.
“Psychometry is the power by which the soul follows the line of creative growth through which it has been evolved. Starting from itself, it follows the vibration in matter from the vegetable and the animal. Man stands at the apex of this long line of growth and unfoldment, and is not a special creation. In the earlier ages the structure of man was coarser than now, and through the long lapse of ages, by the refinement of matter, the soul has been produced that can be a disembodied power, permeating all things and tell the history of whatever it comes in contact with. It will not seem strange that mind permeates matter when we know that a vessel may be filled with the steam of water, and a vessel of the same size filled with the steam of alcohol can be turned into the former vessel and it will be no fuller than before. Then if the water vapor is occupied, and the steam of water so far as space is occupied, appears to be the sole occupant of the vessel. From this principle we know that a soul can by reason of its subtle refinement and inherent power of volition, penetrate all substance below. It is not uncommon in these days for spirits to come into our rooms with doors all closed, the same as Christ appeared among his disciples. The clairvoyant when he leaves the body and starts out on his journey of investigation, goes where he pleases, and nothing impedes his flight. All matter is so coarsely organized that he passes through it as though it were not. His soul seems to be in two places at once. The vibrations of the material are rapid beyond conception; those of the soul are much more rapid than the vibrations of light. A spirit is more refined than light, and if a man were to count 230 a minute and wait twelve hours a day to count the vibrations of light that takes place in a second, it would require 96,629 years and 135 days, and as the vibrations of mind are more rapid than light, it must travel faster just in that proportion.
The psychometrist does not go out into the ethers alone and independent like the clairvoyant or spirit, but must have help. Give him a specimen of metallic substance or vegetable, or better than either, the impress of man's magnetism, and he will unravel the character or soul he has come in contact with as readily as you can open a book and read it. The psychometrist has the laws of life to learn before he can understand and talk about them intelligently. Psychometry is a law, and the more one understands the laws of life, the better he can explain the phenomena. Psychometry is not mediumship; it is a power within ourselves; it is the potency of our own souls while in the body, enabling us to analyze other souls that we come in contact with. It is by the vibration of the specimen that its nature or expression is revealed. If it is a piece of lava, I go into the crater, into the darkness, and then come out and see the molten lava running down the sides. If a piece of ore, I go into the mines; sometimes the bones of the specimen will arise before me. If it is an impress of a person on paper, I feel his character, and sometimes see his prominent characteristics. If a murderer, I see the deed committed and hear the conversation. If it is integrity of character that we want, I see or feel this disposition. Any thing belonging to our life can be traced by intelligent psychometrists, even spirit communications. I have often taken them in my hand and described the spirit and medium, and told how the communication was given. I detect frauds and impostures, and am as much surprised at the revelations as the inquirer. Like any process in mentality, the more knowledge and practice a man has in the science

the better the result. Frequently I am at a loss to describe the panorama as it passes before me. A perfect psychometrist would have to be familiar with every thing that has been, is, or is to be. Psychometry is soul reading, and the intelligence that can read all life must be wise indeed.
“A medium's psychometry is like the light of the moon, it is reflected, given by another, and like the moonlight, is very uncertain. No intelligence can express itself through another's organization as well as it can through its own. If the spirit controlling is wise and the medium a finely organized person, and the psychometrist coarsely organized and ignorant, then the medium might do the best, and vice versa.
“If the people would study this psychometrical phenomenon through honest, intelligent persons, always ostracizing impostors and frauds of all descriptions, and spirits and mediums from whom we can get no intelligence, the doors of the Spirit-world would swing wide open and the inhabitants of the two realms would walk and talk together as we do here.
“The first effort or manifestation of mind to separate from the body we call psychometry; clairvoyance is another severance, and death is the final separation. Psychometry is the first unfoldment of soul life, it should be our study. It can be made of great service to us as a protection against imposture of all kinds. It gives us a foundation to stand upon when we investigate the laws of life.”
Dr. Sloum related many incidents of this power which he possessed, but my synopsis is, but a faint outline of the lecture, and it was listened to with deep interest by all present.
S. R. NICHOLS.

Tests of Spirit Presence.

A late number of the New York Times has a long communication from Philadelphia, giving an account of the progress of Spiritualism in that city. The correspondent says:
A lady who is thoroughly skeptical as to the supernatural powers of Spiritualism told the writer a few days ago that she once had her belief in it being a “humbug” severely shaken by a visit she made in company with a friend to a well-known medium. Her friend, who was a Spiritualist, wished to ask a question of her father in spirit-life, but the medium could not get into “the right condition.” After trying for a while to open communication with the world of spirits, he turned to the skeptical lady, who sat at a little distance, and said: “Won't you come up and take my hand? I can sometimes get communications through one person and not through another.”
She did so, and the medium in a few moments began writing, and wrote quite a long letter addressed to the believing lady and signed by her deceased father. It was in a peculiar style, and was exactly pertinent to the subject of which she wished to consult him. Then turning to the other lady the medium said at first doubtfully, “Nellie—Nellie—Heleen. Your name is Heleen,” giving her three names in full, something she was positive that neither he nor her friend knew. He continued: “I see the spirit of an old lady coming into the room. It is the spirit of your grandmother.”
“Oh, no,” she interrupted, thinking of the only grandmother she had ever known, “my grandmother is still living.”
“This,” said the medium, “is the spirit of your father's mother. She died before you were born (which was true), and she has been your guardian angel since your birth.” A less remarkable experience than this has converted many a person to Spiritualism.
Another lady, likewise skeptical, told the writer of an experience she had that was perhaps even more remarkable. She was employed in the workrooms of one of the most fashionable milliners in the city; a lady who, while denying any belief in Spiritualism, had the power of producing mysterious manifestations at will, and occasionally displayed it for the entertainment of her friends. Spiritualists would say that she was a highly gifted medium. One dull day the girls in the workroom asked Mrs. S. to give them a “spirit rapping” exhibition, and she consented to do so after working hours. The lady who tells this story had never seen anything of the kind, and remained with the rest to see it. A circle was formed around the work table, and after a few unimportant rappings a message to the newcomer was announced. She was frightened and refused to listen, but was prevailed upon to hear part of the communication. It began: “Tell Ellen”—and then followed a message of a private nature about a little girl in whom her sister Ellen was interested. The remarkable part of this story is that the medium did not know the lady had a sister, Ellen, and she herself did not know anything about the matter treated of in the communication. Her sister, however, understood the message perfectly when it was repeated to her. But the lady never could be induced to attend another seance, even to hear the conclusion of the communication, which purported to be from the child's dead mother. The same Mrs. S., though not professedly a Spiritualist, believed that the spirit of her dead husband had been frequently called and aided more than one lady who happened to be spending the night with her by holding long conversations after she had retired for the night, with some invisible person, whose presence was attested and replied made by rapping on the headboard of the bed. At last she would say: “Well, good night, ‘Tom,’ and then would come a loud rap on the outside of the bedroom door, after which all was still. But Mrs. S. could seldom persuade a lady to spend more than one such night with her.

Farmers in the West—Psychical Research.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Thanks to you for extending my time for remittance. You, perhaps, may doubt a man's professed appreciation of the JOURNAL, while he remains dependent in subscription, but I trust you do not ignore exceptions to this rule as to all others. Think, for instance, of farmers in the West, and especially a renter, whose crop does not pay expenses in consequence of the enormous freight tariff, the profits to dealers and the inability of the laboring classes in the East to pay high prices, and also how constantly his time and attention must be employed in supplying the needs of a family.
By the way, if the Editor of your paper does not legitimately relate to commercial reform and the just and equal rights of capital and labor, why not the PHILANTHROPIST? This is only a hint for what it is worth by one who knows nothing of journalism, and I am happy to feel, as one of your readers, that you are in sympathy, at least, with the laboring poor.
The Psychical Research question is highly appreciated by the one who thinks for himself, as well as by the advanced scholar, its objects and results being of satisfactory comprehension. To the Spiritualist a complete success in such an undertaking would result, sooner or later, in the conversion of the world to Spiritualism, and is it not possible, or rather, is it not probable that the interest now manifested in the question by the Spiritualists, is the result of influence outside of the Spiritualist ranks, is to be accredited to the same hope? They realize that they cannot openly step beyond the people in any branch of thought without risking their popularity, influence and support; for, as a rule, the masses seek only popular instruction; but to once popularize the belief in Spiritualism, as this movement might accomplish, would open the eyes of the people, and the doorway for their leadership to walk safely out into the brighter sunlight; and I, for one, possess the magnanimity to presume that the leading intellects, not excepting Mr. Blake of Chicago, secretly desire this result.
Delphos, Kansas. F. WILSON.

Spiritualism in Jackson, Mich.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
On the 1st of May last, a few energetic humanitarians went to work here for Spiritualism, hired a small but very pleasant hall, advertised the meetings, and soon worked up a lively interest. The society had a vacation through August and September, but resumed work again in October. Home talent is now mostly employed. The attendance is good and much interest is manifested. We hold developing circles regularly, which promise well for the future; we are much encouraged thereby. We also have an excellent medium here from the West, P. H. Pierce. He is clairvoyant and clairaudient, gives tests both in public and private. He gives excellent satisfaction. Societies or parties wishing to secure his services can address him at 410 Francis Street, Jackson, Mich.
A. E. V. R.

P. G. Crane writes: Notwithstanding the hard times, I must have your valuable paper, for in telling me how to live, it tells me how to die.

D. P. Myers writes: I sincerely hope you will succeed in forming a Society for Psychical Research. It seems to me that such a society is required in order to establish the true and expose the false manifestations that are so often brought to our notice.

Prof. A. De Moneo, Denver, Col., writes: I have read with great interest the articles in the JOURNAL on the subject of Psychical Research. I heartily coincide with the position adopted and the opinions advanced and maintained by the reliable organ of all advanced and progressive Spiritualists, the JOURNAL. Its columns are filled from week to week with reliable news and valuable information for everybody. I am glad to have a champion in the JOURNAL, and hope it will expose all such people who do so much to retard the progress of pure Spiritualism.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Canadian apples bring a higher price in England than those from the United States.
Northeastern Minnesota is trying to work up a gold mining boom over some alleged discoveries.
The sum of \$600 was paid recently for one walnut tree near Tazewell, in Virginia. So huge was the tree that the purchasers, who were lumbermen, made considerable profit.
At Roumania, in Hungary, a pack of 120 hungry wolves entered the village while the inhabitants were at church, and by their yelping destroyed the harmony of the services.
Athletes, professional trainers, hunters, mountaineers, all physically strong and perfect men, habitually breathe through the nostrils. This is claimed to be the reason for their freedom from colds.
Arkansas derives \$25,000 per annum from its penitentiary by leasing the labor of eighty convicts to cigar manufacturers and handling over 280 others to farmers, the consideration being \$3.75 per month and all expenses.
Bad drinking water given to a few cows owned by a single farmer in Ayrshire, Scotland, caused an outbreak of typhoid fever in three hospitals, and the illness of 104 patients. The germs of the disease were transmitted by milk.
An English physician warns mothers against allowing babies to suck their thumbs, because it results in a peculiar deformity of the chest, a depression of the thorax by pressure from the arm of the infant as it lies with its thumb in its mouth.
A drunken marine, arrested in Vallejo, Cal., the other day complained that he had been shot in the foot and his back was filled with blood. On being taken to the hospital it was found that a bottle filled with whiskey had been broken in his boots. He imagined he was dying.
At Plant City, Fla., there is a bunch of grapes which is a marvel in its way. The bunch is only fifteen inches long, but contains fifteen large clusters, and weighs twenty-two pounds. They grow so close together that some of the grapes are pressed out of shape, and the bunch has the appearance of a large round ball.
The cost of building and launching the Great Eastern was over \$4,500,000. An outlay of \$3,650,000 broke the original company before she was launched. Another company took up the work, spent \$600,000 and collapsed. Then a last company, with a capital of \$500,000, finished and launched the levitation of the sea.
One of the wives of a much-married Mormon elder is arranging to come East to lecture on the beauties of polygamy, not so much to convert the unenlightened as to play smash with statements of Kate Field and other narrow-minded folks who are trying to inculcate the pernicious doctrine that one woman has a right to monopolize a whole man.
The books printed in the South during the war are now in demand among collectors. One of these was a spelling book printed on common wall paper. Another, more ambitious, was illustrated with the old trade cuts found in newspaper offices, producing a comical effect. Upon the title page is the legend: “Printed in the fourth year of the war of independence.”
The paradise of tramps has been located. It is in Gilroy, Cal., and the presiding deity is a benevolent lady, who never by any chance turns the wanderers from her door, but furnishes them with food, cigars, and good advice *ad lib.* As each recipient of the good lady's charity departs he leaves a chalk mark on the wall, and a constant stream of impecunious visitors is the natural consequence.
Botanists have evidence that trees may attain very long lives. The age of an elm has been estimated at 335 years; that of some palms at from 600 to 700 years; that of an olive tree at 700; of a plane tree at 720; of a cedar at 800; of an oak at 1,500; of a yew at 2,800; of a taxodium at 4,000, and of a baobab tree at 5,000 years. Yet it requires only a few minutes to plant an elm or an oak that may give pleasure for hundreds of years to Nature-loving humanity.
Word comes from Brazil that Dr. Domingas Freire, who has been experimenting with a view to ascertaining the effects of vaccination against yellow fever, has been practically illustrating his theory upon himself and some hundreds of what laborers and British seamen. It is noted that not one of the men thus operated upon by attenuated virus has been stricken with the fever, though it has been prevalent among the unvaccinated companions.
The Chinese Consul in New York states that, despite the apparent neglect by the Chinese of most laws that to our way of thinking are absolutely essential to the preservation of health, it is rare that one of the race dies of a zymotic disease. He says that he has been studying the laws of health for the last thousand years, and that his people have, to this extent, mastered those laws is proved, to his mind, by the circumstance that contagious disease is seldom found among them.
The diameters of trees vary not only from summer to winter, but from day to day. They are larger from noon to twilight next morning than from twilight to noon; they are smaller in winter than in summer. Water and life sap of trees expand not only in proportion as they rise above but as they fall below the freezing point. Low temperature as well as high promotes evaporation, and the trees evaporate from their branches in winter, and so the colder the weather the more they shrink.
The new cathedral at Moscow, Russia, cost \$10,000,000. It commemorates Russia's deliverance from Bonaparte in 1812, and has been half a century building. The scaffolding alone cost \$250,000. It is a wonderful structure, in the form of a Greek cross, with five great gilded cupolas, magnificent windows, elegant paintings, costly chandeliers, and rich marble. The cathedral covers 75,000 square feet, and will accommodate in its central area, the main auditorium, ten thousand worshippers. The bells cost \$75,000, one of them weighing twenty-six tons.
The marriage of Racine was an act of penance—neither love nor interest had any share in the union. His wife was a good sort of woman, but perhaps the most inessential of her sex, and the proper person in the world to mortify the passion of literary glory and the momentary exultation of literary vanity. It is scarcely credible, but most certainly true, since her own son relates the fact, that she had never seen acted, nor ever read, nor desired to read, the tragedies which rendered her husband so celebrated throughout Europe. She had only learned some of their titles in conversation.
A Hamilton (Cal.) paper says a Chinaman has devoted the whole summer and fall to gathering burned loads, which are very numerous on the Red Hills, and are as much dreaded as rattlesnakes. Recently he made a shipment of 2,000 of the toads to San Francisco, from which place they will be sent to China. The toads are converted into various kinds of medicine, which sell very high. For the cure of cholera and fever they are said to be the finest thing known. A toad is placed in a flask of whiskey for several weeks, and then the stuff is sold as a tonic.
At the present date there are about 120,000 acres of vines in California, valued at some \$74,000,000. In 1875 California exported 1,000,000 gallons of wine. In 1879 this amount rose to 2,000,000 gallons, and in 1883 to 3,250,000 gallons. At present the cities of San Francisco and Oakland consume more than 1,500,000 gallons of wine annually, and the remainder of the State, Oregon, and Nevada consume together about 3,000,000 gallons in addition. The wine is gathered set a market at present near 8,000,000 gallons. But this year the product is fully 15,000,000 gallons, and the producers must exert every effort to find new and increased markets.

Experiences of an Investigator.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Living in a perfect chaos of religious beliefs, surrounded by a sectarianism sustained by dogmatism and bigotry, the seeker after truth—if any man has the temerity to assert himself as such—is at once clothed with the cloak of "Heretic" and "Infidel." Like Copernicus, Bruno, Galileo or Kepler of former days, who dared to assert a great doctrine, the truth-seeker of to-day is at once enveloped by the church in this wonderful mantle; but unlike them—thanks to the progress and enlightenment of civilization since that time—he is not subject to be summoned before any fustian inquisition and doomed to rot in dungeons and suffer other untold agonies. Such is the situation in which we find ourselves to-day, and because we have dared to assert that we did not believe God to be the monster certain portions of this so-called word declare him to be, the garb of infidelity has been firmly settled upon our shoulders. Notwithstanding this great weight and the terror we feel of incurring further the displeasure of the church, the desire to gain a knowledge of the truth is of paramount importance, and we quietly submit, as we ever shall, to the penalty inflicted by the will of the majority, trusting that at some time the majority will encourage and support the seeker after truth.

For the past few months I—though not a regular subscriber—have been a constant reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and have felt great interest in the investigations and experiences narrated in its columns, relative to modern Spiritualism, and as a truth-seeker, having no reason to doubt what appears to be the honest convictions and experiences of candid men and women, and noting with great pleasure the evident desire of honest, conscientious Spiritualists, for a thorough investigation, thereby clearly demonstrating their liberality and willingness to have this matter duly and scientifically sifted down to absolute fact whether the result of that investigation be beneficial or otherwise to their cherished belief, I am appalled at the magnitude of these phenomena. Not only have the investigations of others produced a great impression upon my mind, but a late experience of my own has created a desire to be further informed as to the cause of these strange phenomena.

About two months ago, while visiting friends (Spiritualists) in Ohio, I was entertained with narratives of their experiences at seances, in which wonderful feats of slate-writing, table moving, rappings, etc., were had. This seemed incredible as I had never given the subject any consideration. When they touched upon materialization and told wonderful tales of the dead, or rather spirits of the dead returning in natural form, I at once concluded this to be merely a freak of the imagination and promptly told them so. I was at once invited to attend a seance conducted by a materializing medium, and being only too glad of an opportunity of exposing what to me appeared to be a fraud, I readily assented. Accordingly the next day, in company with an uncle, we set out for Mantua, O., where a Mrs. Cobb, a materializing medium, is located. Upon arriving at our destination, I discovered that Mrs. Cobb is a plain farmer's wife, living on a farm about one-half mile distant from the town of Mantua. We at once stated our errand, and were cordially received. I informed Mr. C. and wife that I was skeptical as to their faith, and asked permission to examine their cabinet and room in which the seance was to be held, which was readily granted. A very thorough and careful examination of the room and cabinet convinced me that if I should really see anything strange it would be due to more than natural causes and consequently did not expect to see anything. In this I was doomed to disappointment. The circle was formed at seven o'clock, P. M., and consisted of three persons in all: Two from Cleveland, three from Hiram and the others from different parts of the country.

At my request we were permitted to laugh, talk and sing jubilee songs. I was seated directly in front of the cabinet door and about four feet distant. The room was lighted so that a person could read a newspaper with comparative ease. In about fifteen minutes after the medium had entered the cabinet and while we were all engaged in singing "Old Black Joe," the cabinet commenced to creak, the door opened wide and the figure of a lady dressed in white, stepped forth, walked up to a Mr. W., laid her hand upon his shoulder. He said: "Well Mary, you are glad to see me, aren't you, dear?" She nodded assent. All this time I could plainly see the medium sitting within the cabinet. The next appearance was a lady who walked to my side and motioned me to look into the cabinet. I did so and could plainly see the medium and at the same time could both feel and see the lady at my side. In all there were sixteen appearances. The fourth I recognized as W. W., a young gentleman friend, who had died two years previously at Jamestown, N. Y. His form and features were perfect. He nodded when I called his name and made various familiar motions to convince me it was really him. The seventh appearance was a young lady who came to the window with a bound, her face all wreathed in smiles and her hair hanging in golden curls about her head. Involuntarily I exclaimed: "My God, it is A. C.!" I recognized in her an old friend and former schoolmate, who died in this place about six years ago. Every lineament of her countenance seemed perfect. Never while she lived did she appear more natural than upon that occasion.

Thus ended my cherished "exposure." A detailed account of all the wonderful phenomena presented to my gaze that evening, is out of place and would occupy too much space.

Still I am not satisfied, it is all so strange, so thoroughly incomprehensible. Let a thorough, honest scientific investigation be made, and I predict the time will speedily come when the brotherhood of man shall kneel in common at the shrine of human love and bigotry shall sleep in the sepulchre of oblivion.

Pleasantville, Pa. C. W. BENEDICT.

Reports of Unearthly Forms and Strange Noises Terrifying Timid People.

Lovers of the marvellous in New Haven, Ct., have a new sensation, and are to-day talking over the probability of a house on Crown Street being haunted. It is occupied by Samuel Mann and is said to be tenanted by unearthly visitants to the extent that it will probably be tenanted only by these latter in the future.

It is a gloomy looking abode and many who have heard the strange stories concerning the house have a habit, if passing along Crown Street after dark, of taking the opposite side of the street. Mr. and Mrs. Mann have lately heard peculiar footfalls and noises as of a heavy body falling on the floor. Their complaint of these disturbances has led to reminiscences from others who have spent

nights in the gloomy abode and who shudder when they think of the sights and noises they have seen and heard. The interior of the house is gloomy and in the chambers separated by partitions from the open attic the ghostly visitants hold nightly revels that make life a burden to the earthly inhabitants.

A MYSTERIOUS FORM IN BLACK.

Some time ago the house was tenanted by one Roth, an employe of Adams Express Company, and he and his wife lived there the first year after their marriage. When their first child was born they began to hear strange noises. A nurse, Mrs. Peet, was employed to take care of Mrs. Roth, and in front of the door of the hall chamber in which Mrs. Peet was sitting another door opens on a narrow attic stairway. Both doors were wide open that night, and Mrs. Peet says she distinctly saw walking noiselessly down stairs the figure of a tall man, clad in black, with a wide brimmed, soft black hat and a face as white as chalk. It disappeared into one of the other rooms. Mrs. Peet was frightened when she learned there was no other person lodging in the house.

IT APPEARS AGAIN.

The next night she saw the figure again, and she refused to stay longer in the house, and departed for home after midnight a thoroughly frightened woman. These circumstances can be proved by quite a number of respectable persons. A servant girl was hired at once and given one of the attic rooms in which to sleep. On a table in the room she left a package containing a woollen dress. The next morning there was on the table a mass of ashes, and the dress had been mysteriously burned during the night. The table was but slightly scorched. A few nights afterward the girl found that her bed was pushed slowly around the room by unseen forces.

For these and kindred reasons there are many who believe that the house contains the mystery of some dark, unexplained tragedy, and it is quite possible that the matter will be investigated to the bottom in a short time to see whether it is possible to lay this uncanny spiritual visitant. —New York Herald.

Letter from New South Wales.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the time I am writing, Sydney is favored with the presence of two very able exponents of the philosophy of Spiritualism, who with many others in our midst, are doing much towards spreading this most glorious truth which alone, out of so many beliefs and religions, brings proof of immortality and true comfort to the bereaved one. I speak of Messrs. Gerald Massey and Charles Bright; the latter not long since returned from a trip to New Zealand, much benefited in health. He is lecturing every Sunday evening at the Theatre Royal, this building being the largest in Sydney available for this purpose. Mr. Bright retired in favor of Mr. Gerald Massey during his visit here. A few Sundays ago the Inspector of Police was obliged to refuse admittance to many to the building, and consequently some who had looked forward during the week to the pleasure of hearing Mr. Massey were obliged to return to their homes disappointed, no doubt strongly determined to be among the first to assemble on the following Sunday evening.

Mr. G. Massey was lecturing at Ballarat, Victoria, a few weeks since; the first two lectures being of a literary character were favorably received; the third, "The Devil of Darkness," had a different fate, and created a slight disturbance. When the lecturer had proceeded about half way, the chairman rose and spoke of it as "twaddle," which, I beg to inform your readers is the polite way of rendering "rubbish." He asked all "good Christians" to follow him from the room. The hall was well filled, and out of these there were seven anxious to receive this title and accordingly did as their chairman proposed. The remainder kept their seats, and at the termination of the lecture accorded Mr. Massey a hearty vote of thanks. These petty outbreaks do much towards forwarding the cause and lead many to investigate who would otherwise in all probability remain in the old groove.

I am happy to say that Spiritualism is fast gaining ground here; people are more readily found who will defy Mrs. Grundy and openly express their views. Your valuable paper is doing a good work and is much appreciated. For myself, I always feel cheered and calmed after consulting its pages, and I truly wish it all success.

ROSE CAVENAGH.

Sydney, New South Wales.

Leprosy is increasing so rapidly in Honolulu that government action is about to be taken to prevent its spread, if possible. Vaccination with the microbe is to be tried.

The Theosophist for December is received and contains many articles upon the subject of Oriental Philosophy, Art, Literature, Occultism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism and other sciences. Price, 50 cents a copy. The Supplement for December is also received; price, 25 cents a copy. For sale at this office.

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VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 24, 1885.

No. 22

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones, movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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Spiritualism—Some Difficulties With Some Suggestions.

An Address Delivered Before the London Spiritualist Alliance at St. James's Hall, by Mr. Alaric A. Watts, on the Evening of December 19th, 1884.

[Light.]

It was remarked by one of the most illustrious of English statesmen of perhaps her greatest military commander, long before the latter had fully disclosed himself, that when he discussed a matter of business with him he heard of all the difficulties first—and nothing of them afterwards. "I never met any military officer," said Mr. Pitt of Sir Arthur Wellesley, "with whom it is so satisfactory to converse. He states every difficulty before he undertakes any service—but none after he has undertaken it."

The service which I have undertaken to-night is, if I may pursue the analogy, a limited portion or aspect of a combined series of operations, the first movements of which have been developed in the admirable address delivered to this Alliance on Thursday, October 23rd, by my friend, General Drayson.

It is to the second stage—or some aspects of it—that I am now to address myself, and following the illustrious example which I have adduced—primarily with its difficulties.

I shall venture to premise by assuming the acceptance by this company as a whole, of the fundamental belief upon which "the London Spiritualist Alliance" is founded, viz., that we possess adequate evidence that a means has developed itself—and I say "developed itself"—for it was none of our seeking—of establishing communication with the spiritual world or state of existence—as apart from the material—and with the denizens thereof. Those of the visitors honoring us with their company this evening who are at present only inquirers into this fundamental truth, I must resign the task of converting to other agencies, contenting myself with the conviction that, in the investigation of new truth, doubt is only belief in the embryo.

The first serious difficulty which the Spiritualist has to encounter, when he shall have overcome the initiatory difficulties of experimentalization, will be likely to proceed—paradoxical as it may appear—from his belief.

In consequence of the mystery inseparable from absolute ignorance, in which, until the advent of Spiritualism, everything connected with the spiritual state of existence has been enshrouded, a veneration has attached to it in the mind of man similar in character to that which has, in all ages, given an aspect of sanctity to the ordinary operations of as yet uncomprehended natural laws.

This veneration, which has become from habit and association an integral portion of the being of most of us, ceases to be reasonable, when under the divine guidance, the spiritual state immaterial as its own accord—and I again insist upon this of its own accord—under laws of its own, now become externally operative—invited the investigations of man. This veneration, now become superstitious, is a very serious stumbling-block in the earlier stages of spiritualistic investigation, when the new relationship established between the two states, spiritual and natural, has not been fully and adequately realized by the experimentalist.

In consequence of it, communications from spirits are, in this early stage of our progress, very apt to be received with confidence, because they are such; and a condition of mind—or rather of feeling—becomes formulated highly adverse to sensible and reasonable investigation.

Nor is this all. Intercommunion between the two states or worlds, spiritual and natural, is regulated, we have reason to believe, by the law of affinity. Affinity may be said to be spiritual propinquity. Like is near to Like. This affinity is of three orders—natural, spiritual or intellectual, celestial or moral. The communications present themselves usually in this sequence, and the earliest communications received by us through these methods will therefore be likely to be in the names of those, venerated and beloved, who have passed into the spiritual world before us, with whom we are in natural affinity; and it is apt to be felt—though we may scarcely avow it even to ourselves—to be almost impious to doubt them. At all events there is a great unwillingness to do so.

I am almost ashamed to propound to such an audience the obvious truism that a communication of the source of which we possess no assured knowledge, can derive no confirmation whatever from the name in which it is given; but I am, nevertheless, pretty certain that there are few Spiritualists able to affirm that they have never, in the condition of mind to which I refer, been tempted to overlook it.

In this frame of mind, or phase of feeling, the Spiritualist is laid open to the temptations of a particular class of spirits, the most really dangerous, perhaps, of any with which it is possible for us to be infested, because these spirits possess the power of neutralizing the processes of the reason by operating, I may say, magically on the will, against whom we are warned by Swedenborg under the name of "confirming spirits;" spirits that possess a subtle power, by infusing themselves into the perceptions and will, of confirming the human being in any opinion which it is his desire to maintain, and to give to any estimate of things, however erroneous, the aspect of truth.

The operations of these injurious agencies are by no means confined to Spiritualists, as a very slight observation of the social, political, and theological conflicts going on around us will sufficiently testify. It is, however, the privilege of the Spiritualist and one of his first duties to recognize and watch the operations of these malefic influences and to guard against them. While I am upon the subject of spirits troublesome and injurious to the Spiritualist, I would desire to say a word of another class of spirit very active and mischievous in this relation, whom I will describe as "inflating spirits;" spirits who employ themselves in stimulating the vanity and self-esteem of the experimentalist by false or misleading statements of the great importance of the work to be done by him or her individually, and of the exalted position which he already enjoys or to which he is directed to aspire. Experienced Spiritualists will be very familiar with the operations of these gentry and the evil effects produced by them upon simple and innocent natures; but as there may be present some who may not yet have learned by experience or observation to recognize them for what they are, I have ventured to place them for a moment under the microscope.

There is assuredly no Spiritualist of whom it may not be truly said that he has a great work to accomplish; but that work, probably, has more relation to himself than others, and will most likely consist—and enough too—in the utilization of his knowledge and opportunities for the spiritualization of his own individual being.

Am I then to be understood to affirm that all communications purporting to emanate from spirits are to be received with mistrust and suspicion? I do not desire so to insinuate; but I do earnestly urge, nevertheless, that they all require to be scrupulously verified, and much more scrupulously verified than they very commonly are; verified in the light of reasonable probability; in the light of collateral circumstances—in their bearing, one upon another, but above all in a careful comparison, not only of the forms of expression but of the spirit of the communication—its essential character and quality—with the mind and character of the deceased person from whom it is claimed to emanate.

Much pain would be spared to the Spiritualist receiving the message—and sometimes to others—and much discredit be spared to the cause, if this only were more universally recognized and obeyed than it very commonly is.

My own observation and experience would lead me to say that, in the first instance, these communications are very usually genuine; and it is probable that, whatever serious examination they receive at the hands of a large number of experimentalists, will be applied in these early stages, and be omitted later when they are most needed. In Spiritualism, as in morals, it is when Reason has been lulled to rest and Feeling has assumed her throne, that temptation—which is only a word for trial—is likely to present itself. Having verified our earlier communications to the best of our ability, we are likely to receive those which follow with an unreasoning confidence. Discrepancies, when they present themselves—which they will—are disregarded or plausibly accounted for. We become accustomed to the communications—and use is very risky in the presence of danger; we recur to them from habit—which is only a word for form—we seek in them a perfunctory consolation and support, for which we should more wisely look for the more truly spiritual direction of our not unaided instincts and reflection, and in the result they are very apt to contract and enervate the mind which it is their real mission to invigorate and enlarge. But, whether we be wise

or whether we be the reverse, the time will assuredly arrive at which, unless we are vigilant to the confines of insanity, communications from spirits will present themselves, accredited often by the most dear and venerated names, which no sophistries of our own phantasy, however aided by confirming spirits, can enable us to accept as true.

I say, well is it that these falsities should present themselves to arouse our reason and awaken reflection.

We are now introduced to the second difficulty of spiritualistic investigation, and this arises, very naturally, from a reaction from the first. Our first difficulty, as I have said, will have been likely to proceed from inconsiderate belief; our second will arise from equally irrational and inconsiderate disbelief.

Unless we shall continue determined to wrap ourselves up in delusion, in which case we are likely to be awakened by some sudden and unlooked-for catastrophe, we are apt to be seized now with unreasonable dismay. We forget the experiences which we have verified, and the satisfactory evidence by which they have been established; we mistrust as unreasonably as we have confused; we turn and flee in a disgraceful panic.

Now is the time for us to emulate the example of a gallant attaché to a foreign embassy, of whom a friend was telling me the other day, who, when nearing his first fence on his first day's experiences of an English hunting field, was heard to address himself in the following words: "Allons, Joubert, du courage, mon ami, du courage."

The communications which we are now unable to accept as true, in any sense in which we must suppose it to be intended that we should understand them, range themselves more or less under two classes.

The first and most obvious class of these perplexing communications is of objectless and deliberate falsehoods. So aimless, and so deliberate are these, because at the same time persistent and capable of being readily identified for what they are, that we may be led to consider whether there may not be some specific object at the back of them—some underlying beneficent purpose in the permission that they should exist. What purpose? To display to us, perhaps, the important fundamental axiom that it is not the mission of Spiritualism to tell us Truths, but to teach us Truth.

If a man desires a new region wherein to prospect for gold, in which he is to find the precious metal already minted into sovereigns for his pocket, without the trouble of crushing the quartz, it is not in this direction that he must look to find it.

Let us consider for a moment what would be the effect upon us, as rational beings, if all communications made to us from the spiritual world or state could be accepted by us as invariably true. We should be led to seek in them a solution of all the problems of life—for direction in every action—for comfort in every need. The effect of this would be necessarily and unavoidably a gradual and finally entire suspension of the operations of Reason; to intrude us into a condition of worse than second childhood; and finally to leave us in a state of being in which the processes of intellect no longer needed, the powers of mind needful to them would wholly disappear from disuse, or leave behind them only rudimentary intellectual appendages from which the scientific investigator of the future would be able to detect and display the nobler origin from which we shall have degraded.

Lying spiritual messages are the natural corollary of indiscriminating and irrational belief, and very thankful, as I have said, may we be for them, for they are blessings in disguise.

I now come to the second class of which I have spoken, of communications from spirits which we are often unable at first to dissociate from the class of communications artfully and deliberately false and made with intention to deceive.

This class of communication is not made with an intention to deceive, but with quite a different object; but the messages are false or unintelligible from a literal standpoint.

Firstly, there are those in order to understand which we must place ourselves in the position of an inhabitant of the spiritual world—a person in the spiritual state addressing a denizen of this world. This method is adopted probably to spiritualize our ideas, and qualify us for real spiritual intercommunion. The language of this world represents now different ideas. The word "death," for example, lends itself to much misconception when employed in spiritual communications of this order; and generally words expressing, to our comprehension, ideas derived from time and space, which have no existence in the world or state spiritual. "Three things," says Swedenborg, "of the literal sense perish when the spiritual sense is evolved—Space—Time—and Person."

This difference of standpoint giving rise to a "confusion of tongues" between the spiritual and natural states, is very nobly summarized in the following lines of a great metaphysical poet, now too little read—Cowley:

"Angels who live, and know what 'tis to be,
Who all the nonsense of our language see,
Who speak things, and our words their drawn picture
born
When we, by a foolish figure, say—
Behold on old man dead; then they
speak properly and cry, 'Behold a man child born.'"

Passing from this earlier category of spiritual communications not capable of being regarded as true in the literal sense, but yet true, we come to a class of communications not intended to be received by us literally, but merely to be accounted for by differences

of terminology, arising from the different stand-points of the two worlds, but intended to be understood spiritually or figuratively. When we receive these we are entering, or have entered, or it is sought to prepare us for entering, the state or world spiritual; and our progress in it is determined by our willingness and capacity to study and comprehend them. Great assistance in doing this, I may here observe, may be obtained by a study of the "Laws of Correspondence," as laid down by Swedenborg, whose experiences as a medium are to the intellectual Spiritualist simply invaluable.

We now enter upon a third difficulty to be encountered by the Spiritualist, the difficulty which must always arise where persons converse with those speaking a different language.

The inhabitants of a nation adjacent to our borders, who dwell on the border land, will understand our language and be able, more or less, to make themselves understood in it to us; but, as we make our way into the interior of the country, it is by its language and not ours that communication must be maintained. So it is with spiritual communications. On our first entry upon them the communicating spirit will be able to accommodate itself to our existing knowledge and methods; but as we progress into the interior—and if we do not so progress we need not trouble ourselves to set out on this journey at all—we must enlarge our knowledge and submit ourselves to their laws.

The language of the spiritual state, world, or order proper, is a language of symbols. It is not more so, in fact, than the language of the world material, for what are the letters of the alphabet but symbols, wholly without intelligible significance until the system of symbology represented by them is understood? If we will not learn our alphabet we must remain ignorant of language. But these are material symbols, if I may so express it. The alphabet of the spiritual state is immaterial. It is an alphabet of ideas, wherein the thing signified by the word is to be deduced by a process of analogy. I will give an illustration.

"What am I to do?" inquired a perplexed Spiritualist of a more experienced friend, "when the spirit enjoins me to swallow the church door key?" "Obey the spirit," was the answer. "Open out to yourself an entrance into the spiritual state by entering into some formal religious communion. It is probably this that your nature needs at the moment, and perhaps all need."

While given without any warning that they are to be understood otherwise than literally, communications given in this order are wholly and absolutely figurative, and are intended to be so received; therefore we may ask ourselves, why is no warning given of this change of stand-point, when the communication given is, for the first time, designed to be understood spiritually, so as to protect us from error? The reason for this, I think, is that it is a law as infrangible as natural laws, that when we enter this more spiritual state or order, we must derive our instruction from experience and not from oral teaching.

It is so, of course, largely in the natural world, when we pass from childhood to manhood and womanhood.

I have said that the law of affinity, natural, spiritual or intellectual, moral or celestial, seems to govern spiritual communications; and that they present themselves usually in this order. I say usually because I believe this to be the natural order, and most frequently observed, but Spiritualism in its present state as a science has not reached the stage of dogmatic assertion, and lends itself little to being pigeon-holed in the narrow cell of any individual experience and observation.

However this may be, the class of communications from spirits of which I am now speaking, belong to the order or degree of spiritual affinity which I have termed spiritual or intellectual. They proceed, so to speak, from our intellectual relations in the world or state spiritual.

As our earlier intercourse with spirits will have been designed, we may believe, to afford us comfort by responding to our natural emotions, so those which now present themselves are similarly designed. I think, to afford comfort by a different—I will not say higher, but different—process, viz., by stimulating, and then satisfying the intellectual appetites. In this connection I may be allowed to point out that that Holy Spirit which we are invited to seek as the realization and consummation of spiritual progress, is described to us as The Comforter, and also The Leader into Truth. "It shall lead you into all truth," showing, I think, that it is from the intellectual examination of spiritual things that we are to look for real and abiding comfort in the difficulties and perplexities of existence.

While, therefore, I have been anxious to be allowed to caution my brother and sister Spiritualists against the temptations of indiscriminate and superstitious belief, I would with equal earnestness press upon them to examine thoroughly, in every aspect, and from every stand-point, intellectually and imaginatively, all such communications before dismissing them as false. I say imaginatively, imaginatively; and this brings me to the last and most comprehensive difficulty in our intercourse with the spiritual state—most comprehensive because it is the alpha and omega of its difficulties, because it includes all the others; and this is want of imagination on the part of the Spiritualist, and an indisposition to employ it.

It would seem to be a very prevalent opinion that imagination is a faculty or gift intended to be employed solely by poets, writers of novels, and such fanciful persons, for the diversion of humanity; that it is the mortal adversary of reason and ever to be mistrusted and discountenanced by all sensible folk. Some there are, I believe, who regard it as one of the medieval theologians regarded poetry—as the devil's wine. That it should be of utility for any practical purpose of life seems never to have entered into the mind to conceive of many sensible and truth-prizing persons. It is supposed by some eminent men—who ought to know better—to be identical with fancy—Phantasy—Phantasy—to which it bears no nearer relationship whatsoever than that which the substance bears to the shadow, or the light to the darkness.

What, then, is this faculty, and what are its uses in investigating and forming a judgment upon the phenomena of Spiritualism?

It is the faculty or sense—for it is just as much a real sense as sight or touch—whereby "the invisible things from the beginning are clearly seen—being understood by the things that are made." It is, therefore, "the evidence of things unseen," and the only evidence possible of such things; whereby, building upon reason and experience, we are enabled to realize a knowledge whereunto reason and experience are too limited to attain.

So far from furnishing only dreams to the poet and combinations to the novelist, it is the *Jons et origo* of every original idea, moral, mental, or mechanical, that has ever furthered the progress of humanity, and the slowness of that progress is attributable solely to the lack of its exercise. "So far from being the adversary of reason, it is the higher reason, its helpmeet, and should be united to it in an indissoluble marriage. So far from being identifiable with phantasy, it is the very substance of what is real; to epitomize it in a word, it is insight."

In displaying what it is, I have, perhaps, sufficiently indicated its use and purpose in the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. But it is well to be fortified in such matters by a more authoritative experience than our own, and I will venture, therefore, to invoke in support of my arguments in favor of the uses of imagination in the investigation of spiritual phenomena, the testimony of a witness, not a poet or novelist, and assuredly, not a Spiritualist, to its value in the cognate investigations of the phenomena of matter. I am quoting—it is lawful for us to be taught by our adversaries—an essay on "The Scientific Use of Imagination," by Professor Tyndall. Its use is thus defined by this distinguished writer: "To take you beyond the boundary of mere observation into regions where things are intellectually discerned. But how are those hidden things to be revealed? Philosophers may be right in affirming that we cannot transcend experience, but we can, at all events, carry it a long way from its origin. Urged to the attempt by sensible phenomena, we find ourselves gifted with the power of forming mental images of the ultra-sensible; and by this power, when duly chastened and controlled, we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of sense."

To "lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of sense" is, of course, the first object of the investigation of the phenomena of the world of spirit; and I am happy to be confirmed in the methods I am earnestly commending to you for so doing, by so distinguished a scientific authority.

The difficulties of which I am discoursing are all of them merely difficulties of darkness. With light they will disappear.

Cultivating and employing this faculty of insight, we shall soon cease to be capable of being deceived by communications from spirits given in the names of the loved and venerated who have passed away—in the names of men and women "of light and learning" for all time; we shall distinguish readily from the true, sentimental, or platitudinous verities, which if we are to believe, we must believe also that the spiritual state of existence is not a state of progress, but of degeneration.

With its light upon other phenomena taking their origin in Spiritualism and mainly echoes and reverberations of some aspects of truth revealed by it, less coarse than those of which I have just spoken, but more dangerous, they will yield up their secrets, if they have any, and be judged for what they are really worth.

With this light upon them, not for a moment will the Spiritualist be imposed upon by the "confirming" or "inflating" spirits of those who claim an exclusive knowledge of laws regulating the destinies of human beings, through countless cycles of ages—claims supported by no more satisfactory evidence than thaumaturgical phenomena, valuable and interesting on their plane as subjects of thoughtful investigation, but far too weak to bear the universe on their shoulders. Exercising a sober and rational imagination, the Spiritualist will no longer permit his reason and intellect to be predominated by pretensions individualism, claiming a monopoly of esoteric mysteries which he is not worthy to have revealed to him. He will perceive, at once, in this light, that of truths which it is not permitted to promulgate, it cannot be useful to speak; that Eclecticism, in any real sense of the word, is violated where it is proclaimed to exist; and that it may fairly be doubted to exist at all wherever ostentatious proclamation is made of its existence.

Some of the "difficulties" of Spiritualism I have thus essayed broadly to delineate. I Continued on Eighth Page.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER IX.

FACTS OF SPIRIT PRESENCE AND THE INNER LIFE.

Of all the varied forms of manifestation, which have grown up since these early days, none are more interesting or valuable than the raps, first heard and understood at Hydesville, thirty-six years ago. Others have their value as varied confirmations, but none—save possibly slate-writing—give better tests and more beautiful proofs than the raps.

Some twelve years ago my wife and myself took tea with Mrs. Underhill (Leah, oldest of the three Fox sisters) and her husband, at their pleasant home in West Thirty-eighth Street, New York. As we sat at the tea table in the basement Leah said: "We are quiet and alone, suppose we sit and see what comes." She rang the bell and the servant came in and cleared off the table, leaving no cloth over its top. It was an extension table, pushed together with just room for four of us to sit around it at tea and for the sance. In a moment after we were quiet, sitting under the gas light (faint yet distinct) with our hands resting on the table, came a shower of raps on the ceiling, the walls, the floor and our chairs, and the table. Our persons were patted and touched, all at the same time, not one and then another, as though invisible hands caressed us. Indescribably soft and delicate, and then distinct and emphatic, were the rising and falling waves of these thousand sounds mingling together, pulsing and thrilling through the air, coming from no one place but filling the room. For five or ten minutes this lasted and we sat quietly waiting. Soon there came from amidst these many sounds, a few more distinct, and these gradually came to be known as five raps, as well recognized as so many voices, and each known from all the others. The other sounds did not wholly cease, but would die away softly and then grow distinct, never making confusion or obstructing the hearing of these five. My father, mother and sister, and our two children, purported to give us messages, and vocal or mental questions were answered with like readiness, and messages alphabetically given. Mrs. Underhill rapidly spelling out letters and words given by the raps. For more than an hour this went on, every answer clear and correct, and the sweet play of tender emotion making all beautiful. There is no doubt in my mind of the real presence of these dear relatives, and my wife had like assurance. At last came the good by messages and all was silent. No pay, in money, was asked or offered, as Mrs. Underhill has never, since her present marriage, taken pay for sances, and never sits save to gratify and help her many friends. A large book could be filled with like personal experiences, but only a few can be given.

In February, 1878, I met Mrs. French of Boston, in Washington, D. C., where she was visiting a sister. We were strangers and none present knew of my relatives. Some fifteen or twenty persons sat in an irregular circle, hands not joined, in the parlor, and were called on to one after the other. I was called on nearly the last, and sat by her side under the full gas-light, she holding my left hand in her right for short time. She then awoke and in her normal state, described an old man, pale and a little stooping, as my father, her description being fully correct. She said she would write his name, and wrote with her finger on my open palm so plainly that a lady sitting by followed the motion of her hand and gave the name—Eliad—before I did. Mrs. French then described my sister—Emeline—in like manner. Like descriptions and names had been given to a score of strangers present, to their satisfaction.

At Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting (Montague, Mass.) Aug. 18th, 1878, I spoke to an audience of some two thousand or more, and J. Frank Baxter sat near me on the platform. I had only met him a moment, and had said nothing of my own history or associates. At the close of the lecture he came forward to describe spirits whom he saw. He first spoke of an old man, a Quaker, and described his white hair and cane, his aspect and ways, speaking of him as a man of great weight of personal character, earnestly engaged in anti-slavery, temperance and other reforms, and as having lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and then gave the name, Richard Glazier. He told of a visit he made some twenty-five years or more ago, to Gov. Barry of that State to ask the pardon of a criminal, and how the Governor could not grant the pardon, but the man escaped. Of such a visit I knew, but no particulars, and Mrs. Sanford of Ann Arbor came to me from the audience and said the statements were all correct. She had never met Mr. Baxter.

He then asked me if I had ever been in Farmerville, Cattaraugus County, New York. I said: "Yes." He asked: "Did you know George Howard?" "Yes." "Do you remember the soldier's funeral in the Methodist church and the large audience? It was at this season, but a little earlier, at the funeral of Francis W., son of George." I replied that it was all remembered, except the son's middle name and the date; these I could not give. Within a month I made inquiries and found the date of the funeral was Aug. 8th, and the son's middle initial right. In this, as in the preceding case, was a knowledge beyond my own, and Mr. Baxter knew nothing of these persons. The idea given of Richard Glazier's strong personal interest in me was also correct.

Mr. Baxter then described a large man who passed away suddenly, a person of marked mental power and great weight of character. He then turned to me earnestly and said: "Do you remember what I said to you at my house about justice being done over the other side?" This question, asked as though Baxter spoke for the spirit, at once brought the scene alluded to, vividly to my mind. I asked the name, and "Ward" was given. I asked the first name and Mr. Baxter said "Eber." Five years before, Eber B. Ward of Detroit had a paralytic stroke, and his life was saved for a time by the vigilant skill of his sister Emily. About a fortnight after I was at his house and he laid on the lounge in the sitting room, as we talked together. No others were present, nor did I ever tell what was said, save to my wife and his sister. He spoke of his condition, said he expected to get better, yet knew that any excitement or mistake might send him out of his bodily life any moment; that he wished to stay for reasons affecting his family and others: "As for myself," said he, "I have no special anxiety, for I shall get justice over the other side, and even if it may be hard nobody ought to shrink from it, in this world, or in any world. I am ready to meet it, here or there, and I can't see why I should be anxious about death."

All this was years before and far distant,

yet this weighty question brought it all back, fresh and clear.

At Brown's Hall, Georgetown, Madison County, New York, Sept. 27th, 1878, S. P. Hoag of East Homer stood before the audience on the platform to describe spirits. He said to a lady in the audience of whom he knew little, that he saw her father standing by her, whom he described to her satisfaction. "He wants to say something to you privately. Come to me soon that he may do so." The lady went at the end of the session, and found that her father, through Mr. Hoag, wished to say that he had wronged her in some severe words used under a mistaken impression years ago, and wished to tell her of his regret for it.

This, she told me, was true and the message was a great comfort to her. No one but herself knew the circumstance. A soldier was then described as standing beside a man in the audience, and as mortally wounded by a shot in his body. The man rose and said: "I am a total stranger. I never saw you or any one here before. I am from Pennsylvania and my brother was shot as you have described, while by my side in a battle in the late civil war."

Mr. Hoag was in the normal use of his faculties, not in a trance, but in clairvoyant and a spirit-seer. He was some 50 years of age, a blacksmith by trade, of Quaker descent, and intelligent and honest. Not a public medium, but occasionally, and with some reluctance, he comes before the people in this way. At the Lansing House, Lansing, Mich., Sunday afternoon Aug. 29th, 1880, I sat with Henry Slade—Mrs. Stebbins, myself, and two friends—around a plain table in the middle of the room, and all joining hands on the table. I sat at the right side of Mr. Slade, and had just cleaned a double slate, put in a bit of pencil, closed the slates and laid them on the table before me. Slade took them in his left hand, laid them on my arm leaning against my breast, and held them there. His other hand was on the table, and mine was laid on it, my feet were on his also, and while he sat quiet we all heard the pencil writing. When it stopped I took the slates, opened them, and found a long and intelligent message signed E. B. Ward. Manifestly it was impossible that he, or any one in the body should have written that message. Here was power and personal intelligence. I have had slate-writing with another medium, when the slate was ten feet from any person, and I cleaned it and my wife put it in place.

Years ago I was at the home of an intelligent family in Indiana, and told them of a spirit artist in Columbus, Ohio—G. W. Walcutt. They had never heard of him and he knew nothing of them. I did not suggest their writing him, but they did, giving the name and age and time of death of a son whose portrait they asked for. This was done after I left, and without my knowledge. Going there again in a few months they brought out their pictures—pencil sketches of two heads, two-thirds life size—and gave their experience. About ten days after sending their letter a roll came by mail in which were the two portraits. One of the son for whose likeness they asked, and another of his brother not asked for—both good likenesses. They put them on the wall of their sitting room, where they were seen and recognized at once, by the grandfather and uncle of the children, who expressed surprise at the pictures, and said they never knew of any likenesses of the children being taken. They were then told how they came. A daughter in the family, then thirteen years old, was a natural seer and would tell her mother of seeing her grandmother and others. Not long before she had told her mother of a boy she saw by her bed-room door, giving an accurate description of the aspect and dress of a brother who died before her birth, and of whom she never had heard what she told. As these spirit pictures were being opened when they came from the post office this child looked earnestly over her mother's shoulder and said: "Mamma, that's the boy I saw at my bedroom door."

(To be continued.)

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The Kingdom of the Heavens.

Christ never said any thing about any kingdom of heaven or any Gehenna away off beyond the stars and beyond the grave, nor intimated that there are or can be any such place or places. He everywhere declares that he came to reveal to men the truth; the ever-present and omnipresent "reality of things," touching God's "kingdom of the heavens," eternally over all moral and spiritual beings, everywhere, as necessarily and inevitably as the apposite scientific truths are forever over his mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms on the earth. The fact that these latter truths can be made known to us only through our "animal senses," and their appropriate instruments and tests, while the former can be known only through our moral intuitions and their appropriate tests, implies no discord whatever, either between these distinct but eternally co-existent kingdoms, or any of their essential truths. The man who is truly teaching us about the spiritual kingdom, almost of necessity says nothing about any phenomenal kingdom, though compelled to use phenomenal symbols of some sort to express all his ideas; still only the fool will get stuck in the mere physical symbolism, to perish in the letter rather than to live in the spirit.

Each of these kingdoms imply a peculiar "basal philosophy," a method, aim and end of its own, excluding all other possible philosophies or theories. The God or man, therefore, that undertakes to teach a religion—our ever-present and eternal moral and spiritual relations and duties—without any philosophy, is simply not worth minding. Hence, according to our records, the very first thing "our great Teacher" did was to lay down the platform, "the Petra," to be the eternal ledge-rock truths of this kingdom, and the creed of all its local "ecclesias" forever, and to distinctly so designate and declare it. What peculiar power chose to call this creed and platform, so announced and sanctioned, a mere sermon, kicks it wholly out of its way, and assumes to write its own creeds in its place, it is not now important to inquire.

The most rigorous analysis will show that this is one of the most methodical and most profoundly philosophical papers ever written. It is no mere chaos of disconnected and worthless scrap-texts, fit only to be used as a sort of tail-piece to any theologian's ready-made kite, who may chance to take a fancy to use some scraps of it. It is as Christ himself declares, "the Petra," the ledge-rock basis, the essential truth, the only true logos, law and gospel of God's eternal "kingdom of the heavens," omnipresent over all worlds and beings. It covers the whole ground of faith, allegiance and duty to either God or man, in this world or any other. It is not under the Bible, but master and lord of all possible bibles, creeds and books; yea, and over all other words of Christ himself, most explicitly made so by himself; and as the

supreme power of the United States makes our constitutional law stand out far above all its other laws, so the supreme power of Christ makes these same carefully selected and designated words of his, to stand out far above all his other words and for the same indispensable reason. The Bible is good in its place, but as a rule of faith and duty every body knows it is at best wholly useless. Every possible diabolism or fanaticism finds an easy shelter in it; therefore Christ, first of all, gave us this "creed of the kingdom" and of the church, under which to try all possible bibles, books, creeds and men, and for eighteen centuries no foul thing has ever found shelter under it. It is the only creed he ever authorized or gave the world, and the only creed that has not proved an unmitigated curse to humanity.

This creed is presented as a pure ideal of life and duty, without threat of pain or penalty, to the free choice of each individual soul, to heed as much or as little of it as he chooses; no other power on earth is allowed to intervene either to administer or enforce it. The more he heeds it, the greater the good he gets from it, as is the case with all possible ideals and all other truths of God. The more he neglects it, the greater his loss; and, of course, in this infinite kingdom the possible losses and gains become infinite, too, and are so symbolized and represented. Every man is bound to this creed and pledged to it, simply as a disciple wishing to learn of Christ, and of him alone; not as a Christian, either orthodox or heretical. Neither is he pledged to do or to believe even what is in this creed, farther than he himself chooses to do; much less any thing found in any other book or creed. I know this is not man's church order, but still it is Christ's order and God's order. "If the son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Every disciple desiring to unite with others to learn, to better hear and do, according to this creed, becomes thereby a "disciple," a "brother," under the law of this kingdom of the heavens, and only creed of Christ's true church; but in all outside of it he is just as free as he was before he was baptized or not; to commune or not; to be in his own theory a Papist or Protestant, a Unitarian or Trinitarian, Baptist or anti-Baptist, or whatever else he pleases, only so he desires "to hear and to do these things" commanded in this creed; and that alone makes him Christian according to Christ and his creed, even though he were nominally Pagan, Jew, Mahomedan, or Infidel, in all else. Christ himself makes the things of this creed—not some other things—the essential test and measure of all truth, of all theologies, all creeds, books, bibles and characters.

Why then is Christendom or any Christian church at a loss for a creed? They might as well be at a loss for a sky or a sun. Is there a single moral or spiritual duty to God or man in this world or any other thinkable to us, not clearly defined and enjoined in this creed? a single moral danger against which we are not cautioned? any thinkable higher aspiration, destiny or character, to which we can aspire in this or any thinkable world? Can any man devise or suggest a broader freedom for himself and for all others? a scheme which may begin here and now, and last unchanged forever? a moral and spiritual ideal so perfect as to be fit to stand forever, wherever God is, and yet so flexible that in any world, however debased, each soul at once realize the spiritual good of all degrees of conformity to it, however imperfect? Do any of our rival orthodox creeds, gotten up to supplant it, in the least degree resemble it? I have little patience with those learned, amiable idiots and special pleaders who pretend to see but little difference between Christ's creed and our other creeds.

Is it possible to rally any considerable portion of the race around any other creed that ever was made, or ever will be? What is there in this creed, fairly translated and read, that every thoughtful civilized man does not at least wish to become true of himself and of all others? Was ever any other creed so positively and exclusively endorsed and assigned to its place and use, as such, as this creed was by Christ himself? Who, then, was ever authorized to push it aside to make room for their own creeds? calling it a mere sermon—the "sermon on the mount," they say. There would have been more apostles and sense in calling it "The steamship in the Mount," for then every body would have seen that it was purposed to strand it; or they do not. Why should not all liberal Christians and others who love freedom, and who are in any degree emptied of their old church bigotries, rally at once simply as "disciples," as Christ directed, around this creed of Christ alone, and take and conquer the world to him and for him, instead of trying to suborn and enslave it to some other little denominationalism or sect, Papal, Protestant or Mormon?

I have claimed to be a disciple of Christ and a believer in his creed for more than half a century. I never assented to any other creed, and never intend to, whether it be expressed or only implied, neither in this world nor any world to come. I read and interpret it and the whole bible, as the Unitarians, Universalists and the freest Christians generally do. Why should I as a disciple and believer in him and his creed, leave both, and run agog (if not amuck) to get myself dubbed a "Universalist" or a "Unitarian," or "Orthodox" or "Evangelical," or by some other heathen and outlandish name or sect, which Christ and his apostles never heard of?—all of which together have been the standing curse of Christendom for 1500 years? Cannot you and your friends contrive to save us, save the world, save Christ and his creed and "kingdom of the heavens" from this everlasting infamy?

To expect that Christ's true church and kingdom can ever come on the earth without this creed, or under any other creed, is a most childish, self-evident absurdity. Why then not accept it at once? I am a Protestant, and a disciple of Christ; my discipleship rests wholly on this creed, and whatever else in all that exists, which harmonizes with it. My protest is that the pope and ecclesiastics, and all other Christian men, past and to come, have no more right to make up for me any Bible, creed or canon of scripture, outside of this platform of the eternal kingdom, than the devil has, according to the plainest reading of Christ's words as herein reported to us.

If a man can get to God, Christ and heaven only by running the gauntlet of our embattled creeds and sects, I do not propose to take the first step that way; and if that is the only way Christ has provided for me and my fellows, I can have no respect for him, for he would have totally missed his own aim; and thinking to give men freedom, instituted on earth the most diabolical of all practical despotisms over both the soul and body. So far as our Moody, revivalists and preachers, orthodox or heterodox, bless the country and the world, they stand fast on this Christ's platform, and they never fail to curse the world the moment they step off from his and upon their own. The personality of Christ and his creed reveals to us one and the same "petra" or

ledge-rock basis of God's eternal kingdom; they are one and the same spirit, revealed to us by his words in the creed, and by his life, in the person of the son of God. Each apart and both together teach us only one and the same thing. The rock of our salvation is here and now, and of the moral salvation of all worlds and beings hereafter forever; of necessity binding on all "in the heavens," as well as all on earth (St. Math. 16). This can be said of no other creed or man. There stands the law; here stands the life; take which you please; both alike are the immutable rock of all worlds. If we needed any outside proofs, the recently found "Apostolic Teachings" demonstrate that the earliest Christians based all their essentials on this creed of Christ, and made up their theories, symbolisms, ritualisms, phylacteries, dogmas and customs as they pleased, in utter ignorance of the humbuggery of our modern orthodoxes and theologues. Their policy of union under Christ's creed speedily conquered, and thus far saved the world. Our policy of division under theologies and sects soon lost it again. We are now trying to recover it. Shall we do it? There never was half as much reason or sense in throwing Christ's platform overboard to make room for the creeds and canons of ecclesiastics and sects as there would be in throwing the constitution of the United States overboard to make room for the opinions of town-meetings. Our platform, best authenticated, and most indisputable records, wholly exonerate Christ of all these follies and imbecilities. The glory of their inception, and the curse of their progress and continuance, is wholly our own. What are we going to do about it? Christ has nowhere even intimated that any thing off this platform, is either the "word of God," "the law of God," or the "Gospel of God," and he commissioned his apostles to teach "as gospel" only "what he had taught them." J. B. TURNER.

Letter from the South.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is some time since the spirit has moved me to write anything for the JOURNAL, yet I gladly receive its weekly visits, always hoping to find something that will help to hasten the advent of the "Good Time Coming," or a record of genuine progress towards the religion of truth, manhood and womanhood. There is a strong liberal element here in the South, and I wish I could say that it was well organized and ready for aggressive work in the field of reform, and in spreading the principles of Spiritualism. Organization, I fear, is more difficult here than in the Northern States. There are plenty of intelligent people, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and even preachers who I have no doubt, would be glad to hear good spiritual doctrines preached, yet can only occasionally be induced to attend a lecture, lest they be seen by the reigning priesthood, or their superstitious and often ignorant followers. Of course they will not open to any such reason, but to one who has worked hard and long to help build up a rational Spiritualism, it looks very much that way.

Judging from my own experience I am forced to conclude that the number of intelligent and philanthropic workers who are likely to co-operate with the wise and good in spirit life, in their efforts to build up a better humanity on earth, must still be limited to a few earnest souls, who regard their own manhood and the approval of the Spirit-world as of more consequence than the acquisition of wealth or the applause of orthodox church-goers. Since I have been here in Florida, which includes two winters and one summer, the most that has been done in this vicinity to arouse an interest in spiritual matters, has been done through the mediumship of Geo. P. Colby. He has lectured in Orange City, Enterprise, De Land and at Spirit Lake, besides giving a good many sances, which have been the means of converting or renewing the faith of quite a number of people. One intelligent and well educated man, who had been acquainted with Mr. Colby for several years, seeing him at work or at his ordinary business affairs, but never hearing him speak under spirit control, came five miles to see what he was capable of. He told me after the lecture that when Mr. Colby got up to speak he felt sorry for him, it seemed so foolish for him to get up there and try to interest his audience. He felt sure that he would break down, but after he had spoken five minutes he lost all fear of these things any further. He said it was "one of the most able discourses that he ever listened to. Many affect to despise the trance utterances of mediums, and in too many instances, where there is only partial spirit control, they are the poorest kind of nonsense. With well developed mediums controlled by advanced spirits it is far different. We cannot do without such instruments, and when they are honest and reliable, they should be kept at work and well supported. Mr. Colby's controls generally agree with other advanced seers, and I believe continues in his present course, I predict for him a career of great usefulness. He has been appointed State Missionary for Florida by the Chattanooga Association, but is now on the Pacific coast lecturing and giving sances to crowded houses. Wherever he goes there is a revival of interest in Spiritualism, skeptics are converted, and many doubting and mourning hearts are made happy with the glad tidings that their friends still live. He claims no infallibility, and I am glad to say is a staunch supporter of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in its efforts to maintain a pure and honest standard of mediumship, morals and common sense. He says that while he has sometimes failed to get pay for his work, he has never lost anything from societies where the JOURNAL was generally taken, and that he feels pretty sure of being well treated where it is in favor, which is high praise for the JOURNAL and its readers. I wonder if other speakers have had a similar experience.

I sincerely hope that the American Association of Spiritualists may be so sustained as to be able to lend a hand to every good work that can advance the cause for which it was organized. I am assured from the character of the men who are at its head, that any power that it may be able to wield will be wisely used. By the way I do not see why there has been no attempt to organize a Winter Camp Meeting Association here in the South. Thousands of Spiritualists come to Florida every winter in search of health or pleasure, and I presume the most of them would be glad if there were some place where they could have lectures, sances and a general exchange of ideas. Many of them are already making homes here, lured by the mild and healthful climate and tropical fruits. There are plenty of fine locations where the pine woods and clear water lakes, invite the roaries of health or amusement. Where fountains of good orange grove is a small fortune, it would be both easy and profitable for those who can afford the luxury, to form a nucleus for such an association. Mr. Colby himself has one hundred and fifty acres of land located on a beautiful lake one half mile long.

with plenty of chance for boating and fishing. I have urged him to make some move of the kind, but want of means and ability to start as he would like, have kept him from doing anything yet. GEO. W. WEBSTER.
Lake Helen, Fla.

Warned of His Death.

Hartford (Conn.) Correspondence New Haven Register.

Relative to the death of Patrick Donnelly, a joiner, who was killed at Pratt & Whitney's shop Tuesday morning by being struck in the abdomen with a piece of plank hurled from a circular saw, the Post tells the following story:

For years Mr. Donnelly has been deeply engaged reading the works of many of the great authors, and frequently while at home on an evening he has read aloud for his wife. Monday night he took down from one of the shelves of his well-stocked library a poetical work. After reading several pretty selections he turned over the leaves and at last the eyes became fixed on a poem on "Death." It struck him, and he began the reading of it to his wife. He had not progressed very far when she stopped him with an earnest gesture and begged him not to read any further. The poem oppressed her. He smiled at her fears and closed the book, remarking that he would do some writing before retiring. Bidding him good-night Mrs. Donnelly left the room.

The moments followed each other until nearly an hour and a half had passed. Mr. Donnelly had nearly completed his task when he heard the kitchen-door open. Falling to hear the sound of its being closed, he came to the conclusion that it was his dog which had entered. Making a remark that he would have to teach the animal better manners, he started for the kitchen. He had barely entered the room when, lifting his eyes, he beheld something which caused him to come to a halt. There in the middle of the apartment was an old woman, clad in dark garments, and about her stooping shoulders there fell the folds of a black shawl. Her face was wan and pale and very sad. She lifted her gaunt hand and made a motion toward him, then turned, walked slowly across the floor and out through the still open door. She disappeared in the gloom, and the door swung to and closed itself, leaving Mr. Donnelly standing awe-stricken at the other end of the room. In a moment he regained his usual presence of mind and hurried to his bedroom, where his wife, who was still awake, asked him what was the trouble.

"I have seen my mother?" he said in an affrighted manner. She tried to persuade him that he was mistaken, but he rigidly adhered to his assertion. "I thought I heard the kitchen-door open," he said, "and thinking that it was the dog, I went out to shut it. It was then I saw my mother. She was very pale and made a motion toward me with her uplifted hand."

He then related the facts as above given, and appeared very much depressed. His wife endeavored to cheer him, but all to no purpose. After a short time he retired, and, as before stated, arose Tuesday morning, went to work, and fifteen minutes after commencing his labors, received the injury which caused his death.

The case throughout is one of unusual interest, and will be viewed from various standpoints by many people, wholly on account of the circumstances which preceded the accident.

What Unitarianism Needs.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

If you would permit me to say a few words on a subject of which I have thought much, I would say that Unitarianism, after shaking off nearly, but not quite, all the fetters of inherited superstition, needs a very large influx of divine love and wisdom to make it what the times demand—a religion to lead and elevate mankind. I have not been able to discover in the majority of its disciples, any greater amount of essential religion or love than in the ranks of orthodoxy. It is free from the cramping falsehood of theological bigotry, but it has not realized that in new truth lies the world's redemption, and that he who is a laggard in its pursuit adds to the mass of inertia which maintains stagnation in the midst of evil.

Between the new truths of realized immortality, communion with heaven, and a new philosophy (which consigns to oblivion the mass of what has been called philosophy) and on the other hand, a cold agnosticism which loses all perception of the supernatural, and covers our sky with darkest clouds. Unitarianism stands halting and irresolute. It is a doubtful question in many cases, whether its votaries shall quietly surrender all by which they are distinguished from agnostic secularists, or shall increase their spiritual fervor and clear perceptions of divine truth, and enter into free communion with a higher world. Pictorially, Unitarianism appears to my fancy as an exhausted Pompeii, relieved from the ashes of antiquity, upon which the sunshine falling may reveal a sculptured beauty, but has not yet brought forth the flowers, the verdure and vineyards which would make it a proper home for humanity.

But masses of men and women cannot be portrayed by a word or an epithet. There are two classes of Unitarians. Those who remind me of the walls of Pompeii, and who are developing into a compound of Phariseism and Agnosticism, and a far superior class, who cherish fraternal love and love of truth, who are progressing in spiritual knowledge and true spirituality, and who possess the latent possibilities of a true church, which might be developed, if they were severed from the stagnant portion of their society.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

Among the most respectable people of Emanuel County, Ga., are the descendants of two women who, as wives, forty years ago were regarded as so worthless that one was traded by her husband for a jug of whiskey, and the other was given by her husband to the whiskey trader. The first mentioned wife must have been regarded as a bad bargain by the man who gave a jug of whiskey for her, as he traded her for a bushel of corn.

The City of Mexico has five railroads, a splendid street car system, telegraph wires to all the world, a telephone service with 700 subscribers, six daily newspapers, electric lights and the best bath houses in America.

An electrical instrument that will register the temperature of Pike's Peak and Mount Washington in the Chief Signal Service office at Washington threatens to supersede the army of signal station men of the country.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

For Sick Headache.
Dr. N. S. READ, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia, and diminished vitality."

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. "Rejected manuscripts" cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 24, 1885.

TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL's field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until February 1st, 1885, send the JOURNAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to those who have never been subscribers. This is a propitious time for continuous readers to extend a knowledge of the JOURNAL among their liberal-minded acquaintances. Try it. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

Forty Years of Spirit Presence.

When facts of spirit manifestation are given, no matter how remarkable they may be, many persons will say: "That may be true. We do not dispute your word; but it might have been deception, or it all might have come from some peculiar mental condition or rapport, some mind-reading or clairvoyant faculty, without any spirit presence or any intelligence beyond that of some one present or near." We need not be surprised or troubled by such suggestions, when we think how utterly the ordinary modes of education and habits of thought ignore the nearness of the Spirit-world—about it off, as with triple walls of brass, from our daily life. Spiritualism is shattering those brazen walls, and priest and people mistake the clang of the broken fragments for the noise of demons.

We must bear in mind, too, that men and women with no experience in spirit-phenomena, and no thought of their significance, may well be critical and careful and raise many questions for us to answer. Every doubt that we can fairly clear away is a help to these inquirers, and the task of their removal may be troublesome, yet it is a work given us to do, a duty not to be put aside.

All this when these seekers are fair and sincere, even if they seem so skeptical. When they are scoffing in spirit, and set themselves against the truth, let them alone to "seek darkness rather than light," and let them bide their time for a better mood.

This comes up as introduction to a story of personal experience which may help to dispel doubts. Not once but many times, not for a day or a year, but for forty years does this true story tell of spirit presence and guardian care.

From a reliable person—who had it from a woman of mature years, of transparent integrity, and of such judgment and intelligence as to command high respect—this comes to us.

That woman told our informant that when she was a child ten or twelve years of age, she saw her brother, a few years older than herself, and who passed away in her infancy. He appeared as a young man; she seemed to know him, but he gave her name and talked with her about the family. All this seemed perfectly natural, and it hardly came to her childish mind but that it was her brother, in the body as when in life here. She had no fear or shrinking, hardly any surprise even, yet some feeling forbade her from telling it. So for years this went on, and these familiar talks with that brother, coming always when she was alone, by day quite as often as at night—took place every few days, occasional tests as to family names and events being

given. All this was a reality she never questioned, yet never spoke of.

At last, reaching womanhood and being a wife and a mother, she was so ill that her life was despaired of. At the lowest stage of that illness, while lying on her bed alone, she felt a hand laid softly on her face and turned over to see the long familiar spirit brother. He said to her: "We cannot have you come over here yet. You have long years to live on earth and much to do. At a future time, when your situation and other duties will allow, we have something for you to do, and if you will promise to do it we will help you."

The general nature of that future work was explained, she promised to act for the spirit influences, and her recovery was speedy and lasting. Years went on and Spiritualism came up. She was not an early Spiritualist. She knew her brother came often to her, and of late years others came with him, but these raps and the like she had no faith in.

At last, after over fifteen years, came the time for her to do what she had promised she would, and the faithful spirit-brother came, others as visible as himself with him, and they led her through some remarkable manifestations to prepare her mind and body for the task which she was pledged to them to perform. That task she did not seek or wish, but performed it faithfully, as her pledge to do so seemed sacred. For more than twenty years since that time she has, when required or impelled by these spirit-friends, kept on doing their work occasionally, and has found satisfaction and benefit to others as well as herself, in this course.

To this day that brother is with her as naturally and really as ever, seen and heard as are those of the household. "Thousands of times I have seen him and talked with him," said she to our informant. These experiences are known to but very few. She does not wish to be the centre for curious eyes, yet is known as a Spiritualist, frank and fearless for what she holds true.

Could this woman, highly esteemed and respected by church members as well as others in social life, have been under some hallucination all her life? Only the outline of her experiences is given. The details of the tests are too long and of too private a nature, but they confirm the reality of these spirit-visitations.

Here we have, not a single phenomenon or a few facts, but an unbroken chain of proofs with no missing or defective links, no contradiction or conflict of testimony for some forty years, all pointing to the presence and influence of a spirit-brother and of his friends.

Skepticism Run Mad.

The editor of the *Iron Clad Age* (Indianapolis) Dr. J. R. Monroe, maintains that the border line of insanity is that which separates tangible facts from the imaginary facts recognized by Spiritualists, who are, therefore, advanced into the territory of insanity. These are very superficial suggestions from one whose honest earnestness and independence in proclaiming his convictions ought to have sharpened his common sense. On all other subjects than that of future life, our Dr. Monroe has a very level-head, and we are glad to count him as a stalwart co-worker with the JOURNAL in various fields of reform.

The facts which intelligent Spiritualists have witnessed by the million are just as solid and tangible as any of the facts which Dr. Monroe recognizes. To recognize the spiritual power which produces physical phenomena is not more credulous than to recognize the invisible galvanism of a battery which disturbs our nerves. The difficulty with skeptics of this class is that they combine three unfortunate mental peculiarities—an inordinate estimate of the comparative value of their own personal observations, an unyielding stubbornness in maintaining opinions superficially formed and a supercilious notion of the worthlessness of the testimony of men whom society honors for veracity, intelligence and scientific accuracy.

Upon any scientific question capable of being determined by investigation, the testimony of profound and laborious scientists, such as Prof. Hare, Prof. Crookes, Prof. Zollner, Prof. DeMorgan and Alfred Russell Wallace, would be esteemed by all competent observers as much more valuable than that of their assailant, Dr. Monroe.

But there is absolutely no testimony from skeptics of the Monroe class to weigh against that of eminent scientists corroborated by at least a million of competent observers. They simply ask us to receive their dogmatic opinions as to the laws of nature, against facts established by evidence far more than sufficient to decide the verdict of any jury when life was at stake.

The mental infirmity which thus leads to the rejection of established facts, is as much to be pitied as that of the Hindu who rejects the science of the Western world to maintain his old superstitions. The man who will not believe in the existence of a stone wall before him until he bumps his head against it, is extremely shortsighted, but not more so than the skeptics who deride facts which have been witnessed by millions until they encounter the same facts in their own experience.

It is true that faith may be exaggerated until it produces a mild form of monomania, like any other exaggeration of our faculties, such as vanity, avarice or temper. But the diminution or paralysis of a faculty produces a species of dementia which is at least as deplorable as the excess; and when so important a faculty as faith is so atrophied or paralyzed that the victim of such dementia cannot estimate the force of testimony, either in history, philosophy or science—when he disregards some of the best known historical

facts, or like a certain skeptic in England is willing to wager that the earth is flat because he has not witnessed its rotundity, or denies the slate-writing phenomena because he has not personally engaged in the experiments with which even his townsmen are familiar, such an individual is suffering from a lack of mental capacity. He has not passed the border line of insanity from excess, but he has clearly passed the border line of dementia or stupidity from deficiency of development.

We would very respectfully submit the question whether there are not a considerable number of people who in their stubborn opposition to new ideas and discoveries have gravitated some distance below the border line of stupidity?

As Dr. Monroe was so liberal as to republish our suggestions concerning the border line of insanity will he not be equally liberal with our suggestions as to the border line of stupidity, which separates impartial reasoners from dogmatic skeptics. The stupidity of the skeptical class is so extreme that they are easily gulled by tricksters and are willing to accept any marvelous fact if they are confidentially assured that it is a trick.

The Decay of Dogmatism.

Daily evidences come to us that the old supremacy of dogmatic theology, as occupying the attention and governing the life of man, is a thing of the past. A few weeks ago the Episcopal Church Congress met in Detroit, with many leading clergymen and several bishops from all over the country in attendance. While it was understood that its members held, more or less closely, to the Thirty-Nine Articles of the old English Episcopal Church, very little was said about them; small attention was given to dogmatic theology; some of the ablest speakers were eloquently earnest for upholding reason and conscience as God-given and final; and practical questions of religious education, personal spiritual culture, health, charity and the like, had the largest share of time and thought. They did not follow the good example of the Church Congress at Newcastle-on-Tyne last year and discuss Spiritualism, but they put themselves in sympathy with our daily life and present needs far more than a like body of representative men would have done ten years ago.

Since then a Catholic plenary council has met in Baltimore, with its public doings widely reported in the newspapers.

This large and important council represented "the mother church," the oldest and largest of all Christian sects, and the most conservative of all. Of course the delegates were good Catholics, with no abatement of doctrinal belief, yet the interpretation of doctrines, and the method and spirit of teaching, cannot, in this century, be what they were in the past. These Catholic priests, men whose lives are largely devoted to theological instruction, occupied their time at Baltimore in the discussion of topics which would have been regarded as too secular and worldly for holy men to dwell on at any length in the days of the councils at Nice or Trent. Methods of education, parochial and theological schools, missions among Southern negroes, opposition to divorce laws, and other like questions had far more prominence than creedal definitions, or the persecution of heretics. No ghost of religious persecution reared its awful form in their presence, and the newspaper reports, if they named the Pope at all, spoke of him with the same respect with which they would speak of any Protestant potentate.

In London still stands the pillar set up as a memorial of the great fire in 1666, on which is the following inscription:

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city, begun and carried on by treachery and malice of ye popish faction in ye beginning of September, in ye year of our Lord 1666, in order to ye carrying on of their horrid plot for extirpating the Protestant religion and old English liberty, and the introducing popery and slavery."

If London had been a Catholic city the inscription would have been as severe on the Protestants.

Two hundred years have passed away since that inscription first told its story of sectarian hate. A few months ago a Presbyterian Assembly in this country thanked the Catholic Church for its firm stand in favor of domestic purity and fidelity.

The old doctrines largely remain on the lettered pages of the churches, but the fire of doctrinal zeal grows fainter. Our orthodox Protestant clergy used to feel bound to preach a goodly proportion of heavy, or lurid, doctrinal sermons, but not one sermon in fifty can be classed as doctrinal to-day, and the larger-souled preacher the less of creed and the more of deed do we hear from him.

This is not because real religious life and feeling is being swamped in a tide of selfish worldliness, but because duty is more prized than dogma and charity gains while dogmatism loses.

Old theological and sectarian hatred and prejudice are slowly dying out. Bitter disputes about hell, devils, bloody atonements and the like give place to rational efforts, inspired by spiritual enthusiasm, to bring about the kingdom of heaven on earth in better and more hopeful daily life for the people—in more material comfort and bodily purity and health, as helps to "pure and undivided religion."

The great spiritual movement—"the democracy of rationalism," as Selden J. Finney well called it—is both effect and cause of this blessed change.

Spiritual mediumship was not tolerated in the days of Salem witchcraft, but the effort of people in the life beyond to reach us was thwarted by priestly bigotry. Now they have a more open pathway, and now the wondrous

interior powers of man have more scope; reason and intuition hold a higher place; man as an immortal intelligence served in this life by our bodily organs; the body as the shrine and temple, of the deathless spirit, command more attention and reverence.

Thus we learn that to-day claims our attention, and our present work wisely done will help to-morrow.

The Restraining Influence of Superstition.

The JOURNAL in common with all liberal papers has constantly to meet the unphilosophical, stock objection advanced by evangelical Christians, to wit: "Spiritualism, Liberalism and other forms of modern thought tend to immorality." That there is neither justice nor reason in this charge, and that the manifestations of immorality on the part of some free thinking people are not due to modern teachings, but to the fatal defects of the old, has been unanswerably shown in these columns over and over again. In *The Index* for last week the able associate editor, B. F. Underwood, has an article under the above head, in which he handles this subject in his usual felicitous and logical way. We quote his concluding paragraphs and call special attention to the last as a complete answer in concise and clear terms to the ever ready charge of orthodox dogmatists.

"As a military officer," says Mr. Underwood, "we had years ago the command of men some of whom would get drunk, lie, steal, and commit almost every immorality, and yet refuse to eat meat on Friday. This is probably true of the Joliet convict. Superstition, having by a distortion and suppression of the truth furnished the motives of moral conduct, which should have a rational basis, has to be called upon in emergencies to restrain its victims, who know no higher authority than the word of the priest."

"If, in an age of rapid transition, men and communities outgrow this superstition faster than they can grow into the new truth, and temporary moral and social disorder results, superficial minds are ready to ascribe the disorder to the 'heresy' or 'infidelity,' as the new truth is sure to be called, not seeing that the moral and social disturbance is due mainly to the mistake of making the dogmas of theology, which are continually changing, the foundation of morality, which has its true basis in the enduring relations of men and in the eternal nature of things. Not the new truth, but the old error, which has led men to believe that morality is dependent upon beliefs which must necessarily lose their force with increasing intelligence, is responsible for the moral disorders such as followed the teachings of Luther and others during the Reformation, marked the French Revolution, and are seen to-day, where the decay of faith is more rapid than the progress of knowledge and the assimilation of the scientific and philosophic thought which is replacing theological teachings."

Abolishment of the Office of Chaplain.

Oliver Johnson has been taking a hand in the discussion of the advisability of abolishing the time-honored office of Chaplain. His views having been misunderstood by the *Springfield Republican*, he publishes in *The Index* a more explicit statement of his position in the matter; from which we quote:

"My proposition is that those members of our legislatures who sincerely believe in prayer should agree to do their own praying instead of putting it out as a job to be done by a hired official, and paid for out of the public treasury. It strikes me that this would be a reasonable arrangement, infringing no one's conscience and casting no reproach upon religion. It would compromise no principle that I can see to allow such members of a legislative body as sincerely believe in the efficacy of prayer an opportunity to meet in the legislative hall for devotional purposes for half an hour before the daily session. Those members who did not wish to take part in such an exercise would of course be free to absent themselves, and I cannot imagine that they would fear any harm to themselves or the State on this account. There would be no responsible recognition of religion in any form on the part of the State, but only a friendly and wholly uninjurious concession to men of strong religious conviction, or prejudice, if you will. I have no disposition to scoff at such men or their devotions. As a general rule, I believe they are profoundly sincere, and therefore worthy of respect; and, this being so, I think the spectacle of a legislative prayer-meeting under the conditions supposed would be morally healthful....

For my own part, familiar as I am with the current arguments against prayer, I am far from being convinced that the exercise is not as wholesome as it is natural. If I were a member of a legislative body, I would vote every time to abolish the office of chaplain; but I should love to attend such a prayer-meeting as that which I have proposed.

To the Editorial Fraternity.

At the earliest practicable moment, the editor of the JOURNAL will draw a bill and endeavor to get Congress to enact it as law. The title will be: "An act for the incorporation of a National Society, with unlimited powers to protect Editors from would-be Poets." The alarming increase of this class demands prompt and vigorous combination among editors if they would preserve their health and reputation for veracity. The fact is, the limit has been reached, the stuff of which excuses are made has been exhausted, the wells of editorial imagination have run dry; and still the insatiable rhyme-makers multiply and refuse longer to accept "for wheat" the stale editorial excuses for non-publication. Editors, without regard to sex or age, politics or religion, prohibition or license, should unite in one determined effort to secure the assistance of the National Government against the jingling jargon whose cat-like approaches cannot be guarded against successfully by the over-worked fraternity.

Prof. Coues—Don't Growl at Him.

Those Spiritualists who are making haste to ridicule Dr. Coues for using such terms as "vampiric phantom," etc., and to intimate that he is a Spiritualist but afraid to acknowledge it; declaring he should use terms which Spiritualists have applied to the different phenomena, will do well to hold their ridicule and opinions in abeyance. The nomenclature appropriate to these psychical phenomena has yet to be formulated. Every well-informed Spiritualist knows, for instance, that such terms as "form-materialization," and "independent slate-writing," are misnomers and wholly inadequate to express what is intended, but that they are used for convenience in lieu of something better by people whose interest in the thing *per se* makes the correctness and appropriateness of its descriptive appellation of trifling importance in comparison—at least until a scientific man ventures on these psychical preserves and applies terms of his own.

The JOURNAL is proud to know that most of its continuous readers are wholly free from the sectarian spirit, and ready to avow that Spiritualists neither own, control nor hold a mortgage on the vast field of psychical research; but only have a lien on it, such as each investigator creates by his own individual work.

Prof. Coues is a scientist; and as such is devoting his time and talents to psychical investigation in his own way, by such methods and along such lines as his genius inspires, his experience commends and his time permits. His mission is among his brother scientists and not with Spiritualists. Let us then quietly look on, appropriating the results of his labors as fast as they can be used to advantage, but no faster. If perchance he seems stupid or fanciful to us who have been through it all—as we think—let us be patient with him, remembering that he is not talking directly to us, but to the scientific world. Spiritualists have so long built from the spiritual side, that they are apt to be impatient with one like Coues, who is building on the physical side. Spiritualists will finally own an individual interest in all that he and others may develop and they may well give such men free scope. Those who desire to know Prof. Coues's views more in detail, should read his interesting and wonderfully suggestive little book entitled, *Biogen*.

Onset Redeems Itself.

At the annual meeting of the Onset Bay Camp Meeting Association, which occurred last week in Boston, the party which has been dominant for several years was unceremoniously fired out, and the Association redeemed from the control of those who have made Onset a rendezvous for frauds and free-lovers. The management is now in the hands of those who will strike hands with the Lake Pleasant Management in sustaining a high standard in every particular. This is most encouraging and those who last year thought the JOURNAL too severe in its criticisms of Onset can now do themselves credit by actively aiding in preserving that camp from the need of criticism. Heroic treatment is usually unpleasant both to the patient and attendants, but it is often the only safe way to insure favorable results. Onset has a splendid future in store, if the reforms now begun shall continue and be permanent.

The Cook County Woman Suffrage Association tendered a reception to Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby of Beatrice, Nebraska, editor of the *Woman's Tribune*, a spicy paper devoted to the cause of woman, now in its second year. Mrs. Colby was on her way to Washington to attend the National Woman Suffrage Association which holds its seventeenth annual session this week. Mrs. Harbert, the President of the Cook Co. Association, called the meeting to order. Prof. Perkins sang "We are coming Uncle Samuel, fifteen millions strong," words by Mrs. C. V. Waite, music by himself. Mrs. Talbot then gave two humorous recitations, in her pleasing manner, appropriate to the occasion. Mrs. Colby was then called upon and made some remarks, urging more active work upon suffragists, and advocating the study of the subject from a historical standpoint, to read history to find out the position of woman in the past and present. She thought no one could study the subject in that way without coming out a suffragist. Mrs. Colby is a bright, interesting speaker, enthusiastic and entertaining, a thorough Western woman, no circumlocution; she has something to say and she says it; her paper is doing a good work in Nebraska. It is published monthly, at one dollar a year. This leads us to speak of Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert's new venture. She has purchased *Our Herald* from Mrs. Gougar and removed it from Lafayette, Ind., to Chicago, and changed the name to *The New Era*. To all who are familiar with Mrs. Harbert's "Woman's Kingdom" in the *Inter Ocean*, we need say nothing in praise. Mrs. Harbert is a most conscientious journalist, and spares no labor to make her work a success. She is a very enthusiastic woman suffragist, and makes a live paper, brimful of facts and the best thought of the age upon the subject. The price is very low, \$1.25 a year. Both these papers are monthly, and it is intended one shall appear the first and the other the middle of the month, thereby giving the West a paper devoted to suffrage once in two weeks.

A correspondent writing from Whatcom, W. T., says: "Mr. P. A. Smith gave three lectures here in December, and in consequence there is much inquiry concerning Spiritualism."

Truth and Light of London, England

Truth has lately published several scurrilous articles against Eglinton, the state-writing medium. In reply thereto, Light a prominent Spiritualist paper, says:

"We did not feel called upon to notice the first attack. It was apparently, so far removed from the sphere of courteous and free inquiry that we felt unable to cope with such graceful epithets as 'humbug,' 'credulous dolt,' 'knave,' 'cheat,' and so on, as applied to Spiritualism, Spiritualists and mediums. Mr. Labouchere has, however, since then, become more explicit. In the last number of his journal he returns to the subject, and in introducing an anonymous letter he speaks of Mr. Eglinton as a 'rogue and vagabond,' furthermore expressing an opinion that 'the police should take the man Eglinton in hand,' and offering to supply evidence against him for 'prosecution on the ground of pretended dealings with the unseen world.'"

"Now we wish to inform the editor of Truth that he has attacked, in a most unjust and unjustifiable manner, a man who has been the recipient of good standing and education in all ranks of society, from the highest circles downwards, believe to be honest and true. There are numbers of these personages who can testify, to whatever cause or causes these mysterious phenomena are to be traced, they are certainly not due to fraud or trick on the part of Mr. Eglinton. The evidence on this score would, if taken in the trial of a man for his life, be held to be sufficient and effective."

"Mr. Labouchere, in speaking of prosecution, evidently has that act of Parliament (George II., c. 5) in view which, twisted the same way as it is distorted in order to make it apply to mediumship, would include every clergyman and minister of the Gospel professing to have communion with the Supreme Spirit. We mean no irreverence, we simply state a fact. By it also every medium, whether public or private, whether money is taken, or whether the services are given freely, can be proceeded against. In this respect the question concerns all Spiritualists and all lovers of free inquiry. If, therefore, Mr. Labouchere succeeds in arousing Spiritualists to bestir themselves to agitate for the repeal of a law never intended to apply to Spiritualism, and acknowledged by many excellent lawyers to be a blot on the statute books of a free and enlightened country, we may yet have to thank him, and he may find that in cursing Spiritualism he has only blessed it."

Four Days in a Trance.

A Case of Suspended Animation in New Jersey.

Dr. Morris, of East Durham, N. J., reports a case of trance that he has been treating for the last four or five days. The victim is Amelia Schaefer, a 19-year-old German girl, who lives in the village. A few months ago she engaged herself in marriage to a young lawman. He went, so the story goes, to Pennsylvania soon after the engagement and found employment in a mine there. On New Year's Eve information reached Miss Schaefer that her husband had been in an accident in the mine and that her lover had lost his life. She was noticeably shocked by the news, and retired to her room, prostrated by her sudden bereavement. Mrs. Schaefer went to her room the next morning to rouse her from her sleep and bid her a happy New Year. When she reached the girl's side she was startled.

Her daughter lay on her back and seemed to be dead. Her face and hands were colorless as those of a corpse, and the cold, fixed stare of death was in her eyes. Mrs. Schaefer made ineffectual attempts to rouse her and then sent out for the physician. He felt for a heart action, but could perceive none. Her wrists seemed pulseless. He applied electricity, but there was no response indicating life. He observed, however, that the body had none of the rigidity which follows death, and declaring his belief that the girl was suffering from catalepsy, advised the parents to make no preparations for her burial. Monday evening a feeble pulse was discerned at the wrist, and yesterday there were increasing signs of returning animation. The physician ascribes the cause of her syncope to intense grief acting upon a delicate constitution and highly nervous organization. In her childhood Miss Schaefer had suffered from St. Vitus's dance, and had a latent predisposition to maladies of the nervous system.

Do Not be Alarmed

at the raising of blood from the lungs. It is one of the very earliest symptoms of consumption, and only shows the hearty efforts of the system to throw off the venous impurities of the blood which have resulted in ulceration of the lungs. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for consumption at this stage. If taken faithfully, it will cleanse the blood, heal the ulcers in the lungs, and build up and renovate the whole system.

The highest priced pew in Grace Church, New York, is \$3,000 per year.

Every Woman in the Land

owes it to herself and her family to take care of her health. When she finds her health failing, and debility and weakness, undermines her strength, her surest and best remedy is Kidney-Wort. It builds up the general health, keeps the secretory system in perfect order, regulates the Kidneys and Bowels, and enables these important organs to perform their natural functions in throwing off the accumulated impurities of the body.

Boston sends to Africa annually 600,000 gallons of New England rum.

The Great American Chorus.

Sneezing, snuffling and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. And will be until June. "Two colds such an awful cold in my head." Cure it with Ely's Cream Balm or it may stay in the throat form of Catarrh. Maybe you have Catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous and dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a sniff nor a liquid. Applied by the finger to the nostrils. Pleasant, certain, radical.

Two hundred thousand Americans have wintered in Europe.

A Good Reputation.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without bread." They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

Germany has one beer shop to every thirty-one inhabitants.

"Economy is Wealth." No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many pounds can be saved every year. Ask your druggist. Only 10c. Simple to use. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Buffalo has a saloonkeeper who does not smoke a drink or chew.

The medical profession are slow (and rightly so) to endorse every new medicine that is advertised and sold; but honest merit conquers the fair-minded after a reasonable time. Physicians in good standing often prescribe Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the cure of female weaknesses.

The Texas pecans bring \$2.25 a bushel. One farmer picked seventy bushels from a piece of land, on which he also raised a good corn crop.

"100 Does One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

The paper having the largest circulation in the world—325,000 copies daily—is the *Petit Journal* of Paris.

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, says the South will be prohibition before another Presidential election.

Beyond the Gates. A fascinating book by the popular author, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, written in her most literary and spiritual style. Price, \$1.25. For sale at this office.

A Sensation In Court

of relief is sure to follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and thousands thankfully acknowledge its good effects. Charles C. Smith, Craftsbury, Vt., says: "I have been troubled, for a long time, with a humor, which appeared on my face in ugly pimples and blotches. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me. I consider it the best blood purifier in the world."

Judge

of the feelings of Mrs. T. P. Cushing, 87 Suffolk St., Chelsea, who, after being so afflicted with Salt Rheum that her fingers would crack open, and bleed and itch terribly, was cured by four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. E. G. Evans, 78 Carver St., Boston, Mass., suffered severely from rheumatism and debility. Ayer's Sarsaparilla proved a specific in her case. Francis Johnson, Editor of the "German American," Lafayette, Ind., writes: "For years I have been subject to chronic attacks of neuralgia, especially at the commencement of spring. I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Sarsaparilla." It has

Lynch

Whole-sale Grocer, Lowell, Mass., says: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best." The following, from R. L. King, Richmond, Va., is corroborated by Purcell, Ladd & Co., druggists, of that city. Mr. K. writes (May 12, 1884): "My son Thomas, aged 12, has suffered horribly for three years, with scrofula, in its worst form. His case was said to be incurable. One arm was useless; his right leg was paralyzed; a large piece of bone had cut through the skin at the shoulder-blade, and three large sores constantly discharged offensive matter. He began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla on the 6th of March, and, oh, what a

Saved and

restored thousands. Walter Barry, 7 Hollis St., Boston, Mass., after vainly trying a number of medicines, for the cure of lumbago, was persuaded to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He writes: "Your valuable medicine not only relieved me, but I believe it has worked a perfect cure, although my complaint was apparently chronic." Those, Daily, Watertown, Mass., has long been a sufferer from lumbago and rheumatism. So great has been his improvement since using

Happy

change; indeed, a miracle. In a few weeks the sores began to heal; he gained strength, and could walk around the house. We persevered with the Sarsaparilla, yet having little hope of his recovery. To-day he can run as far as any other boy of his age. The sores on his arm, shoulder, and back, have nearly healed, his amusements are strengthening, and he is the picture of health." Equally important facts concerning the use of Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

saparilla that he has every reason to believe it will effect a permanent cure.

by other members of Mr. King's family, are contained in the same letter.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

For sale by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles for \$5.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORMS OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, PAINFUL DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL REMOVE AND PREVENT TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THUS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES PAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CHECKED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

AS ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNPARALLELED.

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No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It cures Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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DR. PEIRO, who has devoted twenty-three years to the special consideration and treatment of Chronic and Acute Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, is the founder of the American Oxygen Company, the production of that wonderful and delightful healing remedy, used by Inhalation, to widely known as the

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for the relief and cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Nervous Prostration, etc., etc.

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The aim of *The Index* is—To increase general intelligence with respect to religion; To foster a nobler spirit and guide to a higher purpose, both in the society and in the individual; To substitute knowledge for ignorance, right for wrong, truth for superstition, freedom for slavery, character for craft, nobility for baseness, love for hate, humanitarianism for sectarianism, devotion to universal good for absorption in selfish schemes.

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THOUGHTS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD. Addressed to the working classes, and written through the mediumship of Mrs. Yeatsman Smith.

Continued from First Page

would willingly have indulged myself by dwelling rather on its comforts and its blessings; upon the knowledge which it has been the instrument of affording us of things which many prophets and wise men have desired to know and have not known; upon the light thrown by its revelations of the actions of unembodied spirits; on the causes underlying much of the action of man; upon its value in limiting the area of human error by its vindication of many aspects of long discredited truth; upon the confirmation afforded by it of much contained in all the sacred books of the world; and of the special single-ness, purity, unadulteratedness, if I may use such a word, of those held in especial veneration among us; and above all upon the assistance afforded by it to the study of Theosophy, or the intellectual apprehension of Divine things.

Upon these subjects I would willingly have expatiated, but they are not on the record. It is of the difficulties and not of the beneficent aspects of Spiritualism that I have had to speak.

In things of the spirit it is the evening and the morning that make the day, not the morning and the evening. My duty has been with the darkness and not with the light, with the sowing, not with the reaping.

My "suggestions" I would finally epitomize in the advice given by the spirit to the friend whose case I have quoted:

Swallow the church door key! The church door key of Spiritualism is a bold but sober and chastened imagination.

Eleven Tests in One Communication.

BY THOS. HARDING.

I had long been convinced of the reasonableness of the philosophy of Spiritualism before I had the proof of its facts; but when, in my own house in Sturgis and through my wife, the proofs came, I felt so grateful I promised that I would do anything in my power, at any time to oblige the spirits, and I may add that my wife and I have gone out of our way and suffered inconvenience more than once, in keeping that promise, which we regard as sacred.

Some years ago, business required my constant presence in the city of South Bend, Indiana, and one winter I rented a small house and removed a few necessary articles of furniture down there, so that my family could be with me. While there, my wife and I used to sit every night before retiring, as a sort of religious exercise, to give the spirits an opportunity to communicate.

One night, while sitting thus, the medium (Mrs. H.) bent forward in her chair toward me, as a lady or gentleman might when about to address a stranger, and under unmistakable control said:

"Are you acquainted with a lady named Abbott?"

"I never was acquainted with any one of that name," I replied. (I will add that Mrs. H., the medium, was not either, and be it remembered that she was a complete stranger in South Bend, while my acquaintance was confined to only one or two families.)

"Would you oblige me by conveying a message, or causing it to be conveyed," said the spirit.

"Certainly," said I. "I will undertake its conveyance myself. To whom shall I convey it?"

"To a Mrs. Abbott," said the control. "Where does she live?" I inquired.

"Only a short distance from here," he replied, and pointing he added: "The house is just over there."

"Is Mrs. Abbott a young or a middle aged lady?"

"Neither," said the spirit; "she is quite an old lady."

"Is she a church member?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the control, "she is a member of the Methodist church."

"Now please give me your name?"

"You or the medium are not acquainted with any one of my name, any more than that of Mrs. Abbott," said the spirit, "which is a fortunate circumstance for all concerned. My name is Spencer."

"Were you Mr., Mrs. or Miss Spencer?" I asked.

"I was Mr. Spencer," he replied.

"Please say how long it has been since you last spoke to the lady, Mrs. Abbott."

"About 7 or 8 years. I am anxious that you should get everything correct, as Mrs. Abbott is earnestly desirous of ascertaining whether there is any truth in spirit communication, and I want to convince her that there is, and that a good future exists for her. That, in fact, is my message to Mrs. A."

"When you parted from Mrs. Abbott, where did you go?" I asked.

"I went east from here, and died in Rochester, New York."

"Does Mrs. Abbott know that you have passed from earth to spirit life?"

"Of course not," he replied, "she never heard of me since I left here, and she knows that neither you nor the medium have had the slightest acquaintance with either of us, while all the circumstances I have mentioned are well known to her, except the fact of my having died in Rochester. I will open the way for you," he concluded, "and when you sit again, I'll return." Then he bade us "good night."

"Now I have got an elephant on my hands," said I to myself, "but I'll do the best I can."

The first thing, next morning, I called on an old lady named Trueblood, whom I supposed from long residence was well acquainted in South Bend.

"Do you know a Mrs. Abbott living anywhere near here, Mrs. Trueblood?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Abbott's is on the corner of the second street from this."

"So far, so good," I soliloquized; "that was just where he pointed, sure enough."

"What sort of a lady is this Mrs. Abbott, you refer to?" I asked of Mrs. Trueblood.

"Oh! she is quite an old lady, and I think a member of the First Charge M. E. Church."

I now felt that I was on the right track, and started for Mrs. Abbott's quite encouraged by the progress I was making, but when I got there and saw a large and imposing house, with nicely kept grounds and every thing in "apple-pie order," and remembered that the people were Methodists, and probably didn't wish to be intruded upon by such a Don Quixote as I should appear to them on such an errand, and further I did not know whether this was the right Mrs. Abbott; there might have been a dozen Mrs. Abbotts in S. B. for all I knew to the contrary, and beside Mrs. A., if the right one should wish to keep her desire a secret, so taking in the entire situation I resolved to return and send a note of inquiry. I then wrote the following note, and sent it by my son:

"Mrs. ABBOTT—MADAM—Would you have the kindness to inform me, whether you have ever been acquainted with a gentleman named Spencer. I pardon me for making this inquiry, but I seek a lady of your name who

had. If you have never known such a party, please inform me, if you can, whether there is another Mrs. Abbott in town, of whom I might inquire, and very much obliged.

Yours respectfully, THOS. HARDING.

The daughter of Mrs. Abbott (a lady of about twenty-five or thirty summers) opened the door; her mother was from home just then and having first asked permission, she opened and read the note.

"Mr. Spencer!" she said. "Why, yes, of course we are acquainted with Mr. Spencer. He married a cousin of mine, but he went East somewhere, a long time ago, and we have never heard from him since. Now let me count up. Oh! I declare, it must be seven, or over, years ago."

My messenger then told her that it was his father who sent the note, and that I would call and explain. She expressed a desire to have me do so, and I went. I was politely received and in a conversation of about half an hour, I explained how I had obtained the information.

"My mother is quite desirous of knowing," she said, "whether the departed can return." She thanked me for calling and promised to inform her mother of the circumstance, but she added: "This is Spiritualism! and—and—I hope you will pardon me for remarking that it is generally considered by us—ah! well—dear me—I hope you won't be offended—but really—you know—it is somewhat tabooed in consequence of—ah! well—in fact its lack of respectability—that is to say—in consequence of—ah! well—yes—indeed, the fact of its immorality. I earnestly hope you are not offended and will pardon me for expressing myself so candidly, but I perceive that you are a gentleman and you know that—ah! well—yes—that is to say—ahem!"

The conclusion of the whole matter is that I explained away in a measure at least, the lady's scruples, and Mr. Spencer and I gained our points; his message was given and my tests verified—every one.

Now I have given correctly the names of all the parties and places, and I challenge the persons named, one and all, to deny my statements, if they can.

Sturgis, Mich.

Influence of the Stars.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the annual meeting of the American Spiritualist Association (the A. S. A.) at Lake Pleasant, in August last, the following, amongst other good things, was

"Resolved, That we encourage the education of children in spiritual truths, and in our theories of religion; and also that we recommend the formation of classes in physiology, hygiene and (all) natural sciences."

My thoughts were led to revert to the substance and value of this resolution, properly carried out, by noticing the slip from Nature copied into your issue of Nov. 15th, headed "Fortune Telling, the Japanese Method, etc."

In it, the old astrological notion of "ruling stars" in the lives of individuals, was dwelt upon with an unction that would indicate a lingering faith in such folly by the writer. Astronomical science has rendered such an idea so supremely irrational and improbable that it almost tempts me to follow the hint in our resolution far enough to indicate wherein this "star-ruling" of individual lives and characters becomes so palpably absurd.

Jocularity speaking, the progress of the "A. S. A." is not as yet rapid enough to give me any hope of a Professor's Chair of Astronomy in the grand spiritual college we propose to organize and endow; and there is at present no better medium than the columns of the JOURNAL through which to disseminate, now and then, a few plain truths from the favorite study of my life.

What, then, of this star-ruling business? I am not about to say that the Japanese did not show some small glimmering of sense when they took account of the "month of conception" in their figurings after the character of a subject; for the different atmospheric and thermal influences prevailing in the different seasons might very readily, through the organisms of the parents affect the cast of mind of the unborn children.

The bursting bloom of the spring time, the genial warmth and richer efflorescence of the early autumn and the somber stillness of her later reign, followed closely by the season of the bare and falling leaf; and finally by the dread, cold and death of winter, might each and all, accordingly as they most prevailed during the period of gestation, affect the mental tendencies of offspring; more or less as they more or less influenced the minds of the mothers. But when we come to the "ruling of stars," science perceives no possible or probable influence. Do they claim an effect from their light rays? We answer: They shine in the same terrestrial region upon all alike. Do they say it is their star magnetism? We answer again: The heat and magnetism of our sun is overwhelming and all-powerful—the source of all life; and without it we would have neither existence nor character to maintain or exhibit. The heat of even our winter fires traced to its source, comes from his ever prevailing flame. His magnetism springs the auroral-arch and walking streamers athwart our northern sky; but so faint—from so far distant comes the stellar influence that science can appreciate its light alone, and the magnetism, if any ever so faint there be, flows the same as the light, alike for all.

Does the popular mind take in the fact that all stars seen at any time of the year in the latitude of Chicago, for instance, must pass diurnally athwart the sky of Chicago by the same path, and shed its influence (if it has any) on the people of Chicago for the same number of hours, every day in the year? What folly, then, to presume, as astrology does, to concentrate the imaginary influence of any star upon any single individual or class of individuals.

The exceeding remoteness and untold number of the fixed stars should teach us a lesson that the probabilities are more than ten thousand to one against their having any defined and specialized influence upon the lives and characters of the denizens of earth; and that the explanation of all predictions and horoscopes that have seemed to indicate such influence, must be sought for in an entirely different direction than in the presumption of it.

Let us speculate a little: Science is about to prove, if she has not already fully shown, that light, heat and magnetism are closely allied, or equivalent forces, varying only in their "modes" of action. It takes light, (going as positively proven 185,000 miles per second) about 17 years to come from Sirius (the dog-star, the very brightest in our sky), to mother earth. Or, in more appreciable statement, an express train at 1,000 miles per 24 hours would require 275 million years of steady running to travel to or from Sirius. Do our astrologists ever imagine that a spirit from the realm of mighty "Sirius" may take it in his head to influence some Alexander, some Charlemagne, some Napoleon, some

Bismarck or some Grant on little earth, to aid him in the slaughter of his fellow men? Speculating, as we fairly may, that such a spirit would have no swifter means of travel and communication than the magnetic current, it would take him 17 years to get wind by telegram of his needed presence here in the work of butchery, and seventeen more years to put in an appearance and take command.

It is well enough, perhaps, thus to look on all sides with the lamp of science, like the lamp of the miner, beaming on our bonnets, before yielding credence in any degree to the superstitious claims of astrology, even though backed up by the Bible (prime idol of the churches) when it says "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera" (Judges, 5: 20).

So we will dare to think that our high-toned JOURNAL only quoted from the man in Nature as an illustration of the curious, systematized superstitions of the Japanese; and that all spiritualists (deemed by the world as striking hands with science in explaining away all superstitions and standing forth bravely in the glorious liberty and light of those whom truth makes free.

J. G. J.

An Explanation of Telepathy.

(The Nation.)

I beg to offer some hypotheses in explanation of telepathy:

(a.) Suppose that the fact of telepathy has been established substantially according to the results reached by the London Society for Psychic Research, viz.: that one person can know what another person is thinking of without any known physical means of communication;

(b.) Suppose that consciousness and memory, will, understanding, etc., do not depend upon matter for their existence, but only for their manifestation; i. e., are spiritually self-existent, but require a physical basis whence to effect any knowable result, i. e., to become efficient causes or "forces";

(c.) Suppose there is an ubiquitous, imponderable, frictionless, tonic (i. e., not atomic) or any other state of matter, ordinarily inappreciable to the physical senses, having modes of motion peculiar to itself and appropriate to the support and primary manifestation of consciousness; and that we agree to call this kind of matter "akasha," or "od," or "biogen," or anything else;

(d.) Suppose akasha susceptible of being set in sundry modes of motion by the consciousness, will, etc., of some person, and that such modes of motion are respectively the expression of such and such thoughts, in the form of thought-waves;

(e.) Suppose biogen capable of continuing for some time a particular mode of motion impressed upon it by the will, and of propagating this motion to some distance from the point of its origination, just as light-waves, etc., are propagated—both the matter and its motion being ordinarily imperceptible to the physical senses;

(f.) Suppose a person at some distance to be affected by the impacts of these waves in a way that causes in him waves identical in all respects with those proceeding from the originator of the motion;

Obviously, then, the consciousness of the two individuals would coincide; i. e., one would have come to think the same thing the other thought; i. e., one would have "read the mind" of the other; and the operation of the one mind upon the other would not have been cognized by the physical senses of anybody; i. e., it would have been the action of one mind upon another at a distance, without any known physical means of communication; i. e., it would constitute telepathy just what the London S. P. R. would appear to have established.

Assuming the truth of this hypothesis, it accounts for the facts, is not incompatible with any of them, and is, therefore, an available working hypothesis to explain telepathy.

The biogen-theory derives some confirmation from the fact (not generally known or accepted, and contrary to some of what are called "laws of matter"), that some persons, in certain states of mind, can see the biogen-waves proceed in a ray or pencil from the agent and impinge upon the object.

It derives additional confirmation from the fact, that biogen, in some of its states and modes of motions, may be smelled, heard, seen, and handled by any one; i. e., comes under the ordinary observation of the physical senses.

It may relieve the minds of some to be assured that no *Deus ex machina* need be invoked to lay some of the "ghosts" that haunt the sciences of the Spiritualists. I have nothing to say here of those alleged ghosts supposed to be apparitions of dead persons. But I will give a new name to what are called "veridical phantoms." I will call them *telepathic automata*. With this hint, and the reminder that the substance which composes the visible and tangible bodies of telepathic automata is that which I have elsewhere described and named biogen I remain,

Very truly yours, ELLIOTT COUES.

1726 N. St., Washington St., Dec. 23, 1884.

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No. 23

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- FOURTH PAGE.**—Special Notices. Irregular Persecution. A Ball for Rural Innocents. A Materialistic Fizzle Explained. American Spiritualist Association. A Soul to Glory. General Items.
- FIFTH PAGE.**—General News. Heber Newton on Ingersoll. Appreciative and Proprietary Words. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.**—Shall We Live Again? Diphtheria. Col. Ingersoll. Orset—A Small Bit of History. Dr. Dean Clarke in New England. Spiritualism. A New Issue. Conditions and Indignation. Edwin Arnold is the Author. Mental Perception. Bacteria. Painless Killing of Animals. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.**—Dear Little Hands. Extraordinary Manifestations. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.**—The Truth About Jesus. Is There a Hell? Tests of Spirit Presence. Gov. Foster Has a Vision.—In Consequence of it he Issues a Pardon to a Murderer. The Lone Star State. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

A Discourse,

Delivered at the Funeral of Dr. James North at Hammon, N. J., by Mrs. Maria M. King.

PRAYER.

Our Father who art in heaven, giver of life and author of good, we children of thy love and dependents on thy bounty, ask thy blessing on us assembled here. We look up for that hope and comfort we need in this hour, expecting the divine gift of the spirit promised to all who seek it. We are grateful for the evidences we have of thy being, and of the care thou hast of us; for evidences of life in the future and of immortality. In the presence of death we rejoice, in that we have the assurance, both from nature and revelation, that because thou livest, we shall live also;—because, inasmuch as we are thy children, formed in the beginning in the image of Nature's Supreme Head, having within us a breath of that divine life, which was, and is, and is to be, eternally, we cannot fall of life eternal. O God! the richest of all thy blessings is this hope—this certainty, based upon eternal law, that death cannot destroy us! It is our comfort in bereavement, our strength in battling with the weaknesses of the flesh, our triumph in death. We rejoice that there is a home beyond this sphere of life, where the weary are at rest; and we are glad to believe that our brother deceased has found that home, and is now in peace, "at rest on the bosom of love." May it be ours to ever follow that which is good, that in the end our rest may be sweet, and life in the great future open joyfully before us.

THE DISCOURSE.

"If a man die shall he live again?" The circumstance which calls us together on this occasion is not one of rare occurrence. It is the one sure to happen in every family, time and again, and to every one of us individually. Therefore, it behooves us to inquire in all seriousness, with Job, if a man die shall he live again? And also to question, whether we are to regard so natural and sure a dispensation as death as a calamity, or to look upon it as a curse, escape from which would be an inestimable boon. It becomes us to consider whether death is indeed the enemy of mankind, an evil imposed as a penalty for sin; or whether it is a friend disguised, whose mission in all nature is beneficent, and particularly to man, as commissioned to open to him the gates to a higher life. Death is invested with a gloomy aspect to the majority of mankind, many of whom are, through dread of death, all their life time subject to a fearful bondage. It is the "monster," the king of terrors, who lurks, a grim spectre, by every hearth-stone, waiting for victims which are his destined prey, by the inevitable law; and whose universal reign is bewailed as the curse of God upon a fallen world. And I heard a voice of lamentation and mourning, "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." I looked, and behold, the whole earth was in mourning, because age and decay are the birthright of man; because war and pestilence stalk abroad, and accident and disease are as rampant lions devouring their prey in season and out of season; and the parents and children, wives and husbands; the benefactors and teachers; the warriors and statesmen; the tillers of the soil, the laborers at the anvil and the loom, in the household and the mine—all, all, are the harvest of death! And I said, is life worth the living, since it is but a prey to death? since man comes forth but to mourn and to die? But the voice of the spirit then answered: Let God be just and every man be accounted a deceiver, in so far as he misrepresents divine justice, and calls death his enemy! Rejoice, O man! Rejoice, O Na-

ture! for life is as well as death, and is forever the conqueror! The sceptre is life's, after all; and death wields its power in obedience to the mandate of the highest, whose servant it is to gather in the harvest which life is to garner for distribution as living agencies in the universe of activity.

Let us inquire, for a few moments, into nature's law of death. The law of life interlinked with the law of death, this is nature's mode of manifestation. It is nature's lesson from beginning to end. Death is the name which has been given to the force opposing itself to organization in the world of matter. It is disintegration opposed to aggregation and assimilation by organic law. It is the force chemical affinities oppose to the vital processes, which build up and sustain living organisms, and forms of substance vital with forces which cement atoms and molecules into masses. It is a force potent as the propagator of life. Hence, as generally comprehended, the name death is a misnomer, as conveying a wrong idea of its office in nature. It is a destroyer in the sense of subjecting forms to the conditions of dissolution, when their elements scatter and the forms disappear, that is the material forms, and in no other sense. It wears its ugly visage as the protector of life. It warns from too near an approach to its presence, like a giant despair, a grim Cerberus, guarding the domains of the mysterious future against intruders, lest beneficence shall not have full opportunity to fulfill its designs in the living world.

As the force warring against vital processes, death may be termed the opposite of life. It tears down what organic force builds up; but mark, in this way liberating elements which the builder, organic force, needs to work into the structure it is uprearing. So chemical affinity, the lower order of force, which death represents, reveals itself as the hand maiden of life—the helper, without which life or form cannot be. The functions of life could not go on anywhere without disintegrating force attendant upon it, to supply material for its use; neither could the work of disintegration proceed unattended by the activities which exhaust vitality. So is illustrated the eternal round which is life, after all, nothing but life, motion, vitality. The reactions which are life and death are at the foundation of life in every realm of nature, in every sphere of life; for they are coeval with the life of nature, and co-extensive with the universe.

The principle I have presented is illustrated in a thousand ways in nature all about us. It is said that man is a microcosm, illustrating in himself universal action. His material life is sustained by the interaction which are life and death. You doubtless understand how chemical action operates upon food in the stomach, and how the selective, assimilating forces of the body appropriate the elements fit to be retained, while the grosser ones are cast off as effete matter, dead to all the uses of higher organisms. This illustrates the office of death in nature. How the blood courses through the system, the vital current that builds up at the same time that it removes the products of decomposition, which has been in progress among the tissues in consequence of the activities therein! Every movement of the body, every vital pulse, uses up force; and there is degeneration in consequence. Some substance that has lost a portion of its vitality has to be revitalized by the surging current that the magnetic forces received through other channels; and other that has to be removed as exhausted substance. So decomposition and recombination constitute the activities of the system, balancing each other, and forming the enginery of life.

In the economy of the universe, succession of forms is the order; the higher succeeding the lower by the law of selection, which attends upon disintegration, as just illustrated. It is the jackal attendant upon the lion, always, to take the waste pieces, the master taking the choice morsels. Disintegration attendant upon construction, is the lesson of all time. One grade of matter and forms lives that another and higher may succeed it. One passes away, its higher life being absorbed into the mass of living elements below, to be appropriated where they will fit. Worlds, forms of inorganic matter, species and types in the organic world, all illustrate this law as it is revealed on the physical plane of being.

Law reaches into the spirit. Death is the purveyor of life on the spiritual plane. So analogy teaches, which is in conformity with the teachings of revelation. Forms organized on the plan of perpetuity, of which class man is the superior and type, possess a soul principle—a spiritual body, that is set free by the dissolution of the physical form, the loosening of the attractions which hold together soul and body. This spirit form of man, we believe, is an entity, that cannot be appropriated by anything, as the higher essence of inferior forms are appropriated. It retains its identity, its individuality, separate from the form it has cast off. It is the higher essence of that form, which falls to pieces when deserted by this life principle, as possessing no force to hold it together. Reactions of the two principles on the lower plane have culminated in building up this spirit form; and now life triumphs, in that the living principle survives as an entity, to enter into life on a new and higher plane of existence, while death retains the cast-off form for its prey. The law of the existence of this material form is satisfied by the evolution of the spiritual form. Thus we see that there is an immortality for man's form, as well as his in-

telligence and consciousness. This Paul indicated in his illustration of the subject. Nothing is lost to nature. The real man lives on in spirit, indestructible in the form he wears.

The tokens of the immortality of life and form are scattered as thickly in nature as the leaves in the forest, the blossoms in the field. The seasons come and go in ceaseless rounds. Their succession is that of death and life, of decay and resurrection. In perpetual succession the buds unfold the flowers, the flowers wither, drop their petals in death, but from the heart the living germ unfolds the rich fruit, as the seed that is to propagate the life anew. The seed falls and becomes buried in the soil, its husk withers; drops off, a dead thing, mingling its elements with rich mother earth. But from that sepulchre there is a resurrection. A thing of life arises from the ashes of the dead—a form in the image of its predecessor, to reveal the truth, that the seed was instinct with life, and that decay had only liberated the living principle from that which was in the way of its outworking a complete form like its original. The tree bears its burden of fruit in the season's summer time of activity and growth. It drops its burden and reposes, as though stricken with death. It is a lifeless thing to the view; leafless and barren, while winter's frosts and storms guard its rest. It takes up its life again in the spring time, resumes its function of fruit bearing; the autumn fulfilling the promise of the spring, as before. Thus, through the rounds of its existence, it typifies the eternal rounds of man's existence.

Within the tiny shell of the acorn, the oak in its grand proportions cannot grow; therefore, the shell must be cast off, that expansion into mature life may be possible. Within the narrow bounds of material life man cannot expand to the full possibilities of his being. Within his acorn shell lies engendered the spirit that cannot express itself justly as what it is until it has burst the bands of materiality, and arisen where the sunshine and warmth of spirit-life can stimulate its life and growth. Death, entrance upon a higher life, is as necessary to the development of the complete man, as are the changes through which the germs of the plant must pass to satisfy the idea and end of its existence.

"It is not the whole of life to live" a brief time in the present state. This life is but as the threshold of the existence in which man is to outwork the possibilities of his being. Then, why should change of states be a terror to any? why, since it is as natural as birth, and is, in creating a birth of the spirit into a fullness of life impossible on earth? The bud does not dread to bloom nor the seed to expand; into the plant that lifts itself up from the gloomy soil into heaven's genial light and warmth. Neither should any dread death when it comes in a natural manner. To the aged and diseased it comes as a deliverer, an angel of light, that is to conduct the wayward pilgrim to bowers of sweet repose. In this new life, life's labors will be renewed. The spirit cannot rest in inactivity. The true uses of life will be learned, and the man will go on to perfection. How do we know all this? From nature, analogy and revelation. Revelation in one age vindicates revelation in another. Paul, by inspiration taught what is taught in the same way today, viz: that the dead live, and by a law demonstrated in nature's most common processes. Revelation is a law, a fact in nature that takes its place beside other laws, other facts, and its lessons cannot be ignored. In ancient days, as now, it was necessary that the facts of a future world and immortality should be revealed to man from that world. It has not been left to conjecture whether there is a soul in man that rises triumphant over death. "Because I live ye shall live also," says the risen spirit. Not simply because it is declared in ancient records that one or many rose from the dead and showed themselves unto men, are ye invited to believe in a future life. You have stronger evidence than that, such as you can rely on, as facts transpiring in your very midst, among your neighbors and friends and perhaps in your own families. Jacob's ladder has never been withdrawn. It ever stands as a medium of communication between this and the bright land of the hereafter; and on it the blessed angels of God—former angels of our households, mayhap—descend with richest gifts for us. Else how could we bear the burdens of life? Who can measure the consolation there is in an assured faith in a pure spiritual philosophy—the religion of nature? The light of heaven shining into our homes and our souls from the rising spiritual sun of this age is a legacy of blessing to the race which prophets and sages of every age have foretold.

Our brother departed was an ardent believer in this natural religion. He spent much time and money in investigating spiritual phenomena, and became satisfied to base his hopes and his faith on the evidence he obtained of the truth of this philosophy. He lived for many years a consistent Spiritualist, and found his faith one he could die by, in comfort. A faith that will do to live by will surely do to die by; and one who lives worthily is prepared for death. He believed in a present inspiration—"a God with us," now and in all time, and listened for the voice of the spirit, which told in ancient days, as it tells to-day, of immortality of guardian angels or spirits, whose work it is to minister in God's stead to man, and beckon him onward in the way of righteousness.

God, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

ever, ever reveals himself by the same law. If angels revealed God's word and will to man in one age and to one people, they do in all ages and to all people in proportion to their spirituality; for God is no respecter of persons; and further, in degree as a people are spiritualized by true enlightenment in the same degree are they prepared to seize the true significance of the truths revealed to man in nature and by inspiration. Thus it appears how religious ideas are modified and changed as men grow in intelligence. True Spiritualism does not encourage man in sin by depicting a future state where the consequences of sin do not follow him. On the contrary, it teaches that discipline follows man into that life; that he shall suffer for the deeds done in the body; and that this discipline, self-help and the help of God, is to accomplish the work of regeneration; and that all men are to be thus redeemed, and go on from glory to glory, in outworking the image of God in themselves.

Our friend has gone to his rest full of years and ripe for the change. His was not an untimely death to be mourned as out of the natural order. Though a sufferer for some years, he has lived to a good old age, and to him death could be naught but a blessed change. A diseased and decrepit body exchanged for the incorruptible spiritual body, which is to put on strength as it basks in the vital air of the "Summer-land"—this is not a fate to be dreaded by any who are waiting in debility for the "coming of the bridegroom." Let us believe, according to the privilege of our faith, that the departed spirit is in peace with friends and helpers about him, to aid the newly born in building himself up in the new life—that with joy unspeakable he realizes that he has crossed the stream; and is ready in faith and hope to take up his work again, and go on his way rejoicing.

From what I can learn, I believe that Dr. James North was a good man. That he was honorable, intelligent and efficient as a man and in his profession, appears from the honorable positions he has filled in life. What greater eulogy can be pronounced upon any? Let his friends find their comfort in this, and in their faith that in a better land he awaits a happy reunion with them—every one. May we all imitate him in all that is good and noble in his character, and find the reward of well doing in this life and that which is to come.

Max Mueller on the Mahatmas or Himalayan Adepts.

Sanskrit Origin of Koot-hoomi's Name.—Prof. Monier Williams Quotes from the Religio-Philosophical Journal in his Recent Work on India.—Rev. Samuel Johnson a Believer in Psychometry.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is claimed by Madam Blavatsky and the other so-called Theosophists that in the recesses of the Himalaya mountains there live a number of mahatmas or adepts, whose existence is shrouded in an almost inscrutable mystery, and who are the possessors of an almost boundless knowledge of the laws and forces of nature, both in the material and spiritual realms, compared with which that of the scientific world of Europe and America dwindle into insignificance; and not only do they possess a complete knowledge of nature's arcana, but in addition, they are asserted to have an almost sovereign control over the mysterious potencies enshrined in what we usually term natural law. In Professor Max Mueller's last work, "Rigvedical Essays," New York, 1884, page 172 I find the following reference to these mahatmas and their supposed mysterious attributes. Prof. Mueller is giving an abstract of the autobiography of Dayananda Sarasvati, the recently deceased founder and leader of the Arya-Samsa, an English translation of which was published in the Theosophist, Mad. Blavatsky's occultic monthly, and a copy thereof furnished Prof. M. by Mad. B.; and after quoting extensively from this autobiography, Prof. Mueller continues thus:

"After that follows a description of various journeys to the North, where in the recesses of the Himalaya mountains Dayananda hoped to find the sages who are called Mahatmas, and are supposed to be in possession of the highest wisdom. These journeys are described very graphically, but their details have been called in question, and may therefore be passed over: That there are hermits living in the Himalaya forests, that some of these are extremely learned, and that others are able to perform extraordinary acts of asceticism, is well known. But equally well known are the books which they study, and the acts of Yoga which they perform, and there is really no kind of mystery about them. They themselves would be the last to claim any mysterious knowledge beyond what the Shastras supply. Nor are such Mahatmas to be found in the Himalayan recesses only. India is full of men who seek retirement, dwell in a small cell or cave, sleep on the skin of a tiger or stag, abstain from flesh, fish, and wine, never touch salt, and live entirely on fruits and roots."

Attention is invited to that portion of the above which I have italicized. From this it appears that Prof. Mueller is inclined to call in question the existence of any such mahatmas as the semi-mythical Koot-hoomi and the other Himalayan Brothers, failed to possess such extraordinary knowledge and power. Like the Professor, I strongly incline to

the belief that the alleged revelator of "Esoteric Buddhism" and inspirer of "Isis Unveiled," Koot-hoomi, is largely a product of the teeming fancy and gifted imagination of the learned Blavatsky. There may be an adept in the Himalayas named Koot-hoomi, but most, if not all, of the things ascribed to him are probably fictitious.

It has been more than once stated that the name Koot-hoomi does not belong to any of the languages of India, and it has been suggested that it was a compound of the last syllable of Col. Olcott's name united to that of Mr. R. W. Hume, a prominent Theosophist. It is a little surprising that any competent Sanskrit scholar should have expressed his ignorance of this name, as it is a well-known Sanskrit proper name. It is almost impossible that any good Vedic scholar can be wanting in knowledge of the name of Kuthumi. "Koot-hoomi" is an Anglicized mode of spelling the Sanskrit Kuthumi. Among the multitudinous law books or legal codes, classed among the Shastras or sacred books of India, and attributed to ancient mythical inspired law-givers, there is one claiming to be written by Kuthumi (Lawson's "Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology," p. 89; Monier Williams's "Indian Wisdom," p. 205; Weber's "History of Indian Literature," p. 84, note). The Sama-Veda, one of the four Indian Vedas, has come down to us in three or four recensions, or traditional versions, belonging to as many respective schools or sects. One of these schools or sects is that of the Kauthumias, and the shakha or version of this school is called the Kauthuma-shakha, or the recension of the Kauthumias; this recension is the vulgate of the Sama-Veda, or the one in most common use (Max Mueller's "Ancient Sanskrit Literature," 1860, pp. 181, 373; Barth's "Religion of India," p. 4, note; Weber's "Indian Literature," pp. 65, 83, 84; Garrett's "Classical Dictionary of India," p. 355). Kauthuma is derived from Kuthumi, according to one of the most common laws governing Sanskrit word-formation,—the changes of vowels called "vaidhi" and "vina." According to this law, when nouns are formed from other nouns, the one expressing some relation to the other the u in the base of the original noun is reddened or changed to au (as *Paundaka*, a Buddhist, from *Buddha*; *purusha*, manly, from *purusha*, man; *Pauranika* Puranic, from *Purana*), and in case of a terminal i in the original noun, this i is changed to a. Thus Kuthumi is modified into Kauthuma, which latter word may be rendered in English as equivalent to Kuthumite or Kuthumist. The Kauthuma recension of the Sama-Veda may therefore be called the Kuthumi or Kuthumite version or Shakha.

The asserted name of Mad. Blavatsky's semi-mythical mahatma, Kuthumi (in English Koot-hoomi), is (undoubtedly an old Sanskrit proper name), and the theory of its derivation from those of Col. Olcott and Mr. Hume does not appear tenable.

False Philosophies in the Universities.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I can not resist the impulse to allude with special commendation to Prof. Buchanan's article in your issue of Jan. 10th, headed, "False Philosophies in the Universities." Seldom, methinks, do we find so much solid sense and sound advice embodied in so few paragraphs.

Permit me to invite the JOURNAL readers to a careful and thoughtful appreciation of his position concerning the folly of endeavoring to maintain in this very practical and realistic age, the study of those crude and absurd philosophies (unworthily so-called) into which the world was led by Plato, Aristotle and others.

As well might we plow with the snail of a forked stick, sow with our hands, reap with a sickle, thresh with a flail, winnow with the wind on the "shelling-hill," and grind by hand with a rubbing stone, as go back to the uninformed vagaries, however subtle, or however nonsensical of these earlier thinkers, who pretended to think without positive science. The incultation of their antiquated ideas is the bane of university culture to day as Prof. Buchanan well argues, and should have been long since as thoroughly outgrown as the things above enumerated, or as the thousand other relics of the past that a wiser culture has long since supplanted, never to return, unless the night of ignorance and shallowness shall again prevail.

In my opinion, the metaphysical, empirical, non-objective reasoning still lingering in the schools (for we name all such nonsense in the same category) is a main cause whereby the "callow" intellects of a remnant of this age are so besotted that they become easy victims to the absurdities involved in the mysteries of the trinity, the vicarious atonement, baptism and all other crude forms and fancies for human redemption from evil that have no practical effect or objective reality.

Many thanks to the Professor for his wise and timely utterances. J. G. JACKSON. Hockessin, Del.

"Do nothing, say nothing, time will put everything to rights," is Emperor William's invariable answer when one member of his family comes to complain of another.

Mr. Gladstone declares that in all his political life he has never been kept awake five minutes by any debate in Parliament.

The deficit of the last World's Exposition, held at Paris, was upward of \$6,000,000, and that of Vienna, in 1873, was over \$9,000,000.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER IX.

In the autumn of 1873, I visited Rev. Sims Paine of Friendship, Alleghany County, New York, a veteran Universalist preacher. He has had some remarkable experiences, of which I give two, as noted carefully from his words at his own fireside. He said:

"About fifteen years ago I was riding on horseback, between Spartansburg and Townsville, in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, when I plainly saw Joseph Phelps, a leading Universalist, some eighty years old, whom I well knew, passing along by my side, on foot, and easily keeping pace with my horse, slow or fast. He told me he died at South Danville, Steuben County, N. Y., and soon disappeared. In about ten days news came of his passing away just before the day and hour on which I saw him."

Again he said: "About twenty years ago I was stopping in Eddyville, Cattaraugus County, N. Y., and riding one pleasant autumn afternoon in my sulky, some two miles east of Rutledge. In the same county, when I saw my niece and son, one on either side of the road, passing or floating along just above the ground, and keeping easy pace with my own motion. In this case, as in the other, I was in a very happy and tranquil state, so that the sunlight seemed to shed new glory on the landscape, and my thoughts were rich and spiritual; but the persons whom I saw were not at all in my mind, yet their coming seemed natural and pleasant, and did not disturb me at all, while the impression made was vivid and indelible, just as clear now as on the days when these things occurred. My niece said to me that Dr. Elijah Baker, an old acquaintance, died at Canton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., and that his funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Pettybone, a Presbyterian clergyman whom I did not know. On reaching Rutledge I found a Universalist newspaper, in which was the report of the death and the funeral of Dr. Baker, confirming in every particular what my niece had told me. In both cases my spiritual visitors remained with me while traveling about a mile."

These are not miracles, but natural results of the opening of the inner vision, and of the power of spiritual beings to become visible under fit conditions, and to rouse our torpid faculties to a sense of their nearness and intelligence that we may come to know ourselves better.

A lady, eminent in worth as well as in position in Washington, told me of going to a magnetic healer for treatment, getting no lasting relief from the ailment she hoped he might help, but being permanently and perfectly cured of deafness and pain in one ear. Was this from some magnetic virtue in the operator, or was he also helped by some spirit in his healing? A rational study of psychology, laws, healing gifts, and spirit-aid, would give light on "faith cures" and "prayer cures," and save a good deal of foolish credulity and of skepticism as foolish.

At E. V. Mansfield's, in New York, I wrote four messages, each of from one to four questions, at his table while he was at the other end of the room; folded them inside the long sheet so that the paper was four times around them; pasted them with gum, and then called him. He sat by the table, laid his left hand on my folded paper, held a pencil over his paper in his right hand, and soon began to write rapidly, tossing his manuscript to me when ended. All the while I sat within six feet, and the papers I had folded were not out of my sight a moment; yet each question was answered in its fit order, one after the other, the replies clear and characteristic of the persons whose names were signed to them. I had addressed my queries as I would write a letter to a friend on earth. In one case a question to a woman was answered by another woman.

At Moravia, New York, in the séance room of Mrs. Andrews, I saw a brother of my wife, who passed away years before, asked a stranger next me to describe the person just visible to us both, and she gave color and style of hair and beard, and cast of features exactly as I had seen them—proving it to be an objective reality and no subjective vision of my own dazed brain. I once locked a piano, put the key in my pocket, and held the hand of the only person in the company competent to play; yet that instrument gave forth music of marvellous sweetness and power for an hour. This was in the dark, but I sat near the piano, no one moved, and I knew the house and its occupants, honest farmers and friends. Did "mental prepossession," or "unconscious cerebration," give us this music?

Coming home from a visit at Grand Rapids, years ago, wife and myself stopped at Lyons. We spent an evening at the house of Dr. Jewett, and had some interesting experiments to test the fine psychometric powers of Mrs. Jewett. I stepped across the yard into the next house, opened our trunk, reached down into a corner, and took out what I supposed was a piece of gypsum from the Grand Rapids plaster beds, which was wrapped in paper as were several other specimens. Without unwrapping or telling what it was, it was handed to the psychometrist, who sat quietly and held it against her forehead, being awake and fully conscious. We expected her to describe the plaster beds, but she told of the slow formation of a sort of crystal, of rushing water, of the stone under the water—all to our surprise until I opened the specimen and found it a limestone geode—crystallized in the river bed from whence it was taken, which I took from our trunk by mistake. Psychometry—the fine inner sense—was right, and told its story against our expectation. This was no chance hit, for other tests were equally good. The delicate influences of nature, and our own interior discernment, are very wonderful!

Inquiry touching Spiritualism is far more widespread than many imagine. Many proofs of this have come to me. Once at a camp-meeting, I sat at table for several meals at the restaurant, opposite a gentleman who made intelligent inquiry as a looker-on might. At last, as we happened to pass out together, he asked me to walk with him, turned into a path in the grove and told me he was the clergyman of an orthodox parish in a large town, gave me his name, said he was out on his summer vacation, and had come there, unknown to any one, to study and observe the alleged facts of spirit-presence, in which he was deeply interested. He may never tell his parish of that visit; but they will wonder at a new warmth and light in his ministrations.

A gentleman once called at my home, spent two hours in a conversation which showed his great wish to gain knowledge, and also his own thoughtfulness, and left. I afterward learned he was President of a college under evangelical auspices. At his request I once called on a veteran and eminent clergyman, who had filled near a half century of pulpit services with large orthodox parishes,

and found him a full believer in spirit-presence. Many such there are who think much yet say little or nothing; sometimes fearful and sometimes felt back by the poor folly or fraud they see among noisy and shallow Spiritualists. The timid are to be pitied. For the folly or fraud that some make an excuse for keeping silent the more's the pity that it exists; but foolish and knavish professors are everywhere, and their abuse of a good thing is a very poor reason for not saying that the thing itself is good. Courage and fidelity are greatly needed.

These personal experiences must end for want of space. What significance or value have such facts of spirit-intercourse and of the inner-life? What changes are they making in the thought and life of the world?

(To be continued.)

A Visit to Henry Clay in the Spirit Land.

An Alleged Contribution from Washington Irving, Dictated by a Clairvoyant While in a Trance Condition, to a Call Contributor.

[Saturday Evening Call.]

Having recovered my health after a sojourn of two weeks amid the charming scenery of Mount Rosalia, or the Rose-colored Mount, I set forth one morning, accompanied by a competent guide, to visit the home of my friend Henry Clay. The morning was uncommonly fine, even for the sweet Land of the Blest, and the fragrance from the roses blooming upon the hill side was fairly intoxicating.

Our phaeton was a small, white swan-shaped carriage, ornamented with golden designs, and propelled by a galvanic battery in the graceful swan-head, which at my request took the place of the ordinary steed.

This was, to me, an exceedingly novel mode of travel, which my short sojourn in the Spirit-world had prevented me from before enjoying.

We glided over the electric ground with the speed of lightning and smooth harmony of music. The road over which we rolled was white and lustrous as Parian marble, and adorned on either side with most rare and beautiful forms of foliage; ever and anon we passed gay cavalades and bands of spirits, who were evidently, from their festal garments, and the bright emanations which they diffused through the air, bound for some harmonious gathering on one of the numerous islands which dot the sparkling river Washingtonia, so named after George Washington.

The distance from the point whence I started, according to earth's computation, was over one hundred miles; but though I desired my guide to move onward as slowly as possible, that I might enjoy the prospect before me, we reached our destination in less than a quarter of an hour!

I had received a special invitation from Henry Clay to visit him on this occasion, as he called together some choice friends to give me welcome; yet, although I knew I was expected, my surprise cannot be described upon beholding the air filled with bevy of beautiful ladies, like radiant birds, approaching, with the sound of music and flutter of flowers, to receive me. Thus surrounded and escorted I was borne to the noble palace (for such it may justly be termed) of Henry Clay.

The structure is of white alabaster, faced with a pale yellow semi-transparent stone, which glistened most gorgeously. The form of the building is unlike any order of architecture with which I had been acquainted. The avenue by which it was approached was decorated alternately with statues of representative Americans, and a peculiar flowering tree, whose green leaves and yellow blossoms, of gossamer texture, resembled the fine mist of a summer morning. Terminating this avenue was the main entrance, surmounted by the grand dome of the edifice. In the rear of this rotunda, extending on either side, appeared the main building, rising, turret on turret, like a stupendous mountain of alabaster beaming as with soft moonlight in the clear summer air.

We entered by ascending a staircase composed of twelve broad steps. And here let me pause, before recounting my interview with the celebrated statesman, to describe the main hall, whose magnificence I, upon entering, hastily surveyed, but which I afterward studied more completely. The floor of this hall was formed of delicate cerulean blue gems. From its centre sprang, like a fountain, a most wonderful representation of a flowering plant resembling the lotus, composed of precious and brilliant stones. The green leaves forming the base were the transparent emerald, and the white lily which surmounted the stem blossomed out clearer than any crystal. The yellow centre, corresponding to the pistils, formed a divan. This beautiful ornament was intended for the desk of the orator. The dome, which was several hundred feet high, was open to the summer sky, and arranged in tiers graduated one above the other. The lower tier was filled with paintings indicating the progress of the United States of America. Surmounting this was a gallery of small compartments, each hung with silver and gold gauze drapery, and similar in construction to the boxes of a theater; these opened into halls or alleys leading to private apartments connecting with the main building. Above these boxes were placed artistically carved animals, representing the native beasts of America. Above these again, appeared groups in marble of the fruits of the country.

No sooner had I entered the building which I have been describing, than a peculiar rushing sound like distant music reached my ear; on lifting my eyes in the direction of the sound, I beheld descending through the air the majestic form of Henry Clay. He approached with extended hand and fascinating smile to receive me. How like and yet how unlike the famous man I had known on earth! The gray hair of age had given place to the abundant glossy locks of youth. The intellectual eye beamed with a new life and his whole person sent forth an effulgence most attractive. Those of my readers who knew him on earth will well remember the peculiar fascination of his sphere, but they can form from the remembrance but a slight idea of the attractive aura he sheds forth in this existence. I immediately felt myself drawn by an invisible power toward him. He grasped my hand with the frank cordiality and grace of former days, and leading me thus, we arose together and passing through one of the arched compartments of the upper tier, entered another portion of the building. As we moved on I seemed to live portions of my earthly life, long past. The gorgeous and fantastic architecture which everywhere met my eye reminded me of the halls of the Alhambra. Swiftly passing, we emerged through a spacious arch upon an open arbor, where were congregated the guests whom I had been invited to meet. I started back with a shock of delight when I beheld, in the centre of the group, the immortal figure of George Washington. I knew him instantly, partly from the likenesses which had been

extant on earth, and partly from the noble spirit which emanated like a sun from his person. The group parted as we entered and I immediately felt resting upon my shoulder, like a benediction, the soft, firm hand of the Father of his Country. "Washington!" I exclaimed, fervently grasping his hand. "At last, we have met!" he responded, and a smile of ineffable joy lighted his countenance. He then spoke of the many changes through which the United States had passed since his removal to the spirit land. I was surprised at the extent of knowledge he displayed. Not the slightest variation in the scale of political economy had escaped his notice. He expressed himself pleased especially at the great progress and development of the people within the last twenty years. He alluded to their rapid march through the western territories; the founding of new and important States; the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of countries supposed to be almost valueless; of the invention and construction of machinery adapted to the wants and necessities of those new and rapidly increasing States. "This marvellous growth is owing to their being essentially a mediævalistic people—is it not so?" said he, smiling and turning to the assembled guests. "Yes, yes!" I heard repeated on all sides. On this commenced a general conversation. I listened as one in a dream. Around me I beheld the faces and forms of the heroes, each bearing the shape and semblance of humanity, though removed from earth millions of miles into space. One and all emitted, like stars, their own peculiar luminous aura. Collected in motley groups were Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, William Penn, Old General Jackson, John Jacob Astor, De Witt Clinton, and many of the old Knickerbocker residents of New York; with Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Hunt, Keats, Byron, Scott, Cowper, Hume, Goethe, De Stael, Mrs. Hemans, and many others.

"The people of America have progressed to an astonishing degree," said a musical voice at my left. "We must initiate Irving into the means by which we impart knowledge to the mediævalistic nation through the Cabinet at Washington."

"Certainly," responded Henry Clay. "Let all formalities cease. We will partake of refreshments, and then Franklin will make him acquainted with the wonderful aids to science and humanity with which he has supplied my residence."

As he ceased speaking, a shower of sound, like the music from the ringing of innumerable crystal bells, filled the air. Accompanying this, and apparently descending from the ceiling, a soft light of aromatic odor diffused itself through the apartment. This was followed by the appearance of a shining disk of amber and pearl, revolving rapidly in its descent till it reached the congregated party. This magic circle (which Thomas Hood, who was present, facetiously termed the "wheel of fortune") was supplied with refreshments truly supernatural. Here were fruits of most brilliant dyes; some of soft pulp flesh, and others of the consistency of honey; some more transparent than the diamonds of earth; others substantial, seemingly intended to supply the demands of hunger. Here were confections resembling foam and cloud, whose very taste was elysium. The guests ate and chatted vivaciously. I received much information concerning the various products of this great land which were displayed upon the table. The most luscious fruits, I considered, both in flavor and quality, were those produced on an island of Cuba, which was under the protection of a band of spirits called the "Good Sisters."

The company having regaled themselves at the table, arose and divided into groups laughing and chatting like ordinary mortals. I felt immediately attracted to a cluster of which Benjamin Franklin was the magnetic center. I reminded him of the duties imposed on him by our host, and told him playfully that I desired to investigate the mysteries of this wonderful palace. He cordially acquiesced, and in company with a few friends, we commenced our explorations. I inquired as to the construction of the table from which we had just arisen, so superior to the cumbersome ones of earth: "It is a very simple contrivance," he smilingly remarked. "You observe inserted in these twisted columns, ornamented with leaves, which support the ceiling, an electric wire, similar to that of a telegraph. From each of these central columns, this wire connects with the upper gallery. Here," said he, pointing to one of the leafy ornaments, "you perceive the means of communicating. Unobserved by you, our gracious host touched one of these springs which are connected with the crystal bells, and announced to his servants his desire for refreshments." "Servants?" exclaimed I. "How singular! I little supposed, from the religious teachings I had received, that there would be menials in heaven!"

"There has a poor memory," remarked William Penn, with a bright smile. "Did not the Bible teach thee that there was an upper and a lower seat? These servants are composed mostly of those who were held in slavery on earth and who desire to receive instruction that they may progress in the spheres. They are willing assistants; giving that they may receive in return. If these dislike the term 'servant,' they may use the term 'friend,' for they are friends and co-workers. Through those doors in the gallery they bring the refreshments which they gather from the hanging gardens without, where they live like the Peris of the East. The luxury of the princes of earth cannot compare with the life of enjoyment and freedom led by those whom I have termed 'servants.'"

I here took the opportunity to ask Franklin if it was necessary, in communicating with absent individuals, to use those external appliances? "Not always; thought can commune with thought if upon the same plane; but a mind like that of our great statesman cannot readily communicate with one whose mind on earth never rose above the domestic affairs of life. In such cases, external means are necessary."

"Come," said he, turning; "I will show you something more remarkable than this." So saying, he led me through an open door into one of the spacious gardens which grace the palace on either side. We walked but a few moments, arm in arm, over a soft velvet lawn, of the color of a delicate violet. Exquisite tints everywhere met my eye. The air was like wine, and so luscious and entrancing were the surroundings that I felt inclined to tarry, but my sage guide, calling my attention to the majestic dome towering in the air, desired me to exert my will to ascend. I did so, and immediately felt myself rising as if pressed by some elastic substance, until I reached the top. The dome, which appeared to be composed of glass, I perceived, as I approached, was covered with a thin web resembling that of a spider. The apex of this dome was surmounted by a globe representing the planet earth, with its continents and seas. Openings corresponding to the different continents admitted persons into the globe. We entered that correspond-

ing to the continent of North America. Each of these entrances, I was told, was particularly adapted to the admission of the inhabitants of the different localities they represented. On looking down I beheld the apartment I had first entered. It was no longer vacant—each gallery was filled with spectators. On the lily-shaped rostrum stood Henry Clay and George Washington—Washington speaking to the people. "You observe," said the guide, "a secondary stem from that lily branches off and extends to this point. It appears to you a mere ornament, but it transmits the thoughts and words of the speaker to the city of Washington. Other branches, as you notice, lead in other directions. If the speaker desires his thoughts to be transmitted to any given point, he leans toward the stem leading to that point. (This silken web which you have admired is a sensitive electric telegraph. It is composed of the elements of mind; in the world you have lately inhabited it would be intangible, but it has a subtle connection with the human brain, and spirit thoughts directed through it go with the promptness of electricity to their destination. Thought is electric, but its power of transmitting itself is, like that of the human voice, limited; the voice requires the artificial assistance of a speaking trumpet to throw its sound beyond the ordinary distance; thought requires a similar artificial conductor. "You remember," said Franklin, "in my early experiments with the kite and key, I could not obtain the spark until I had established the necessary attraction, although the air was filled with the electric current. So of the thought, electricity, which is constantly flowing; we have to apply means to concentrate it and give it form and expression. On earth, word and gesture are media for thought, but the savans have not yet discovered the means by which unspoken thought can take form, and expression. No galvanic wire nor chemical battery has yet been invented by them, through which these electric sparks may be drawn down from their unseen habitations among the clouds; but in the world of spirits this great discovery, as I have shown you, has been made. In this appliance you find the thoughts of the speaker running through these sensitive wires until, like telegraphic messages, they reach their destination on earth."

I listened to Franklin's explanation of this gigantic sensorium with my soul filled with love and admiration for the great Creator who had formed the human mind with its vast capacity for penetrating the sublime mysteries of nature.

After leaving the dome I continued my inspection of the edifice. But of its halls and galleries, its boudoirs, libraries, and peerless gardens, I will speak at some future time.

Creed of a Free Religionist.

Evolution of every kind is of interest to the JOURNAL'S readers, and the following brief history of his own church which Mr. Potter contributes to the paper of which he is editor has a value entitling it to wider circulation. Mr. Potter's creed is also worthy of study even though it does fall short in some respects of what we would like to have had him affirm.

The senior editor of *The Index* has just completed a connection of twenty-five years with the First Congregational Society of New Bedford as its minister. That society is a good specimen of ecclesiastical evolution. The parent society was organized early in the last century, on the old basis of New England Congregationalism, inheriting the Puritan faith and traditions. In the latter part of the century, it had an Arminian minister, Dr. West, a vigorous thinker and a liberal one for his time, who prepared the society for the adoption of Unitarianism. This step was taken by the larger part of the congregation in 1811. From that time forward, the society has been gradually growing more and more liberal, as evinced, first, by modifications made from time to time in the form of the church covenants, or creeds, that had to be assented to by those who became church members and communicants in distinction from pew-holders; and, second, by the gradual disappearance of all creeds and covenants whatsoever and of so-called sacraments, and the abolition of church-membership itself as anything distinct from membership in the society at large—until now the society stands practically on the ground of free religion. It has not been represented in the National Unitarian Conference for many years, though popularly known as a Unitarian society. Its membership is freely open to any who may desire to take part in it, no question concerning beliefs being asked. Any adult person of either sex becomes a voting member of the society by regularly selecting and paying for a seat in the church—a degree of liberty which might lead to harm, perhaps, in a new organization, but which works harmlessly in this. The present minister has been in the habit for years of regarding Christianity as one of the fallible historical forms of faith, and of reading in the pulpit from the Scriptures of all faiths and from modern writers; as having, none of them, any other authority than that which truth itself gives to them. On Sunday, December 28th, giving a discourse appropriate to the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement, he summed up the main points of his teachings in certain articles of his belief, not, of course, to be imposed as a creed upon any members of the society, but as a succinct statement of his leading convictions. As these may also have an interest to readers of *The Index*, they are printed here:

1. I believe in God as the power eternal, immortal, invisible, omnipresent, within and behind all phenomena, unknown and yet known, working in and through nature, producer and sustainer of all forms of existence, vitalizer of all organisms and life, welling up as mental and moral energy in the consciousness of man, and striving in the development of human history to establish righteousness as the law of life for the individual and for the race, and as the surest, amplest providence for human guidance.

2. I believe in man as the highest consummation and expression of the eternal energy in that part of the universe which comes within his knowledge. Beginning on the lower of animal existence, springing from the lower forms of life that were anterior to him, I believe that in him the eternal energy has fashioned such an organism that he has been able to rise from the plane of animal life, through the various grades of savagery and barbarism, until he has reached the heights of civilization, enlightenment, and power which he holds to-day. I believe that he has made this progress, and has capacity for indefinite progress in the future, through his natural faculties of reason, conscience, and affection, which are a manifestation in him, under finite limitations, of the eternal energy itself, and which may be so vitalized as to make man a secondary creator, through the

practical application of his increasing mental and moral wisdom. In co-operating with and carrying forward the eternal world-purpose.

3. I believe that the moral law, or conscience, is man's intuitive perception of the equation of rights between human beings in their relations to each other. I believe that a certain stage of intelligence through the discipline of experience had to be reached by primitive man before this perception became possible, just as a certain degree of intelligence was necessary for perceiving the relation of numbers in the multiplication table; but that, when this degree of intelligence was reached, the perception of the equation of rights between man and man would follow as necessarily as the perception of the relation of numbers. I believe, therefore, that morality rests on as permanent and irrefragable a basis as does the science of mathematics.

4. I believe that religion is the expression of man's relation to the universe and its vital powers, or to its living, sustaining energy. From connection with and dependence upon this power, it is not possible for man to escape. The fact of this relation is established by science; and science, in its broad sense, must be depended upon to give the true theory of it. But, in all ages, man has been conscious of it; and his expression of the relation has threefold form—through thought, through feeling, and through action. Through one or another or all of these forms of expression, he has sought to perfect his relation to the universal forces and laws. I believe that from this fundamental idea have grown all the special religions, while their distinguishing beliefs and ceremonies have been shaped by the intelligence of the people holding them. I believe, therefore, that the religions all have a natural origin and a natural development; that, by virtue of their common root, they are sects of one universal religion; and that, notwithstanding their differences and antagonisms resulting from their special doctrine and claims, there are among them certain underlying-unities of belief and aspiration and moral sentiment by which they are bound together in one fellowship.

5. I believe that the sacred books of the various religions have the same natural source—the human mind in its effort to express its relation to the infinite power. They are the religious literature of the race or people producing them. Various in merit, they all contain important truths; and the truths in all of them are mingled with errors. As a transcript of what humanity has thought and felt, as it has struggled with great problems of life, they are invaluable. But they are to be read to-day, not as infallible authority for truth, but with that discrimination which can separate truth from error, and find refreshing for the heart and moral stimulus for conduct instead of a creed to bind upon the intellect.

6. I believe that the founders and prophets of the religions were human beings of superior intellectual endowments or moral insight; holy men and seers, who became the natural leaders of the people about them; and around whose lives, through the pious imagination of their followers, there afterward gathered legends and myths to express the people's wonder and admiration for their greatness and power. I believe that the lustre of the moral example of Jesus is not dimmed nor the power of his character for moral inspiration impaired by thus placing him in the natural line of humanity, and in a group of kindred souls, who have lived and wrought and died, and borne brave testimony to the truth and the right, for the guidance and healing of the nations.

7. I believe that reward and retribution for deeds done in the body are assured by the natural law that binds effect to cause; that moral error or wickedness produces as its inevitable consequence pain and wretchedness; that, if continued, it is suicidal in its agency and tends to the ultimate destruction of its own power; that moral good, on the contrary, is self-perpetuating, and leads ever more and more to larger and higher life, to realms of purer happiness, and to ever-greater capacity for virtue and for virtue's service.

8. I believe that, on the ground of the strongest and most rational probability, though it be beyond the realm of knowledge, man may entertain a confident hope—nay, a faith—in his own personal immortality; that the eternal energy having achieved self-consciousness in the wonderful personality of human character, with its power of progressing upon its own nature, will not lightly throw away such a being and such an advantage after a few years of earthly life. I believe, however, that, while man may entertain this hope and hold this faith, his first duty is not to dream of the life hereafter, but to work zealously for the amelioration of human society on earth; to show himself less anxious to save his own soul for eternal bliss than to save other souls around him from present ignorance, wrong, and wretchedness to a capacity for moral and spiritual life.

9. I believe that, as God, the eternal, living energy, is ever seeking and striving to embody his power more and more in man, soliciting him by inward constraining impulse to truth and goodness and moral beauty, so also may man correspondingly seek and find God; for

"God is seen God in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and in the clod."

And, thus looking within and around me, I ever renew (With that stoop of the soul which in bending up raises it too)

The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete.

As, by each new obedience in spirit, I climb to his feet."

10. And, finally, I believe that in this verse we have a statement of religion's threefold expression,—its thought, its emotion, its deed. Here is practical religion; and here also are the spirit and attitude of genuine worship and prayer.

WM. J. POTTER.

Houses have been established in Paris where any one who desires it is furnished a slice of bread and a glass of water flavored with a few drops of vinegar. It is urged that none but the really destitute will be tempted by such fare, and a slice of bread and a cup of water thus promptly supplied may often save a helpless one from despair.

Lord Coleridge says that when in this country he was struck by the absence of childhood. We defer to our children, ask their opinions, allow them to engross the general attention, force social obligations on them, and cut them off from "all the sweet dependencies of their years," making grown persons of them before English children have left the nursery.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN NIGHT SWEATS AND PROSTRATION.

Dr. R. STUBHALTER, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and in night sweats, with very good results."

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 31, 1885.

Irreligious Persecution.

By this we mean what is usually called religious persecution. At once the long line of martyrs and confessors who have died, or suffered sorely at the hands of priests and bigots, for their fidelity to truth as they saw it, comes up before the mind's eye. Their persecutors were impious while pretending to highest piety, irreligious scoffers while claiming to be eminently religious. Yet the followers of those martyred sufferers often imitated the worst than heathenish example of those who had persecuted the prophets and, in their turn, scourged with tongue and pen and even bloody whips, other and greater prophets. The Puritan, under ban and scourge, in prison and on the scaffold in England, banished Baptists and Quakers and put heretics in stocks and jails in New England. For this he is not to be held as a sinner above all others. It was the method and spirit of his age, and he only caught the contagion, and did evil in the blind hope that good could thus be wrought, and the true church of God be built up and glorified. Catholic inquisitors lighted the fires to burn Protestants. Philip of Spain rode beside his queen from their wedding through the crowded streets, and the gorgeous procession halted in the great public square that the royal wedded pair might see the red flames consume the bodies of burning heretics, and hear the agonized cries of the poor victims.

When the Puritan fighters surrounded and burned a village and camp of Pequot Indians in the New England forest by night, hardly one of the imprisoned hundreds escaping, the grim historian glistened over the bloody deed, and said of the murdered pagans: "The stink of their burning flesh went up as a sweet savor unto God!"

In 1648 the English Presbyterians (see Neale's "History of the Puritans") tried to have Parliament pass a law punishing with death the persistent teaching of any doctrine opposed to the Trinity, and imprisoning for life the promulgators of Quaker, Baptist, Popish or Arminian opinions.

It is true that here and there a voice spoke out in warning and rebuke, but those voices were drowned by the roar of angry mobs and the impious outcries of priestly persecutors. John Milton nobly said:

"Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making: if a man believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so decides, without knowing any other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy."

The Quaker trusted the "inner light" as higher than creed or dogma, and thus was lifted above abuse for opinion's sake, his pathway was never bloody, and no prisoner ever pined in his cell as a victim of Quaker hate.

But, it may be asked, why bring up these deeds of a dark age, happily gone forever? Why expose these sad errors of men honored and beloved? In the words of Whitlitter, when exposing like errors, we answer:

"Not to reproach the honored dead:
This record from the past I summon,
Of manhood to the scaffold led,
And suffering heretic woman."

No—for yourselves alone, I turn
The pages of intolerance over,
That in their spirit dark and stern,
Ye may find your own discovery!"

The persecuting spirit of dogmatic bigotry mis-called religion, is not dead yet. The old fires are dull, and no more fagots are lighted, but detraction and abuse of heretics are still alive, and therefore we say with Whitlitter:

"What marvel that, in many a mind,
Those darker deeds of bigot madness
Are closely with your own combined,
Yet 'tis in anger that in sadness
What marvel if the people learn
To claim the right of free opinion?
What marvel, if at times they spurn
The ancient yoke of your dominion?"

There is another reason also. It is to point back to the source of this painful error, into which so many men have fallen who really did good, and true work in their day,

marred and weakened as that work was by their strange misconduct.

This error of persecution for opinion goes back to an early day of the Church, when it was held that disbelief of accepted and established dogmas was a crime. Christianity is not alone chargeable with this. It was the spirit of a fiercer age, and cropped out in many ways. It was assumed that heretics and pagans were under the power of Satan, and therefore must be put out of the way. Nestorius said to an old Roman Emperor, a Christian after his own fashion: "Give me the earth purged of heretics, and I will give you heaven."

The right of the civil magistrate to punish heretics was stoutly upheld by Luther, Calvin, John Knox and other great Protestant leaders, and all the people of Protestant Netherlands were condemned to death as heretics by the Catholic kings of Spain—Charles and his son Philip, and thousands of them died.

John Knox said: "It is not only lawful to punish to death such as labor to subvert the true religion, but magistrates and people are bound to do so, unless they will provoke the wrath of God against themselves;" and he said that such punishment was "for the glory of God and the salvation of ourselves."

Zwinglius opposed this doctrine in Switzerland, and Luther, his early friend and co-worker, denounced him fiercely for his noble charity. Luther and Calvin, with others, taught, too, the doctrine that salvation was only possible in the church—their church, of course. This, too, the noble Zwinglius repudiated, and Luther despaired of his salvation!

Thus we see that this error of a dark age, that disbelief in dogmas was a crime to be punished by priest and magistrate and people, darkened the lives of many of the ablest and of some of the best men in those days. We see, too, how that old error that heresy is a crime darkens the lives and chills the souls of bigots to-day.

But we are outgrowing it. This chill shadow of the past is being dispelled. Error comes from want of light, from lack of mental and spiritual development. We are to affirm our own views earnestly, to prove our own conclusions clearly, to warn and criticize those who do not see with us faithfully and fairly, but never to abuse or persecute atheist or pagan or sectarian dogmatist. "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," is good gospel from Paul in Judea. "Let every man be free to speak his own mind, fully and fairly, in good faith and in good spirits," is a modern gospel we would add to the great word of Paul.

Spiritualists especially should understand that "the discovery and application of truth," in morals and ethics, and touching the inner life and the future destiny of man, is the result of mental and spiritual evolution, and that natural growth is best attained with freedom, is indeed only possible when intuition and reason act without artificial fetters, and thought and speech are free.

The encouraging truth is that the old methods of thinking are passing away. As a great writer says:

"The indifference of most men to dogmatic theology is now so marked, and the fear of tampering with formularies no longer based on general conviction is so intense with some men, that general revisions of creeds have become very rare; but the change of belief is not the less profound. The old words are retained, but they no longer present the old images to the mind, or exercise the old influence on the life. The modes of thought and the types of character which they produce, are essentially and universally transformed. The whole intellectual atmosphere, the whole tenor of life, the prevailing enthusiasms, the conceptions of the imagination, are all changed." (See Lecky, "Rationalism in Europe.")

All this is not to end in the cool indifference of modern agnosticism—which often but thinly veils a shallow pride—or in the negations of a skeptical materialism, but in a higher recognition of the supremacy of the soul, and adding of knowledge to our intuitive and rational faith in great spiritual truths, and an affirmation of those truths, not in any dogmatic spirit, but with a clear and positive conviction, an enthusiasm uplifting and triumphant.

A Bait for Rural Innocents.

The cupidity and stupidity of the public furnishes an exhaustless source of revenue to sharks, whose fertility of invention supplies a new process for extracting the precious metal from hominal ore as soon as old methods have become useless. The latest device is labelled "The Farming World" and is a poorly printed paper, apparently only used as a medium for securing a cheap method of advertising, by making the U. S. Mail distribute a knowledge of the scheme at newspaper rates for postage. The ostensibly responsible head of the swindle claims to be "K. Turner." This name is a sly intimation to the public that whatever his real name may be, he is, in fact, a kute turner of its avarice to his own profit.

The "Farming World" is profuse in premiums, in amounts from \$2 to \$5,000, and takes pains to advise correspondents to remit by express or postal note in preference to registered letter or money order; which fact alone is strong evidence of fraudulent intent and a desire to avoid attracting attention at the Post-office, where money orders and registered letters must be receipted for. The concern advertises its office as 121 and 123 Clark St., Chicago, but its headquarters are at 92 La Salle Street, where a dozen young girls—more or less, are kept busy in directing the bait to all sections of the country.

A Materialistic Fizzle Explained.

For straightforward, consistent materialists the JOURNAL has no word of censure; it freely acknowledges the value of their work in agitating thought and in advancing the interests of religious and civil liberty. To this class of materialists the JOURNAL accords its respect, and gladly chronicles the work done by them. But unfortunately this class has not been the dominant element in the American Materialist party. The control has been and still is mostly in the hands of weak, vacillating men, unphilosophical, ill-bred, and largely with a low development of the moral sense, with no adequate conception of what they are so forward in advocating. In addition to other deficiencies which handicap them are those of insignificant numbers and impecuniosity. Hence some of their newspapers and wire-pullers are constantly in the attitude of sycophants in their policy toward Spiritualists. If a lecturer is to be hired or a convention held, forthwith all their artifice is brought to bear to wheedle Spiritualists into attending and bearing a large share of the expense as well as swelling the audience to respectable proportions. This has been the history of the materialist movement for many years, and the JOURNAL cannot recall a single instance where their meetings have not been a fizzle, that they were not saved from this disaster through the good-natured weakness of Spiritualists. So clearly has the JOURNAL shown the suicidal folly of holding joint meetings and conventions with materialists, that in Michigan and some other States, it is now impossible to rally reputable Spiritualists to attend, or wheedle money out of them to pay a speaker for satirizing their views and making sport of their most hallowed feelings.

Not long ago a thoroughly advertised materialist convention aborted at Salamanca, N. Y., whereupon the organ *par excellence* of this wing endeavored to gloss over the cause of failure. Mr. H. L. Green, the chief getter-up of materialist-pow-pows-for-pay, would not stand this; he knew better and felt that for once at least a little wholesome truth would so discipline his fellows so as to make them wiser. Here is his leading reason why the meeting held in his own city of Salamanca proved such an unmitigated failure. Listen to his spasmodic candor:

"Last year our audience was largely made up of our spiritual friends, who did not attend in any great numbers this year."

His further reasons, "a very hotly contested presidential election" and "hard times," are mere filling. It is a notorious fact that the several Spiritualist camps and conventions held during this same presidential campaign and these same hard times were never before so large attended and well supported. Evidently Spiritualists all over the country are taking the JOURNAL's advice and allowing these periodical aggregations of materialistic mongrels to die of inanition. It may be tough on Green, fatal to the imported vice-chief of the National Liberal League, and even discouraging to its secretary, the ex-Unitarian preacher Putnam; but the latter will at least have the mournful satisfaction of preaching a funeral sermon over the remains and consigning them in accordance with his philosophy to eternal oblivion.

American Spiritualist Association.

The report of proceedings of the annual meeting of the A. S. A., held at Lake Placid last summer, and embodying the Association's declaration of principles, constitution, and officers for the current year, is now published in a pamphlet of 24 pages octavo, and ready for distribution. The pamphlet contains quite full reports of the speeches made at the Annual Meeting, a suggestive letter from Vice-President Spinney who was unable to attend, an address to the public by President Jackson, a valuable paper on the "Necessity and Wisdom of Organization," by Wm. Ierlin Gill, a quite full abstract of an able oration on organization, delivered by Dr. S. B. Brittan some years ago, and the resolutions of confederation with the London Spiritual Alliance. The pamphlet is of interest to every thoughtful, intelligent Spiritualist, and should be widely read and circulated. A copy will be sent free to any address.

The JOURNAL is requested, however, by the earnest and efficient President, J. C. Jackson, to forcibly impress upon the minds of its readers that the Association has no funds on hand, and that the distribution of this Report together with the publication and dissemination of other greatly heeded missionary documents costs money, and that the only source of income is from the membership fee—one dollar—and voluntary contributions. President Jackson desires all who have an interest in the betterment and permanent, healthy growth of Spiritualism to donate as generously as possible to the support of the Association's work.

No officer of the Association receives any compensation, but on the contrary cheerfully gives time and money to the common cause. Those whose hearts are moved to help, may remit any sum they feel to give to the Secretary, F. M. Pennock, Kennett Square, Penn., who will acknowledge its receipt and turn it over to the Treasurer, or funds may be sent, if more convenient, to the publisher of the JOURNAL, who will turn them over to the proper officer. JOURNAL subscribers who are in a position to distribute judiciously the Report, will do well to send for ten copies each for that purpose, and, if convenient, remit any sum from twenty-five cents up, to help pay the cost of publication and distribution.

A Soul to Glorify.

An old hymn, often sung in revival meetings, has this verse:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify."

While the sentiment of worship is doubtless an uplifting element, yet we do not suppose that the Supreme Intelligence needs to be glorified by us, and therefore we would change this verse to fit it for present use as follows:

"A charge to keep I have,
A soul to glorify."

It was the wise and divine prayer of Socrates:

"And oh! all ye gods, grant me to be beautiful in soul. Teach me to think wisdom the only riches, and grant me only as much wealth as a good and holy man could manage to enjoy."

Here is no despoiling of outward things or of a decent competence of worldly goods, but a putting the soul above the senses and the illuminating idea that inward beauty is most excellent.

A central idea of Spiritualism is that man is indeed a "living soul," imperishable and enduring—a great truth which materialists blindly repudiate, and which agnostics coolly doubt and hold as of but small consequence; many of them, indeed, actually proud to proclaim themselves spiritual know nothings; while others reverently hesitate and doubt, yet seek to know.

That man is, as Emerson said, "an intelligence served by bodily organs;" that he is built to last; that his personality and individual life survive the shock of time and the change we call death; that his celestial or spiritual body only escapes from the perishing form of clay at the last hour on earth to serve the "soul in the higher life, as the earthly body had served it here; that he sometimes returns and makes his presence known to us, as spiritual science demonstrates, are truths that thoughtful Spiritualists have learned, and they are full of inspiring light and strength to them. They all tell of the sway and shaping power of the interior and invisible over the exterior and the visible, of the positive power of mind over body, of the kingdom of the soul far wider than that of senses. Well may we say in the golden words of the Russian poet, Derzhaven:

"I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!"

Thy light, thy love in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere—
Even to its source, to thee, its Author there."

All brings us back to the soul—"the spirit in a man that giveth him understanding," the fountain of intuitive wisdom and knowledge, the light within not infallible yet of high value, the inward voice to hear and heed, which is better far than to make idols of holy books, or sacred creeds, or returning spirits, or any other outward authority.

There is great significance in that word of the Hebrew Bible: "Out of the heart are the issues of life." The Asiatic sage, Buddha, wisely taught:

"All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts."

We should assert, with positive and uplifting assurance, the greatness of the immortal soul, and the need of the cultivation of our spiritual faculties and of fearless obedience to our highest light within. From such fidelity to ourselves come fidelity to duty and to our fellow men. Shakespeare well said:

"Unto myself be true,
And it shall follow, as the day the night,
Thou shalt not be false to any man."

Mrs. Hattie Alden writes that her attention was drawn to Spiritualism after her husband's death. She became a medium, and now it is the light of her life. She visited a family of "working church members" in Wisconsin, and they were surprised when she told them of her faith. She induced them to hold seances, and the result confirms the high estimate we have constantly placed on this method of pursuing investigation. At the first sitting the most interesting manifestations were received, which increased at each successive sitting. One of the children, a boy twelve years old, soon saw and heard the spirits talk and could go clairvoyantly to places and describe them correctly. Mrs. A. asks: "Have you ever known of a clairvoyant controlling a medium?" We presume our correspondent's question is suggested by the clairvoyance manifested by the boy. Instances are on record where persons in the body have been seen at a distance, and recognized. This is the "double," and probably a spirit in such condition might be able to control a medium. This, however, would reverse the case, being really spirit-control. The boy became clairvoyant through spirit influence. Perhaps, however, what is mistaken for clairvoyance is simply spirit control, as it is often difficult to draw a line of distinction between the two.

Gov. Porter's vision, told in another column, has been published far and wide through the secular press, and seems to have deeply impressed many who would not credit much better attested instances of psychic phenomena. In this case Gov. Porter's vision was probably purely subjective, the creation of his own imagination stimulated by long thought upon Crawford's case, and culminating under exactly such conditions as an expert would have predicted. The case, however, is an interesting psychological study. Prison keepers need have no reluctance in allowing their convicts to read the account, for should each one of them spend part of his time in trying the experiment of projecting his image before the Governor of his respective State, it probably would not injure prison discipline nor cause the penitentiaries to be depopulated.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe is doing an excellent work in Kansas City.

Mrs. H. Litterer will please accept thanks for a box of exquisite flowers.

Prof. Alexander Wilder has been dangerously ill with pneumonia, and is still unable to leave his room or to write.

Of the 275 students at Johns Hopkins University 140 are "graduate students" from nearly eighty different institutions.

Rev. Samuel Watson has been lecturing at Little Rock, Ark. The Capital Theatre was filled with anxious seekers after truth, who listened with great interest to his remarks.

The Theosophist for January is at hand, and contains the usual number of articles upon oriental philosophy, art, literature, mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc. Price, single copies, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

J. J. Morse has removed to 16 Dunkeld St., West Derby Road, Liverpool, England, where all letters and communications to him may be addressed. We are sorry to hear that his health is bad, but trust ere long he will be fully restored.

From several correspondents the JOURNAL learns that the attendance at lectures in Kansas City has nearly doubled since Lyman C. Howe began his engagement. To those with a real desire for true spiritual growth in preference to mere sensationalism, Mr. Howe is always attractive.

Mrs. S. F. De Wolf will speak before the Peoples' Society of Spiritualists next Sunday at 3 o'clock, in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada Street. Mrs. De Wolf lectures in an unconscious trance. She is clairvoyant and often gives descriptions of departed friends to those in the audience. Her lectures are well received.

"Chinese Gordon." A biography of this remarkable man ought to be interesting, especially if written by the famous war correspondent, Archibald Forbes. John B. Alden, New York City, the enterprising publisher, has just issued the "Literary Revolution" edition in neat cloth binding, large type, for only fifty cents.

We have received from Dr. J. C. Hoffman, Jefferson, Wisconsin, "Opportunity a Guide to Health," pointing out a speedy and permanent emancipation from the opium, morphine, and chloral habits. It is a circular of twenty-two pages containing, besides other important matters, many testimonials from those who have been cured by Dr. Hoffman.

Mr. Stebbins' contributions under the title, "From Puritanism to Spiritualism," have attracted wide attention; the series of incidents and bits of history which fill his account may be relied on as correct as far as it lies in the power of a truthful man and experienced chronicler to make them so. Many readers write, expressing a hope that this series of contributions will be published in book form.

The infernal outrage perpetrated last week in London, in the attempt to blow up the Tower and Parliament Building with dynamite, is a sad commentary upon the boasted civilization and culture of the closing years of the nineteenth century. Especially is it remarkable and lamentable when one reflects that this barbarous piece of inhumanity was the work of people who have for hundreds of years been under the domination of the Christian religion.

In Boston the old Hollis Street Church, so long a landmark, is about to be transformed into a theatre for light comedy and burlesques, having been purchased by Mr. Isaac B. Rich (of Colby & Rich) and another theatrical manager for that purpose. In Chicago the final use of such buildings has been for billiard halls, livery stables and political clubs. Evidently they have more respect for the fitness of things at the Hub.

We learn from the Marion (Iowa) Pilot that our esteemed friend and contributor, Major J. B. Young has lately delivered two lectures to his townspeople on "Foreign Views and Notes of Travel." Major Young is an observing traveler and an entertaining speaker; and in taking his hearers from New York to London, thence to Paris, Florence, down the Danube, to Constantinople and elsewhere his fine descriptive powers would have full play.

E. W. Capron, of New York City, has our thanks for a photograph of his benignant face. Mr. Capron is now sixty-five years of age, having first seen the light on January 1st, 1820. He is one of the pioneers in Spiritualism, being credited with writing the first article ever published affirming and explaining the phenomena; this appeared in the Boston Chronotype in July, 1849; in November of the same year he lectured on the phenomena, advocating investigation.

Dr. Ashburner, in exemplification of the relation between the odic effluence from human hands, demonstrated by the experiments of Reichenbach, and that from branches of trees, relates a case in Light, where a patient, Susan L., highly sensitive, while in a "sleep-waking" state, exclaimed that she saw "a shower of fine little sparks" come from a piece of hazel which happened to be in his hand. When he quietly changed the stick for another of fir or ash, she saw nothing, but again saw the "little sparks" when he resumed his hold of the hazel or whitehorn. Her perceptions in this experiment were always the same, and they were tested in various ways. Eight other sensitives were separately tested as to their susceptibility to the effluence from different kinds of wood; and each gave corroborative results. Numerous others, with lower degrees of sensitiveness, gave different results; with some, indeed, they were inappreciable.

C. L. D. of Chicago, sends the JOURNAL the particulars of an instance in his late experience where the spirit control of a medium then temporarily in a city three hundred miles distant, came to him while having a sitting with Mrs. Pirnie, established his identity and gave information of interest. Our correspondent considers this "such a plain exemplification of the reality of spirit friends being able to communicate through a medium to their earthly friends," that he desires to have public mention made of it.

The Christian Union begins its thirty-first volume with the new year, the current number being dated January 1. With this issue it makes its first appearance as a thirty-two page paper, the increase of eight pages a week being equivalent in a single year, we are told, to eight octavo volumes of between four and five hundred pages each. The Christian Union is a paper that reflects honor on American journalism. We congratulate it on its new departure, and are not surprised to hear that it added more new subscribers to its list last week "than in any week since the days of its marvelous early success."

Capt. H. H. Brown during November spoke in Newburyport, Amesbury and Milford, Mass., and in Providence and Woonsocket, R. I.; during December in Bellows Falls, Reading Centre and South Reading, Vt.; N. Weare, N. H.; Woonsocket, R. I.; and Brockton, Mass.; Jan. 4th and 18th he was at Woonsocket, R. I., and the 28th at Brockton, Mass.; Feb. 8th he is to be at Marblehead, Mass., and is open for engagements the other Sundays of February. He has settled at Woonsocket and requests his friends to address him there.

Prof. H. M. Dickson, Principal of the Dickinson School of Elocution, will commence his next term Feb. 9. Students entering at this time will have, in addition to the regular course, Delsarte callisthenics, lectures, Shakespearean readings by the principal, dramatic recitals monthly, commencement exercises at close of school year, and many other opportunities for observation and profitable study. Day and evening classes. Send for catalogue. 170 State St. Prof. Dickson is too well known to need any recommendation of ours—many readers of the JOURNAL have been highly entertained by his recitations.

The Rural Californian for January comes to hand with the name of Fred L. Allen at its head as publisher and editor; which fact alone warranted us in expecting to find increased value and evidences of fresh ability in its contents, and we were not disappointed. This magazine is invaluable to all Southern California people interested in agriculture, horticulture and the development of their favorite section of country; it is even more valuable if possible to Eastern people contemplating a home in California, for it will give them trustworthy information directly in the line of their interests. The magazine is \$1.50 per year, but we presume Mr. Allen will send sample copies for 15 cents. Address him at Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. J. H. McVicker, as foreman of a special grand jury has made a report, concurred in by every member of his jury, which will have a greater moral influence upon the community than all the pulpit utterances for a year past. His jury has also indicted over 200 election judges, clerks, etc., who assisted in the gigantic swindles perpetrated at the November election. As Mr. McVicker is a democrat and had eight others of the same political complexion on his jury, it will be seen that party affiliations had no power to screen the rascals. Like most of the JOURNAL's subscribers, Mr. McVicker believes in punishing rascality and effecting reforms whenever necessary, regardless of sect or party. Among the other frauds committed at the election which Mr. McVicker's jury has been investigating was one in the returns of the vote for an increase of the city police appropriation. As a matter of fact the appropriation was defeated by about 1,000 votes, but the election officers returned it as carried by about 16,000 majority.

General News.

A coroner's convention is to be held at Springfield, Ill., Feb. 5th, to consider the duties, responsibilities, and compensation of Coroners. Dr. William Channing Gannett delivered an address at Hershey Hall in this city, in which he tried to prove that the "He" of Christianity is the "It" of science. During the month of December, 1884, the value of merchandise exports from this country was \$91,294,810, or about \$3,000,000 a day. This has been exceeded but twice before. A late controversy in the Christian Church at Lovington, Ill., concerning the question of organ music ended in a row. An Elder of the church was knocked down by an ex-deacon, and a general fight was only prevented by calling in the police. Secretary of the Treasury McCulloch says he is convinced that undervaluation frauds have been practiced at the New York Custom House to an extent that is injurious to the revenue.

South Carolina has no divorce laws. The newest craze is to collect all kinds and shapes of parlor lamps. An Aberdeen physician describes a case of scarlet fever in a canary. The average life of all persons born in England is forty five years. Of the twelve inmates of the San Diego County Jail nine are Indians. The population of St. Petersburg is about the same as that of Chicago—862,000. Southern papers generally approve the proposition to place General Grant on the Army retired list. Nothing like co-operative industry. In one of the rural districts of England there has lately been formed an association of wife beaters. The lumbermen of Minnesota intend to greatly reduce the cut this winter, because, they say, they can buy logs cheaper than they can cut them. The convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary write essays every month. A curious fact is that in the December batch there were three articles on vivisection and four on capital punishment written by murderers, and two on the

dangers of night work written by burglars. Patients suffering from whooping cough are taken in great numbers to the Albany gas-light works to inhale the gas which comes from what is known as the first purifying tank. The superintendent says that 500 persons underwent this novel treatment the past summer. A Sullivan County, Ont., farmer, in order to stop a hen from setting, put her under a box and then forgot all about her, and not until four weeks had passed was the poor creature released. She was still alive, but too weak to stand or even clack, but has since recovered her strength and is as well as ever.

Heber Newton on Ingersoll.

"The Good and Evil of Mr. Ingersoll" was the subject of the Rev. R. Heber Newton's sermon, lately in All Souls' Church, New York City. Mr. Newton took no text.

"It is a remarkable phenomenon," Mr. Newton began, "which our country has witnessed during the last few years, the brilliant and eloquent lecturer going through the length and breadth of the land lecturing in their churches and halls on Sunday evenings to crowded audiences with a sweeping attack upon all that is ordinarily understood to constitute the Christian religion. It is without parallel in our history. Watching his course through several years, it has appeared to me that he is doing incalculable harm along with some good. Yet those who differ with him should be the first to acknowledge frankly the many merits of the man. No one questions his rare ability. He is a master of his art. Every one admits his sweet and gracious personal character. All confess that, whatever destructive work he does, he is constructive in this at least, that he would build up happy homes and plant within them men and women living sanely and nobly. Let us be thankful for this, and let us signal illustration of the advance which has been made in the so-called infidelity that its spirit is clean and pure."

"Further than this," continued Mr. Newton, "let me frankly own to you that I believe Mr. Ingersoll, in his rough attacks on religion, is doing a real service to the cause of enlightened religion. It does not look so to the devout believer, but he who knows the extent and depth of the obscurantism which prevails within the churches will be forced to admit that even such coarse attacks upon the faith of Christendom have their part in forcing forward the growth of reasonable religion. We see one of the first actors of the land drawing around him in all our towns and cities the questioning minds among our young men, and with all the power of his wonderful sarcasm rattling the superstitions and the irrationalities, the 'isms' and the illusions which still fill and add place within the churches. One may long for a wiser, calmer, and more reverent mode of doing this needful work, as I for one do most deeply, but none the less must one who sees the fact of our situation to-day admit that there is a work for even such an audacious iconoclast. Nature is not over nice in picking her instruments when she gives a great job of demolition to her."

"So profound is my own conviction that the greatest foe to religion to-day is the mass of opinions no longer in harmony with the facts and with conscience, but still trusted upon by authority of the Church, so profound is my conviction that the life of religion depends upon its being reasonable, upon its being freed from the burdens of superstition, and upon its being made absolutely open to all human thought, that I for one cannot but admit, even in the coarse and irreverent wit of our Western orator, his service toward this end. Out of such stinging attacks there must come a deeper conviction on the part of the Church that there is that in the body of its beliefs which lays it open to such trenchant blows. Consider what is meant by such a system of thought as Calvinism. Consider what an awful blasphemy the doctrine of hell really is. Consider what a fetich men have made out of the Bible."

"Having admitted all this in simple justice to the man, and in simple truth to the facts of our situation, I may speak more frankly of the bad side of Mr. Ingersoll's work. The essential defect of his work is that, while doing a very needful work of destruction, he is decidedly overdoing it. Let us have some discrimination in any work of clearing out. Too much of a good thing is by no means good. The mischief is that he loses his head in the fire of his onset and attacks Christianity itself and our very faith. Goethe laid down the rule that reverence is the heart of religion. The worst danger for a young man is when he learns to jest at every thing that he had held most sacred, and to turn the eternal into a witty ban mot. The peculiar danger of our age is the loss of reverence. That which more than anything else shocks me in the work of our eloquent lecturer is that he seems to leave no feeling of reverence unsmirched by the hand of coarse humor. The very essential spirit of the modern mind is bodied in Mephistopheles, who in the very presence of the Lord jokes and jests with Him. Let us be serious in thought. Life is not jest."

"In the matter of the lecturer's discourses, we find him continually pushing his attacks to an unreasonable and dangerous extreme. He pulls down not alone the rotten bits of the wall, but the whole wall of the temple itself. This is strikingly true concerning his onslaughts on the Bible. With keen wit and stinging sarcasm, he attacks the traditional notion of the Book. When in a certain lecture he arrays in formidable file the mistakes of Moses, he thereby helps to break down the stupid tradition concerning the Pentateuch, but when, on the other hand, he creates the impression that there is nothing left in the Pentateuch for which we need prize it, he overdoes his work again. But while the churches insist on having in the Pentateuch a literal infallible history of the creation of man and of the founding of the Jewish Church, it is needful that the folly of such a theory should be shown, if even in such strong colors as those our lecturer throws on the canvas. All this reasonable and honest men have seen and confessed voluntarily within the churches. So far from their having thought that the value of the Pentateuch was destroyed thereby, they have learned to recognize in it a new and higher value."

"The brilliant lecturer gives the Christian Church and Christianity itself hard truths. Let us admit that in the Church are manifold and serious defects, grave and shameful faults. Let us be glad that so doughty a foe as this great Goliath of the Philistines walks up and down before the armies of Jehovah ridiculing their feebleness, for we may thus be aroused to make civilization the Christian society which it is in name, but which it is not in fact. Before we cast away rashly our Christianity, let us consider well what it has done for humanity."

Then Mr. Newton took his hearers on an imaginary excursion to the city of Rome. "Unfortunately, the religion of Christ early

sufered a gross and fatal perversion. What would have been accomplished but for that, who can tell? The river of life is set to turn the monastic mill. My advice is, be-fore you step out of Christianity, you had better find something better to step into."—New York Sun.

Appreciative and Prophetic Words.

The Secretary of the "Iowa Association of Unitarian and other Independent Churches," joins with her husband in the following letter:

DEAR MR. BUNDY:—I enclose \$2.50. Please set our credit forward to that amount. We have a far deeper appreciation of your paper and your work in the world of religious thought, than any sum of money would express. Especially are we interested in your magnetic movement toward Associations and Schools for Psychical Research. The entire Unitarian denomination will yet feel the truth and stimulus of some of your recent suggestions.

Cordially yours,

W. R. and C. T. COLE.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Jan. 12th, '85.

Sewing Machines, Gold Watches, Silk Dress Patterns, etc., are to be among the Twelve Premiums to be given by the Public "Mind Cure." Send 10 cents to 425 Madison St., Chicago, for Jan. No. 1. Its articles on "Cholera," "Eight into Two," "The Realities of the Unseen World," etc., are very fine. Orders are coming in so rapidly that the price is to remain at only \$1 per year.

It is Wonderful

What remarkable results have followed the inhalation of Dr. Peito's oxygen treatment. The copiousness, the asthmatic, or persons afflicted with any disease of the throat and lungs and great nervous prostration may now take courage and feel hopeful of permanent relief and cure. The fact that the most intelligent and prominent persons are earnest advocates and patrons of Dr. Peito's oxygen treatment is in itself suggestive.

Wm. Penn Nixon, editor of THE INTER OCEAN; Geo. C. H. Howard, F. H. Tubbs, Esq., of Chicago, are a few of the gentlemen we gladly refer to. Hundreds of others might be named did space permit. Inclose stamp and address Dr. Peito, 85 Madison Street, for an interesting book, 120 pages, illustrated with four colored plates and engravings—complete history and action of this oxygen treatment, with many testimonials.

The February St. Nicholas will contain a new verified chronology of the sovereigns of England, by Gail Hamilton, entitled "English Kings in a Nutshell." It is intended as an aid to the memory for boys and girls. In this February number will also appear the first chapters of J. P. Roe's new story, "Driven Back to Eden."

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of the Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and it purifies, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists. 100 doses \$1.

Notice to Subscribers.

We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions to send the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

The Voice of the People. No family Dyes ever so popular as the Diamond Dyes. They never fade. The Black is far superior to logwood. The other colors are brilliant. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Business Notices.

Hudson Tuttle lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. At the University. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

A cold may be a dangerous thing or not, depending upon the means at hand to combat it. It is a wise precaution to provide against emergencies that are liable to arise in every family. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will prove the quickest and most effective cure, and your best friend.

FOR TEN CENTS. The St. Louis Magazine, distinctly Western in make-up, now in its fifteenth year, is brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address J. Gilmore, 218 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Magazine sent one year for \$3.50.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

The Monroe (N. Y.) Times of January 1st, says:—Mrs. Hulst, the wife of the venerable A. P. Hulst, died on Saturday morning last at two o'clock and was buried in the Knight Temple Sunday afternoon. She was the eldest of seven children of Dr. James J. Tuttle and Huldah Tuttle nee Brewster and was born in the town of Blooming Grove. She was married in 1829 and lived in her native town until 1840, when she removed to the town of Monroe. She was the mother of six children, two sons and four daughters, all of whom are living with the exception of Huldah, wife of Dr. Tuttle, who died in 1870. Mrs. Hulst was well informed and received communications, excellent judgment and a force of character not common to her age. In her early womanhood she was a Presbyterian, but in later years she turned to her religion through the influence of the Unitarianism.

Departed this life in Hammonden, N. J., Jan. 8th 1885, Dr. James North, aged 71 years.

Dr. North was a surgeon dentist, and a man of eminence in his profession. Between the years 1851 and 1860 he practiced dental surgery in the city of New York, and in 1860 he removed to the latter city where he practiced dentistry until his death. He was a man of great wealth and in his later years devoted much time and money to the investigation of spiritual phenomena, and became a confirmed Spiritualist. He was brother to the celebrated medium, Mrs. Foster, through whom Dr. North investigated the phenomena and received communications. He was a good man and a consistent Spiritualist; an admirer of the JOURNAL, and a subscriber to it of some years standing. Of late years he has been in poor health, and being a bachelor, he made his home with his brother in this place. Dr. Joseph H. North where he died. Your correspondent was invited to conduct the funeral service on Wednesday, Jan. 10th, at 10 o'clock.

MARIA M. KING.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, Brooklyn, N. Y., holds Sunday services at 416 Adelphi St., near Fulton, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 2 and Conference at 3:30 P. M. Hon. A. H. Bailey, President; C. G. Claggett, Secretary.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten will speak Sundays of February.

Mr. J. T. Lilly from March to July.

Prof. J. T. Lilly, Musical Director.

CONFERENCE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Sunday, February 1st.—The Promulgation of Spiritualism a Lecture by Mr. John Jefferys.

Sunday, February 8th.—A Medium Meeting. Mrs. T. R. Straker, Mrs. C. R. Henderson, Mrs. Mary Gray, Mrs. J. Jones and other mediums are expected to be present and take part.

Sunday, February 15th.—"Spirit Power," a Lecture by Mr. Charles Swainson.

Sunday, February 22nd.—"Pro-Natal Education in the Light of Spiritualism," a Lecture by Dr. Isaac M. Cummings.

Sunday, February 29th.—An Experience Meeting.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 125 West 43rd Street, New York.

The People's Spiritual Meetings of New York City, commencing every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. and 7:30 P. M. in Arden Hall, No. 57 West 25th St., corner Fifth Avenue.

Chicago, Ill.

The People's Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Martin's Hall, 55 Astor Street, near Madison, at 2:30 P. M.

D. F. TREMPER, Secretary.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at the Supreme Court Room, Town Hall, also on the first Monday of each month, at 7:30 P. M., at which time, Session 2, will be held with officials.

E. J. HILLING, Secy.

H. J. HOHN, Pres.

AGENTS COIN MONEY who sell Dr. Chase's Family Physic. Price 12 Cts. Write for circular, Address: A. W. HAMILTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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It is a simple, safe, and effective method of curing all these diseases, and is the only one that does not require the use of medicine.

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It

Voices from the People,
AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.For the Religio-Philosophical Journal
Shall We Live Again?

BY KERRICK MORROW HEAVIS.

"If a man die shall he live again?"
So questioned once the ancient seer,
While from his prison-house of pain
His soul sought out a brighter sphere.
"If a man die," we know he must,
All nature bows to that decree;
He drops his mantle in the dust,
As sheds its faded leaves the tree.
But shall he live again? Ah! there
The world has ever stood in awe,
In vain has striven to lay bare
The truths of this infinite law.
Philosophers, who searched the deep,
The hidden things of earth and sky,
Like other men lay down to sleep
And know not this—that man must die.
O happy age, enlightened age,
That dawned on man and bled him see,
We seek to prophet, saint or sage
To search out immortality;
We listen to the voice within,
And look within where light is given;
Where sages ended we begin,
And end by looking into heaven.
We listen, and a still, small voice
As gentle as the zephyr's breath,
Speaks words of cheer, bids us rejoice
And says in life there is no death;
We listen more intent, and hear
The winged steps of angels around,
Who're fled the bondage of this sphere,
And freedom in the next have found.
We look around, above, below:
The inner light makes all things plain,
And seeing clearly—"this we know—
Death is but sleep, we wake again;
The life that slumbers in the tree
And wakes beneath Spring's quickening sun,
Is our own immortality,
And binds all nature's souls in one.
Who is he says, "the grave ends all?"
Say where the grave that holds the soul!
Some know not, "whether door or wall."
This resting place, this mortal coil,
If 'tis a wall, then whether fled
The mind—that subtle living thing,
That through the universe has sped
From world to world on lightning's wing.
The mind that fathoms deepest deep,
That knows no time nor resting place,
Whom will with one all-conquering sweep
O'erleap the battlements of space,
Whose strength herculean performs
Most daring feats that e'er were known,
And nations, laws, and creeds reforms—
Say whither has that spirit flown?
It is a door, and from it swings
Our heaven's golden gates ajar,
Where bliss and life immortal stir,
In liquid streams from star to star,
Where upward, onward, is the song
That floats upon the balmy air,
Bearing the countless hosts along
To higher views of glory there.
O joy unspeakable to know
This truth divine made manifest
To weary, waiting souls below
Through the portals of the soul,
To know that for the life we bear
The weariness of heart and brain
A balm there is awaiting there;
Thank God that we shall live again.

Diphtheria.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Reading in the JOURNAL of the 27th of December your feeling thoughts on the passage to spirit life of your young friend, Harry Pulling, Lahpor, I could but think how many hearts have been blest from the loss of friends, through the influence of diphtheria, and how few know what a potent remedy lies within the reach of all, and if properly applied in time, nearly all cases could be saved. Popular theories stand in opposition to this plan of treating this disease; but what if they do, nevertheless it is based on logical grounds, (which cannot be truthfully said of many of the positions urged by medical science) and I know whereof I speak, having successfully treated cases and all that I have heard of being treated according to the following plan have proven an entire success. Diphtheria consists mainly in a local inflammation of the throat and often extends to the windpipe and bronchial tubes. In all cases there is general fever to a greater or less extent. The circulation becomes unbalanced, with a serious termination to the throat, and feeble circulation in the hands and feet. This condition of the system must be overcome, for if it continue death ultimately supervenes. In order to assist nature to throw off the disease for all efforts of this kind are remedial, make warm applications to the hands and feet, in the form of bottles of hot water, and cloths wrung from cold water applied to the throat, being careful to change as often as they become warm. If there should be a high inflammation of the throat and a false membrane appears in the form of a whitish substance, let the patient lie upon his back, taking small bits of ice in the mouth, letting them pass as far down the throat as possible without swallowing them and when melted spit out and immediately insert another piece, following up the process without cessation, until the inflammation subsides. It will require a faithful attendant and must be vigorously prosecuted, for life may depend on it at this stage of this disease. Have no fears to use the ice; there can be no danger where the inflammation is so intense. In fact this ice-treatment is the main thing to arrest the inflammation and save the patient's life.

Nothing could induce me, or allow a friend under my care, to take the popular treatment of using caustics to dislodge the false membrane from the throat, for they have a tendency to increase the inflammation, whilst the ice-treatment cools the inflamed parts, causing the membrane to slough off through the influence of the vital forces of the system, when the throat gradually assumes its normal condition. If the former symptoms return (as they often do) resort immediately to the ice, and fear not, for in nine cases out of ten success will crown your efforts. I wish I could impress this idea on the mind of every parent, for many a loved child thereby could be saved from a premature passage to spirit life and be a joy to parents. When I pass through the cities of the dead and view the many little mounds beneath which rest the beautiful forms of childhood, my heart is in anguish, "Oh! Science, many of these little ones have fallen victims to thy false application."
N. M. STROUD.
Fredricktown, Ohio.

Col. Ingersoll.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL of the 3rd inst. I notice your reference to Mr. Chalmers' assertion in regard to Mr. Ingersoll's statement that he lectures for the money and not for love of the subject; and I will say that in the spring of 1881, I attended a protracted meeting in Pleasant Township, Allen Co., Ind., conducted by L. L. Carpenter, a Christian minister, who resides at Wabash, Ind., and he said that in a personal conversation with Mr. Ingersoll, he made a statement to him which was in substance the same as that reported by Mr. Chalmers. I think Mr. Ingersoll is not the one to quibble on a point of this kind, and if a person is interested in the matter it could probably be settled by a correspondence with him. I should like to know if my estimate of the Colonel is wrong or not, and I presume many others would also. Can not the JOURNAL find out?
A. L. STONE.

A. T. Childs, of Wheaton, Ill., writes: Great interest was taken by Spiritualists and skeptics here in Dr. Childs' lecture. His lecture was so well attended that no fraud was possible on his part. His visit has paved the way for the manifestation of greater interest in the subject of Spiritualism. It has awakened an interest in many persons who have heretofore given the subject no thought. It occurred, too, while all of our six orthodox denominations were in the midst of union revival, holding meetings every day, and evening, and week ends, and being so soon, which, I think, will bear fruit of knowledge.

Onset—A Small Bit of History.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"And ever the right comes uppermost
And ever is justice done!"

When the Directors of an Association, because they have the legal right to do so under the charter given by the State, go deliberately and perseveringly to the work of pleasing themselves, regardless of the expressed wish of its stockholders, whose servants they are elected to be, it is fitting that they meet with the condition punishment and rebuke administered on the 14th to those of the Onset Bay Grove Association by being quietly, unostentatiously, and grimly snuffed out of existence by the votes of that outraged and indignant body in annual meeting assembled! They came up to the guillotine in a subdued and solemn manner, knowing their deserts, and after their heads were off, departed quietly, as though convinced that they had received what they came for. The whole affair was exceedingly impressive, and should carry its lessons with it!

These Directors, after the close of the camp meeting of last summer, went directly on with the concluding of contracts for the erection of a large temple, which project had been strongly disapproved by most of the stockholders who got out of such intention during the meeting. The members of the Association were so decided in their conviction that the state of the treasury did not warrant the expenditure of over \$10,000 for a temple at present, that several of them approached the contractors, and found upon what terms they would give up the contract, if such was the voice of the stockholders. A special meeting of stock was called in Boston the middle of last October, at which were present sixty-six shares out of the one hundred. At this meeting it was unanimously voted that it was impracticable to build this temple until after the next annual meeting; and a committee was elected and empowered to go to Onset, make the best possible terms with the persons holding contracts for this edifice, and authorizing them to go to the treasury for what money was needed to settle the matter. The President was instructed to sign any order upon the treasury which they made. Terms were concluded upon by the committee and the parties holding contracts, but the President declared he would not sign the order on the treasury, and he did not. He and the Directors had concluded that they were predestinated and foreordained from before the foundation of the world to build this temple in their day—or afternoon—and why should they pay any attention to the commands thus laid upon them by the Association; but even after this, thought they ought to be patted on the back for "beautifying Onset" with the money which they had been forbidden to use this way! As this temple will probably always be known by the title of "Directors' Folly," it will serve as a warning to future generations of directors. It might perhaps be well enough to plant a bush, or place a buoy upon its top, as other obstructions in the harbor are marked; and thereby prevent other navigators from stranding upon this or a similar snag.

The new management consists of Col. Wm. D. Crockett, of Boston, President; George Hooper, of Boston, Vice-President; E. Perry Brown, Clerk; Y. Johnson, of Warren, R. I., Treasurer; with five additional Directors as follows: Simeon Butterfield, of Chelsea; Cyrus Peabody, of Warren, R. I.; Wm. Pickett, of Melrose; Capt. Alfred Nash, of Boston; and Mrs. J. P. Ricker, of Dorchester, who will commence their administration with a very different treasury from the one succeeded by that by those who have just "passed from our sight." Last year, at the annual meeting, the treasury reported \$2500 in cash, this year it is "left" with \$15,000. In addition to the cash on hand, January 1st, 1884, the receipts of the year by sale of lots, etc., have been over \$17,000—a larger result than during any fiscal year. This has melted away, largely in uses not desired by the owners of stock, and needed improvements are very likely to come to a standstill. There is always needed an annual infusion of new blood into the treasury, but the Association will not get in debt, and will be obliged to do as best it may, until its depleted finances may again be restored to their heretofore flourishing condition.

The laws of Massachusetts confer too much power upon the Directors of a chartered body, who may sell, convey and use all the properties confided to them, as seems to us to be a dangerous precedent at least, if not the will of their electors. During this past year the President, Dr. Storor, has decided away lands that were forever reserved by charter, to the public and common lands of the Association. To every person who has bought lots and built cottages at Onset, the guarantee by charter has been made that certain groves and public domains should forever remain common property for their recreation, and the use and enjoyment of all. By the same right which he assumed, he could have sold every grove at Onset, and given the same reason for it: "We thought it would be better for the Association!" A man of principle never usurps power, because it is within his reach, if he strains a point after it—he sets his individual conclusion against the calmly considered one of the whole body for whom he is responsible, working without a consultation with at least, the charter members!

There is an ominousness connected with the number thirteen, recognized by many and accented at by many, and which one of "the stricken family" will do well to notice and dispose of. He already possessed twelve shares of stock, but he eagerly coveted the "thirteenth" and possessed himself of it. But, oh! it was the "thirteenth" that he desired, perhaps, that overpowered the bucket, and the "thirteenth" proved the death warrant to himself and confound! His "rising tide of success" was nipped in its first wave. "Thou art so high, and yet so far!" He has fallen to rise no more!

When, as is hereby recorded, by the unwise and excessive expenditure of large sums entrusted to men, they fall to defer to the will of those who have shown confidence in them, but seek to build a monument to their own memory which shall be enduring (and sometimes more so than they afterwards delight in), it often results, and should always as in the present instance, in the burial of their own unscrupulous and fame-thirsty bodies beneath the towers they have erected; a burial so deep that no resurrection this side of Gabriel's trumpet can ever again awaken them.

Requiescat in Pace!

Farewell, a long farewell!

I hear a tolling bell!

"We come to stay!"

But, lived our day

And went away!

Farewell!

STAR IN THE EAST.

Dr. Dean Clarke in New England.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It was my intention when I returned from California last July, to write occasionally for your columns upon some of the many themes pertaining to our emancipating philosophy; but other duties soon pressed upon me, and all my sympathies and energies were taxed to the limit of endurance in caring for a sick brother who for four months struggled with the fell power of a disease which relaxed its hold only by the most assiduous attention and skillful care. After weary nights and anxious days of watchfulness my labors have been rewarded by a convalescence that now promises a final recovery. But it became necessary for me in completion of my care to accompany him to Boston, whither he fled in such haste that I had no time in passing the Queen City of the West, to pay my compliments to the JOURNAL's editorial head, so accept my apology for not fulfilling my promise in the use of both tongue and pen. While I am not in accord with all the JOURNAL's methods, I believe in independent criticism, if done in a fraternal spirit, and I have long seen the need of sifting chaff from wheat in our literature, and fraud from fidelity in mediumship. So far as the JOURNAL does this in justice and truth, it deserves commendation and doubtless will receive the consideration due to fearless endeavor for the right. I hope while striding down the effigies which fraud and credulity erect in mockery of our holy cause, that the iconoclastic JOURNAL will use that nice discrimination and broad charity necessary to be just to all, and win the erring from "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." While exposing fraud and smiling error, let us endeavor to remember our common humanity in error and delusion, and so far as possible, let us be "unity of spirit in the bonds of peace." As an agitator the JOURNAL is doing much to call attention to the strong and weak points of our great movement and in every good word and work, and in every honest endeavor to purify the "rank and file" of our vast army of progress, I bid its editors and contributors a fraternal God-speed. For a time I shall abide in New England, and my address will be in care of Boston, of Light.

Spiritualism.

(St. Helena, Cal., Star.)

When the religious predilections of a portion of your patrons are openly attacked, with an air of triumph, I make no apology in asking a brief space in your columns for the expression of my views. In the instant, in referring to an exposure of a materialistic force, you say that "a few more exposures of these humbugs ought to shake forever the faith of some of our spiritualistic friends." If our faith is founded on such humbugs, it should be shaken clear out of us; but it is founded on eternal verities, what then?

Such frauds are a damage to Spiritualism, as murder, robberies and crimes are to our civilization. None regret them more than Spiritualists, and none have been more zealous to expose them than the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, a leading Spiritualist paper.

If you will turn back the files of the Star about three years, in an article on Science and Religion, you will find this statement: "In regard to the latest manifestation, the materialization of spirits, I am disappointed. In San Francisco a professional performance of this kind has been held six nights in a week for the last four years, which is nothing but a clumsy, transparent fraud; if it rose to the dignity of a clever feat of legerdemain, it would be some comfort to the impostor charged for 'Admission.' There are tricks in his trades and professions but none, but it's not easy to see how their exposure affects the true and genuine. And yet, did the limits of this article permit, I could show how some of the most eminent scientists of Europe (Crookes and Wallace) have demonstrated scientifically, under strictly test conditions, that materializations do occur."

A much later issue of the Star you will find this: "As a stimulus to ferret out the fact, law and significance of state-writing phenomena, I will give one hundred dollars to any member of the Academy of Science, or any Professor of the University of California, who will prove these writings to be done by trickery or fraud, or by any law of mind or matter, or by the spirit of the dead." The prize is offered by any of my subscribers who will give a thousand on the same terms. No one has called for the prize. It is not a large sum, but it would seem that some needy, hard-worked scientist might seek the prize, when in addition his reputation would be established as a mental scientist.

These phenomena are exciting the interest of men of intellect and science. The Premier of England has recently been holding sances with great satisfaction.

On the very night that this exposure took place a very different affair was transpiring in the mansion of ex-Governor Stanford, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford and the Rev. Mr. Newman, where for two hours they got most satisfactory communications between dead spirits from the deceased son, and the least interested of the party was the said clergyman.

On the next morning the writer had a slate written full four times, while held firmly in his two hands between his thumbs and forefingers. A copy of this can be seen by any one who will call. No one else touched the slates, and trickery was impossible. I need not write and place on the slates the writing or spoken during the writing, were directly answered.

The truth is a great light has dawned upon the world—a great discovery has been made, which will mark an epoch in human history, not less than the discovery of the structure of the solar system, the law of gravitation, the circulation of the blood in the human system, and the character and possible uses of electricity and magnetism. None so blind as those who will not see; none so ignorant as those who will not investigate, but assume to know it all without.

Spiritualism is in a healthy condition, and is making rapid progress among all classes, especially the more intelligent. Even old Spain is shaking herself from the lethargy born of the Inquisition. Backed with this article you will find a description and description of the First Spiritualist Temple of Boston, now about completed, built of cut blocks of granite and costing \$250,000. This does not prove that the doctrine of the faith are sound, but it proves that people of means have confidence in them.

In conclusion I will say that I am not a zealot striving to proselyte uninterested parties, but striving to defend those who are unable to defend themselves. I am not one of those upon the active stage will shuffle off the mortal coil and then sink to utter nothingness, or be unfused spirits, and, of course, Spiritualists.

St. Helena, Dec. 27th, 1884. JOHN ALLYN.

L. Rice writes: The JOURNAL is the best Spiritualist paper printed. I should be a subscriber so long as it takes the stand it does.

F. Taber writes: I should feel lost without the JOURNAL. I regard it as the best exponent of philosophical religion there is in America.

L. S. Butts writes: Please accept our thanks for the bold stand you have taken. Long may the JOURNAL continue to disseminate the truth.

Mrs. L. A. King writes: The JOURNAL comes to my home like a star of hope gleaming through the mists that sometimes darken my inner vision.

J. W. Lockhart of Chappell Hill, Texas, writes: I like your paper very much. I think it is like some other things that grow better by age. Spiritualism is growing in the South. If we could get a few good test mediums amongst us we would have a big revival.

H. C. Shull writes: I renew my subscription to the JOURNAL with much confidence that your course is the true one in reference to mediums. I believe it is not far in the future when Spiritualism will be honored and respected by the better class of society everywhere.

F. A. Davis, M. D., writes: As long as you continue the just and independent stand you have taken, you will have my active support, and that of an ever increasing number of earnest progressive minds, who will not see a glorious truth loaded down and crushed out by fraud.

Mrs. M. F. Dwight of Stafford, Conn., the well known medium, in renewing, writes: I feel that I could not do without the JOURNAL. I call it "Psychic Research." I have been very interested in Bro. Stebbins' "From Paganism to Spiritualism," also the Department, "Woman and the Household."

J. L. Michener writes: I consider the JOURNAL the best conducted paper of its kind. I hope you may live to see all the frauds and shams that are selling under the glorious banner of Spiritualism made honest, or driven so far into their dark, loathsome holes that they will never be heard from again.

J. F. Claekner of Ravenna, Ohio, writes to us endorsing what C. W. Benedict said in reference to the mediumship of Mrs. Cobb of Ohio. He has attended her seances, seen the glowing light there, and talked with his deceased son and wife. He also expresses his high appreciation of the articles written by Giles B. Stebbins.

Jac. Walker, M. D., writes: I am very much pleased with your determined efforts to place Spiritualism on a scientific basis, where it must command the respect and attention of all thoughtful people, and from which only can a true philosophy be written. I am eager for your success in establishing "Psychic Research Societies." I see in the future, when Spiritualism shall have attained its proper place, that the name of John C. Bundy will stand pre-eminent as its great benefactor.

D. D. Moseley & Sons, of the Religious Herald, of Hartford, Ct., write: We notice with pleasure in the last number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL the poems by John Hooker and Joseph D. Hull. When they appeared in the daily papers of this city we read them with interest, and have not yet clipped them. Mr. Hooker is a personal friend whom we have always known, as also his excellent son, E. B. Hooker, M. D. They perpetuate the family of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, first pastor of the First Ecclesiastical Society of Hartford. Of the doctrines which are embraced in your philosophy we desire more knowledge, which we shall look for in your paper.

E. W. Morse writes: I like the course of the JOURNAL in favor of organization and societies for Psychic Research. There is as much difference between an organized body of Spiritualists and the present unorganized state, as between an army of drilled soldiers and a mob. This is an invigorating and scientific age. People generally are ready and willing to seek for new light on all subjects except such as superstition calls sacred, and even this exception is rapidly wearing away. The great power these "Psychic Research" societies will have, is because they speak as an organization—not as one man. They will not be fanatical, but firm and aggressive.

A New Rule.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Brooklyn Spiritual Union, holding its conferences at Masonic Temple, lately adopted a Rule that should be of interest to Spiritualist Societies throughout the country, as by it the way is cleared for a definite declaration of principles without at all offending those superstitious persons who confound "organization" with "paternal government" and "creedal abuses."

By this rule we build from the foundation upward and if a strong central organization is created through its operation, it will be a purely representative body deriving its powers from an overwhelming majority of Spiritualists who are openly associated in the cause.

Our immediate purpose in adopting this rule, is to obtain for use in our Lyceum a well digested code of principles that will by the shortest cut open a path for the young and inexperienced, to a comprehension of the aims and purposes of enlightened spirits in the form and out. Let it be an effective answer to the question, "What good does Spiritualism do?"

In this connection, let me suggest that these interpretations—when largely endorsed—be treated in detail weekly by some journal that shall devote a column, or other suitable space, to the purpose of systematically leading the thoughtful beginner to the grand principles of correct living as taught by advanced spirits and accepted by nine-tenths of candid investigators.

The Rule is as follows:
"The Executive Council shall recommend such interpretation of phenomena as may seem desirable to arrange for instruction; but no such interpretation shall be taught as authorized by this Union until three-fourths of the spiritual organizations in the United States and Canada—adopting this rule and thus becoming allied to the Union, have assented thereto; and then only as a recommendation, without any obligation resting upon the minority to accept them; and the minority shall lose no rights by reason of refusal to be bound by the interpretation thus established."

This is not intended to interfere with the field covered by the A. S. A., but rather to reach a class who decline to adopt its methods. If its declaration of principles should by this means be supported by three-fourths the societies when acting freely, we shall become a powerful auxiliary to the A. S. A.; but should some of its ideas fail to receive this assent, it would profit by the useful lesson and eventually fall in accord with the more popular views.

N. A. CONKLIN.

175 Ainslie St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

If the members of the Union can interpret their "New Rule" they will do more than we can. It probably has a meaning, but it is so deeply shrouded that only adepts on the esoteric side of the Union can fathom it without further elucidation.

Condiments and Indigestion.

Cayenne pepper may be selected as a typical example of a condiment properly so called. Mustard is a food and condiment combined; this is the case with some others. Curry-powders are mixtures of very potent condiments with more or less of frimaceous materials and sulphur compounds, which, like the oil of mustard, of onions, garlic, etc., may have a certain amount of nutritive value.

The mere condiment is a stimulating drug that does its work directly upon the inner lining of the stomach, by exciting it to increased and abnormal activity. A dyspeptic may obtain immediate relief by using cayenne pepper. Among the advertised patent medicines is a pill bearing the very ominous name of its contents when taken habitually. Thousands of poor wretches are crawling miserably toward their graves, the victims of the multitude of maladies of both mind and body that are connected with chronic, incurable dyspepsia, all brought about by the habitual use of cayenne and its condimental cousins.

The usual history of those victims is that they began by overeating, took the condiment to force the food to do more than its healthy amount of work, using but a little at first. Then the stomach became tolerant of this little, and demanded more; then more, and more, and more, until at last inflammation, ulceration, torpidity, and finally the death of the digestive powers, accompanied with all that long train of miseries to which I have referred. From "Chemistry of Cookery" by W. Maitland Williams, in Popular Science Monthly for January.

Edwin Arnold is the Author.

J. D. Hull, of Boston, Mass., writes:

"The poem—a beautiful and almost famous one—printed in your issue of January 10th (page 7) and there entitled 'Dead,' and for whose authorship the correspondent requesting its publication inquires, is not the work of Mrs. Edna Hull, of Boston, as another correspondent in this week's number seems to suppose. Its author is Edwin Arnold, and it can be found in almost any edition of his poems. The only American edition, Robert Brothers claim as their own; and they publish this with 'Light of Asia' but under the title 'He and She.' Your copy has omitted the third stanza:

"Over her eyes that gazed too much

They drew the lids with a gentle touch."

Geo. W. Davies, of Athol, Mass., writes:

"Noticing the note at heading of poem, entitled 'Dead,' in your issue of January 10th, I would say that it is the production of Edwin Arnold, author of 'Light of Asia,' which is pronounced by an eminent student as one of the grandest poems ever written, and second only to the teachings of the New Testament. The poems are both to me a source of healthful and strengthening study. Once commenced, 'Light of Asia' is seldom laid down until finished, and ever after its melody and sublime teachings of self-sacrifice and devotion are never out of mind."

Mental Perception.

Speaking of the comparative rapidity of mental perception in men and women, Gen. Springer of the Treasury Department says: "A man will examine a note telegraphically, and logically from the date of its issue, blurred figures, or indistinct signature that it is counterfeit, and be wrong four cases out of ten. A woman picks up a note, looks at it in a desultory fashion of her own, and says, 'That's a counterfeit.' Why? Because it is, she answers promptly, and she is right eleven cases out of twelve."

Bacteria.

It appears that impure drinking waters contain bacteria in numbers proportioned to their degree of impurity. Acting upon this fact, MM. Prost and Faurel have been cultivating various river waters in gelatin, and afterward, by the use of a microscope constructed for the purpose, have succeeded in counting the number of microscopic organisms in each cubic centimetre of the fluid. The water of the Vauvre, which is considered good, contained 11,000 bacteria. The Seine water was found to contain 242,000 of the organisms, thus justifying the serious complaints made against it. The results arrived at by the microscope are in exact accord with those obtained by the ordinary complicated and expensive chemical analyses.

Painless Killing of Animals.

Speaking of Dr. Richardson's process for the painless killing of animals the London Lancet says that science scores in it a magnificent success; it gives inferior creation a blessing, it does not give to man-painful death. The agent, which has been used successfully with 6,000 dogs, is carbonic oxide passed over a mixture of chloroform and bisulphide of carbon into a lethal chamber. The method has been used successfully with sheep, and will be applied to larger animals.

Wm. Yeatsman writes: The JOURNAL is conspicuous for its high aims, and is justly accepted as the highest and best authority for Spiritualism.

Four million of false teeth are annually manufactured in this country.

The average cost of feeding paupers in New York City is 13 cents a day.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Ireland has but ten theatres.

An Italian Jeweler has just made a clock entirely of bread.

A canary has just died in Connecticut aged twenty-five years.

England consumes annually five times as much tea as coffee.

Gen. Fremont's son, John C. Fremont Jr., has become a Lieutenant in the regular army.

Malleable glass as pliable as India rubber is the reported discovery of a man in Parkersburg, W. Va.

News vendors in Paris are sent to jail for crying out items of news not contained in the papers they sell.

There are 16,000,000 school children in the United States, 10,000,000 of whom are enrolled in the public schools.

The Marquis de Tencin, half-brother of D'Alembert, has just celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary at his home in Paris.

The Superior Court of San Francisco holds that a Chinese child born in this country is entitled to admission to the public schools.

There are 250 female physicians in Russia, but under no circumstances are they allowed to treat other than women and children patients.

France is introducing the system of "catch mails" at small stations from that morning train—a system perfected in the United States in 1868.

Taxation, some one who has figured on it says, amounts to about \$25 per family in the United States \$10 per family less in Canada.

A very old woman who grinds an organ in Boston is declared to be the relic of a French Marshal, whose medals decorate the top of the organ.

Parmentier, the Parisian who taught Frenchmen how to eat potatoes, is to have a statue erected to his memory in recognition of his beneficent services.

There are 2,350 co-operative societies in Germany, with a membership of over 1,000,000, and last year they purchased over \$375,000,000 worth of goods.

Floating sawmills are common on the Lower Mississippi. They pick up the drifting logs, turn them into lumber, and sell the product to planters along the shore.

Leprosy is increasing so rapidly in Honolulu that Government action is about to be taken to prevent its spread if possible. Vaccination with the microbe is to be tried.

Four members of the Berlin police force have gone to Tokio, Japan, at the invitation of the Imperial Government, to organize the Japanese Police Department.

An Eastern man recommended that several regiments of the United States Infantry be mounted on bicycles and drilled so as to be prepared to enter battle on the machines.

Several colored families in Atlanta, Ga., have ornamented the graves of their dead children with bottles containing remnants of the medicine prescribed by the attending physician.

The fibre of the hop-vine is said by some French paper-manufacturers to be the best substitute for rags yet discovered. Its advantages are great length, strength, flexibility, and delicacy.

So many valuables were annually stolen from churches in the South of France during the midnight services at holiday time that those services have been ordered discontinued in the future.

A Texas county judge recently delivered a farewell address, which excited the admiration of all his friends, until some officious person discovered that Washington had delivered the same address many years ago.

A distinguished professor asks if twenty-six letters through the operation of the law of permutation can give 8,000 words in Webster's unabridged book many expressions can the fifty-five animate muscles of the human face give?

Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, a Presbyterian missionary to China, has the only four-wheeled vehicle in Pekin—an ungraceful but useful covered dog wagon, built in Ohio. The natives are amazed at its wheels, so light and yet strong.

Transatlantic passenger steamers ship about 14,000 pounds of fresh meat for each trip, twenty tons of ice, 1,400 pounds of butter and 3,000 cigars. On a vessel 5,000 tons, 5,000 chickens are sent every trip, 2,000 sheep and 3,000 turkeys.

Bavaria has just passed a law forbidding the marriage of people who have received public charity within three years, who have not paid their taxes, or who by reason of vicious habits, laziness or poverty are likely to make home wretched.

Prof. Benjamin Silliman of Yale, who died last week, was a descendant of Sig. Silliman, a scientific expert of the last century. Sig. Silliman settled in Connecticut, and his neighbors called him Silliman, which humorous play on the

